THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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John P. Marquand—Margaret Weymouth Jackson—Booth Tarkington—Katharine Dayton
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A STORY IN PICTURES

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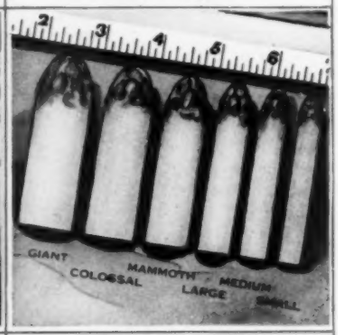

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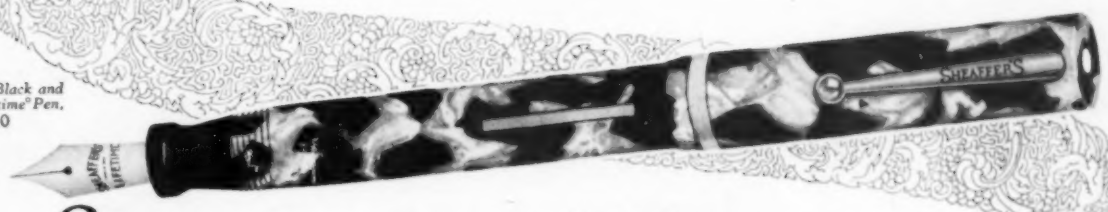

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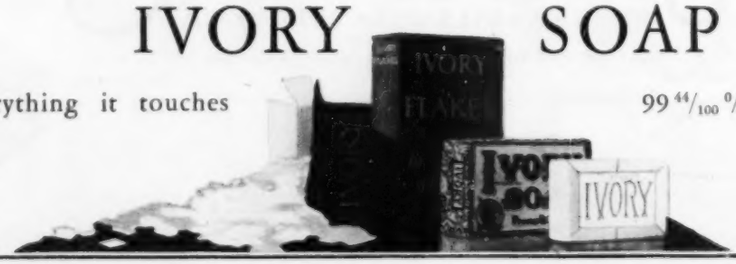

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WARNING HILL

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Maro!" Called Alfred Michael. "Hi, Maro, are You There?"

IT WAS a morning in early June a good many years ago when Tommy lay in the long grass by the shore of the Michael place, looking at the sky. There were vines twisting in uneven spirals up the dilapidated pillars of a near-by summerhouse. Michael's Harbor was sparkling in the sun, and the houses of the town across the mouth of Welcome River looked as white as new. The elms above them were like the trees on deep-blue china plates. In the distance to the left, nearer to the ocean, the cliffs and lawns and houses on Warning Hill were very plain to see, larger houses even in those days than the houses of the town; even in those days like the palaces in books. If you looked at your palm, Warning Hill was like the heavy lump which rises to meet your thumb, and Michael's Harbor like the lower ridge which runs toward the little finger. Welcome River was like the heavy lines running from the wrist and separating these ridges, running safe into the palm itself, as the true river ran into the harbor waters. It was as pleasant a place that morning as you could hope to see on the whole Long Island coast.

Surely there was no great reason why Tommy should have remembered it from all those other mornings when the sky was clear and the sunlight seemed dancing on the wind, from all those other ribbons of mornings which have a way of sinking far into the haze of a beginning. He was only seven years old at the time, yet he remembered, perhaps because there is an intuition which warns even a little boy when all his world is near to change. Tommy was making up poetry as children sometimes will, extemporaneous, unconscious, to please himself and no one else in the world. His yellow head moved back and forth as he intoned it. His eyes were gray and wide:

"Then I will get a boat with a big sail, a big sail,
And I will sail it, and sail it fast,
And the wind will blow it until it goes rush and splash
Where the waves are on the rocks."

It was here that a shadow fell across Tommy's face and made him silent. Now, of course, Tommy was horribly embarrassed, for no one had ever found him so before, playing make-believe and speaking into the empty air. His father was standing above him, an immense and towering figure he seemed in those days, and invincible in his godlike strength. His father was dressed in his black-and-white-checked suit. His mouth was hidden in the bush of his mustache. He was carrying his walking stick, which was immensely large and heavy, which he poked into the grass as Tommy sat up, waiting for him to speak. Always there was something sad in that memory, such as bides in all illusions, especially in those of the days which one loves best. Why is it that the father myth is always first to you? Of course, now, Alfred Michael had none of those qualities so hopefully bestowed upon him by a lonely little boy. Alfred Michael was at best a slender man whose shoulders were stooped and whose eyes were wistful.

Yes, Tommy was horribly embarrassed. He wriggled like a puppy in the grass, but for a while his father said nothing, did not even watch him, but at length he spoke, and not as a grown-up might speak at all.

"Go on, Tom," he said. "Don't let me stop you."

Tommy could only wriggle in the grass, and Alfred Michael was silent again, but at length he sighed.

"Poor boy," he said, "you'll bear the burden too."

"I'm not poor," said Tommy, "and I'm not carrying anything."

"No?" said Alfred Michael. "Well, you'll see what I mean some day. The world isn't made for people out of the ordinary running. It's a devilish hard world."

Tommy looked proudly up. His father's checked suit was worn perhaps, but extraordinarily fine. His brown cravat was worn perhaps, but beautifully tied. No wonder the men were glad to have him speak to them at the post office. Not one, not a soul of them, had a tie or a suit like that or carried a stick to walk.

"In fact"—Alfred Michael leaned upon his stick—"every experiment I make only tends to confirm my opinion of the world's extreme hardness."

There was no one else in town who could talk like that. Tommy had heard Elmer, the hired man, say as much.

"Daddy?" said Tommy.

"Yes, my boy," said Alfred Michael.

"You're out of the ordinary, aren't you?"

"Yes, my boy," said Alfred Michael, "there you have the trouble."

"And, daddy," said Tommy, "you're smarter than anybody else in town, if you want to be, aren't you?"

"Don't use the word 'smart,'" said Alfred Michael.

"Well, cleverer then, aren't you?"

"Yes." His father sighed again. "That's the trouble. Now don't ask me why. Little boys mustn't always be inquisitive."

"Well, then," said Tommy, "I want to be out of the ordinary too."

For a moment it seemed to Tommy that his father's face had the strangest expression, just as though he had been hurt, though of course nothing had hurt him.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if you get over that in time. Well, well."

A step of that decrepit summerhouse was near. Alfred Michael seated himself upon it. Tommy could see more easily his father's gold-mounted stick pin and his heavy gold watch chain.

"Tommy?" said Alfred Michael. And again Tommy was aware of the strangest illusion. He could almost think, absurd though it seemed, that his father was lonely.

"Tommy, do you play here always?"

"When mother doesn't want me," said Tommy, "and Aunt Sarah doesn't make me pick up sticks."

"I used to play here, too," his father said. "Time flies, but principles are fixed. Tommy, when you play here alone"—his father had the funniest look—"do you ever make believe there is someone playing with you?"

It was an embarrassing question. Tommy's intuition, if nothing else, told him it was not a thing one talked about, for of course there was someone. When the wind came off the harbor, fresh and salt, the long grasses of the uncut lawn would billow gently, exactly as though someone was running on them with a step too light to crush a single blade down to the earth, and there would be a rustling in the unkempt clumps of shrubbery, laid out once in some forgotten plan, precisely as though another little boy were playing in their depths. He was a part of the light and wind—that other little boy—and impalpable as both.

But he was real enough for Tommy, for you can make such things real if you try. Tommy even had a name for him, and a good name, too, though he did not know it till later. Spurius was what Tommy called that other boy, because Spurius was his right-hand man, as he had been to Horatius in the Lays of Ancient Rome.

"Tom," said Alfred Michael, "you do make believe there is someone. I'll be willing to bet you do."

His father was looking at him, waiting for an answer. Yet he could say nothing. Try as he might, there was nothing, of course, for Tommy to say.

Suddenly Alfred Michael Was on His Knees Beside Him, Holding Him Very Tight

"Well, I used to play with someone too." Now it was most extraordinary. When his father spoke he did not seem like a grown-up in the least. "Lord knows, I wish I still could. I'd almost like to try. I wonder if he's anywhere around. Suppose you call him. Shall I?"

Alfred Michael was smiling beneath his bushy brown mustache, for Tommy could see his lips curl up and tremble at the corners.

"Maro!" called Alfred Michael. "Hi, Maro, are you there?"

Often and often Tommy remembered that fleeting bit of time, in strange undreamed-of hours; the sun that seemed to be dancing on the wind across the unkempt grass, and dancing through the vines of that sagging summerhouse and making patterns like letters on the floor, and his father, sitting on the step, with his walking stick across his knees, listening as though it was not a game at all.

"There," his father said; "he's hiding. He's always hiding now. Maro, confound you, don't you hear me?"

"His name isn't Maro," said Tommy; "it's Spurius."

"Is it now?" said Alfred Michael. "Well, that's a better name—spurious as the wild ass' skin—but he used to be called Maro in my day. I studied Vergil young." With a sigh Alfred Michael pulled himself up from the summerhouse steps and stared across the river mouth to the houses of Michael's Harbor.

"Oh, well," he said, "there must be shadows of lots of boys playing on this shore. Play with 'em while you can, Tom—but would you rather play right now or walk with me to town?"

Surely he must have known the question was absurd. There was no one like Tommy's father, as strong or as perfect in his wisdom. Tommy was up in a moment, trotting by Alfred Michael's side. Through the long weeds of an ancient gravel walk they went, through the ruins of what once had been a rose garden, where a few flowers, choked and pallid, were still combating its perennial neglect, past what had once been the carriage house, with its yawning door and broken windows, to the Michael house itself. Immense and square and gray it always seemed to Tommy because, perhaps, he still was small. Yet, even later, when he could remember better and life seemed like yesterday and not another life, the weathered cupola and the Doric columns by the porch would give that same impression of gloomy strength.

Alfred Michael closed the front door behind them. It made a rumbling noise all along the hall, which echoed back from silences shadowy even in the early morning.

"Estelle!" called Alfred Michael. That was Tommy's mother's name. . . . "Tom, where is your mother?"

"She's dusting the books," said Tommy.

"Oh!" said Alfred Michael. "In with the books, eh?" He walked down the hall with Tommy close behind him, raised his hand to the glass door knob of the room where the books were kept, and seemed to hesitate before he turned it, as though he had forgotten something and wanted to go back.

It Was Marianne Who Tripped Forward as a Child Should, Light on Her Feet, Restless and Laughing

"Estelle?" he said. "Oh, there you are."

The book room was upside down. On the worn pine floor were books in crooked heaps which swept upward and covered the two armchairs by the fireplace in crumbling leather waves. His father's table in the center of the room, generally covered with stray sheets of paper, had been invaded and almost obliterated by these books.

And there was his mother. Tommy remembered her best in times like that. She would always be in a gingham dress, as she was that morning, with her head wrapped in a towel, struggling through an eternity of dust, surrounded forever by a chaos which would never be reduced. His mother was on her knees with a duster in her hand. Her mouth was a stubborn line combating the weariness of her eyes, offsetting the whiteness of her face, which looked like a face of wax. She was dusting off the tops of the books and was slapping their leaves together. The sun was coming through an open window, and showers of dust particles leaped into the path of the sunlight and danced like little living things until they dropped away.

His father, as he stood by the open door, had the queerest look, as though something had hurt him again, though of course the idea was silly.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Good Lord, Estelle!"

Tommy's mother looked up, but she did not smile. "Won't you go out, Alfred?" she said. "You and Tommy both go out."

"Yes," said Alfred Michael, "of course we will, dear."

"Then don't just stand there," said his mother. "Alfred, please!"

"Of course not," said Alfred Michael. "We're going, dear. You won't lose my papers on the table?"

"I guess the world wouldn't end if I did," said Tommy's mother. "It wouldn't if I burned all the papers in the house!"

"We're going, dear," said Alfred Michael. "I just came in to ask if I might take Tommy with me."

"Where?" Tommy's mother looked up from the books; very quickly, Tommy thought.

"To my office, dear," said Alfred Michael. "I want to read my mail, and Tommy likes to go."

Tommy's mother sighed. She looked very, very tired.

"Tommy," she said, "let me see your hands."

"They're clean, mother," Tommy said.

"Take him up and wash them, Alfred," his mother said. "Wash them clean, so he won't smear the towel."

"Come, Tom," said Alfred Michael. They came to the stairs leading to a landing where a tall clock was ticking. "Come, Tom," his father said. "I'll help you up."

He lifted Tommy right into the air. They were up the stairs in no time, and in the dark back hall.

It was the first bathroom ever known in Michael's Harbor, but even when Tommy was little that was long ago. It was lighted by a window of orange and violet glass. The zinc-lined bathtub shone vaguely. Peeping over the edge of the wash basin Tommy could see that purple and yellow flowers were glazed upon its surface.

"Daddy," said Tommy; "daddy."

"Yes," said Alfred Michael.

"Daddy, when you come in here it's funny sometimes, isn't it?"

Alfred Michael made a strange noise, not exactly like a laugh.

"Nearly everything's funny, Tom," he said, "depending on how you look at it."

"No," said Tommy. "I don't mean funny that way. I mean it makes me think."

"Think what, Tom?"

Tommy stared up at Alfred Michael, and his eyes were very round.

"Sad things," Tommy said.

"The deuce!" said Alfred Michael. "You've selected a queer place to be sad in."

"The deuce," said Tommy when they reached the hall.

"Here now," said his father; "only fathers speak like that. They have their reasons sometimes."

"But Aunt Sarah's calling us," said Tommy. "She heard us through the door."

Aunt Sarah had that propensity. Aunt Sarah was forever stopping you when you had something else to do, and of course you had to go when Aunt Sarah called, because she was very old.

Aunt Sarah was in her room. There was a large dark bed in it, and a dark wardrobe and a bureau. Aunt Sarah was sitting in a chair of the same dark wood, which had a bunch of grapes carved high up on its back. A sewing table was in front of her and her stick was propped against it.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. There were funny little lines that ran right down to Aunt Sarah's lips when she spoke. "What was the boy saying in the bathroom?"

Though Aunt Sarah was deaf, sometimes she exhibited prodigies of hearing.

"He was saying"—Alfred Michael raised his voice—"that it made him think."

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah, "my hearing hasn't wholly gone, though you may pretend it has. Well, what does it make him think?"

"Sad things."

"Hey?" Aunt Sarah cupped her hand behind her ear, and Tommy's father moved closer to her chair.

"Sad things!"

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Mad things?"

"Confound it!" Alfred Michael drew in his breath. "No, Aunt Sarah; sad things!"

"Ho-ho!" said Aunt Sarah. "Sad things, does he? Well, I should admire to know why the boy shouldn't be sad."

"We're going now," said Alfred Michael. "Come, Tom."

"Have you ever done anything not to make him sad?" said Aunt Sarah. . . . "Where's Estelle?"

"Dusting the books," said Alfred Michael.

"Hooks?" said Aunt Sarah. "What hooks, I want to know?"

"Books, Aunt Sarah; I said books."

"Well, what if you did?" said Aunt Sarah. "You needn't take on so about it, Alfred. Not that it makes any difference to me what she does. She comes of working people. She must be used to work."

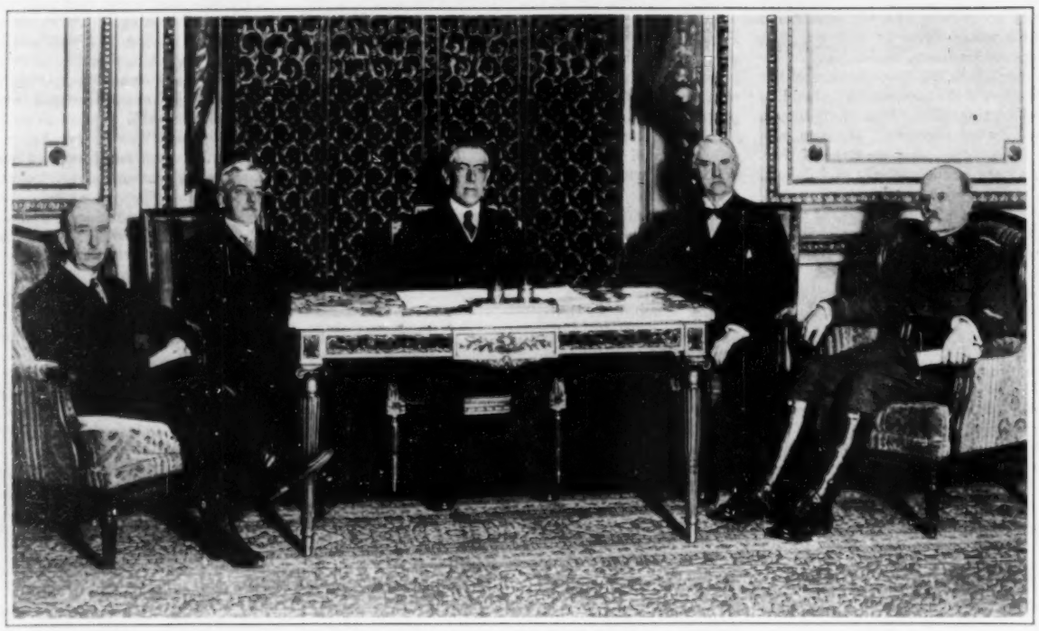
Alfred Michael's face grew red again—very red—and for a second he did not answer.

(Continued on Page 86)

"He's Not," Said Tommy, "My Father's a—Gentleman"

WILSON AND LANSING

By Vittorio Emanuele Orlando



President Wilson, Colonel House, Secretary Lansing, Ambassador White and General Bliss at the Peace Conference

MR. LANSING, in his memoirs, has not only presented in a clear-cut way the spiritual and moral characteristics of the Big Four but has also given a true-to-life sketch of their physical appearance. In return, I obey a deeply felt sense of politeness in attempting to present his spiritual and moral attributes and to offer a sketch of his physical traits. Rather short and thick-set, dark and turning slightly gray, with solid shoulders, Mr. Lansing gave the impression of a strong man, of a well-balanced and well-mastered strength, more apt to endurance than to speed. His incipient obesity, instead of marring his strength, seemed rather to enhance it.

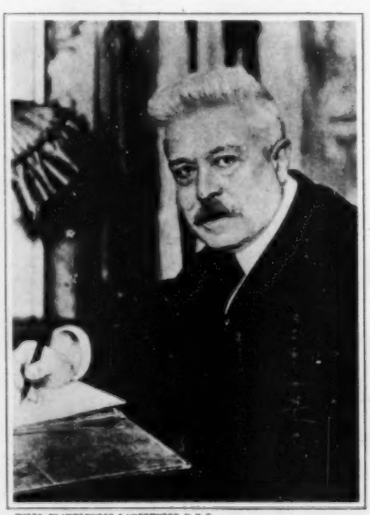
With his close friends he was a man of few words, as is the case with serious and thoughtful temperaments; he was courteous and affable without exaggerated outward manifestations; possessed a sense of spontaneous humor of the kind of Mark Twain. In meetings, he spoke when his turn came and about what was pertinent to him, without verbose eloquence, but without shyness, and he spoke with the precision and brevity of a jurist in a style that clearly showed that he was more concerned with the context and arguments than with images and niceties of speech. He appeared to hold steadfastly to his ideas, but one readily saw that this tenacity was not due to stubbornness nor in the least to egotism, but to the nobility of a man who only expresses ideas that he has carefully weighed in his intellect, and to an austere and unbending character that does not accept compromises. On the whole, the impression that he gave could be summed up in saying: *tenax propositi vir*—a strong man.

Accepted With Reservations

IT WAS understood from the beginning, and became more patent later, that his temperament was not well suited to his position of a minister in a presidential system—at least, as it appeared through Mr. Wilson—that is to say, as a passive instrument of another's will. There was a sharp contrast between the President and his Secretary. Whether due to position or to temperament, Mr. Wilson was an uncompromising believer in authority, though outwardly very courteous.

Mr. Lansing, with his stern simplicity of substance and form alike, was very little malleable, if not altogether unwieldy. In some cases the dissension between the two men was so evident that it caused amazement among us European statesmen, as was the case with the Kaiser's trial. Mr. Lansing opposed it in no uncertain terms in the name of juridic rights that, though very elementary, yet required a great courage to proclaim them, considering the high tension of the moment and of the place. The President, on the contrary, declared himself for it and, with his vote, caused the measure to be approved. But even leaving aside these external manifestations, naturally very exceptional, in the meetings of the Ten, the contrast was constantly felt between the copious and mellow—although, beyond doubt, winning—eloquence of President Wilson and the close silence of Mr. Lansing, whose countenance and attitude, although very correct, did not show any too great an admiration either for his Chief, who had bewitched with his eloquence many foreigners, or, in general, for the manner in which the work of the conference was conducted.

More through a spontaneous intuition than by conscious observation, Mr. Lansing's attitude seemed that of a man whose conscience is not altogether satisfied. His memoirs are a most eloquent document of such a state of mind, and they express toward the Peace Conference very severe judgment, indeed; without giving to the reader, however, the impression of a premeditated malevolence or of a profound harshness. It often happens that, while we are in the midst of persons with whom we do not feel completely at ease, we try to let our thoughts and our melancholy wander away as a relief. This happened very often to Mr. Lansing, who, although following the discussion, amused himself by dashing off with his pencil sketches and profiles of those present. Usually he kept them for himself, but when he allowed others to see them, everyone admired the ease, the taste and the humor of the extemporaneous artist. All that Mr. Lansing has written about the conference, confirms this side of his aptitudes, which I should call plastic, because he not only masterfully presents the spiritual images of the individuals but he delights in sketching incidents, very funny and suggestive, through which the reader sees vividly before him scenes truly characteristic of the historical conference, such as the "Duels" between Monsieur Clemenceau and myself, which Mr. Lansing describes with vivid colors.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Former Premier Orlando

Having thus reconstructed the figure of this man, we see, once again, that one notices the exactness of the very well-known remark that puts in intimate relation style and man. The value of Mr. Lansing's memoirs must be exactly deduced from the study of the man's character. I, therefore, believe that I can objectively state that his writings will prove a most worthy contribution to the history of the great conference, notwithstanding some reservations that I shall with equal frankness express. His testimonies and judgments have these two inestimable qualities: A concentrated penetration of observation and a conscientious and constant effort to be objective and serene.

Strength

WE WHO were the contemporaries and the actors of these great events can consider ourselves more chroniclers than historians; and Mr. Lansing possesses in a superlative degree the traits of a chronicler. In fact, while he, as we have said, combines the penetration and the profundity of observation with the honest sincerity of saying what he thinks, on the other hand he is not a cold recorder of facts, indifferent and skeptic. On the contrary, there is in him a vibrating individuality that is conscious of its own ideals and is exquisitely sensitive in realizing the disappointment or repugnance toward all that contradicts its own aspirations. But to all this he lends such great measure and nobility as not to determine in the reader that diffidence that we instinctively experience toward those who appear slaves to a preconceived idea, to a thesis, or to a passion.

Having, with this, affirmed what constitutes, according to me, the value and importance of the historical contribution given by Lansing, I must now with equal sincerity express, as I have already said, some reservations which derive from the very considerations that we have made: Every strength partakes of weakness in the same way that every cow has its tail. For the very reason that Lansing's mind is eminently analytical, it is natural that he is so much the less capable of great synthesis. Likewise, since he does not give any play to fancy or imagination, his purely realistic observation is not kindled by those intuitions that penetrate into the mass of facts and find what is the very soul of the facts themselves.

Now, I believe that the events which took place in Paris during the first six months of 1919 are too vast for us to have an integral comprehension of them without a large synthetic vision which—although taking into account the immediate and near causes, the many but isolated blunders—will go on and on, searching into the most remote and deep causes, reaching at last that final force which was the sum of the clashes of the gigantic interests that were at play. And this is not all, because the contrast of forces was also a contrast of the souls of the men who represented those interests. The mechanical problem merges with the psychological one and becomes, hence, more complex and

difficult, like all problems that have root in the study of the human soul.

These problems, indeed, cannot be entirely solved, because the human soul has depths that the fathoming of historical criticism cannot reach, shadows and mysteries that the light of criticism cannot completely illuminate; but what of it? To affirm the existence of those unfathomable depths, to determine the boundaries of those dark and obscure zones, is already in itself a noteworthy result that helps a complete historical reconstruction. Not differently, an astronomer calculates and determines the perturbations in the course of a planet even when his telescope does not succeed in recognizing the star to the influence of which those perturbations are due.

So, likewise, when Lansing laments the excess of secrecy in the transactions of the conference, the lack of an adequate juridical preparation in those very people who had proclaimed that peace should be based on right, the scant defense granted to the interests of smaller nations, the defects of discussions that were too lengthy when nothing was decided upon and not mature enough when a decision was reached; the interminable procrastination that too often did the purpose of bringing about either forgetfulness or tiredness; the excessive skill of some in preparing formulas and the excessive promptness of others in accepting them—all this may even be true; it may have had a more or less negative effect on the proceedings of the work of the conference; but no one will think that from those defects and from those errors may be deduced the necessary and sufficient reason for the definite character that has remained on the work of the Peace Conference.

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The Late Secretary of State, Robert Lansing

When a Judge Was at Hand

NOR, on the other hand, does Mr. Lansing think so; since, when, in a moment of passionate grief, he makes this most weighty statement: That, in the conference, not rights and the objective and serene valuation of what is just prevailed, but sheer strength represented by armies, navies and money, he realizes very well that the reasons for such a bitter conclusion must have roots infinitely deeper and incomparably broader than the defects of method, of technic, and of preparation on which he had previously insisted.

Mr. Lansing was a jurist, and it is well to speak of him with the mentality of jurists. Now, it is certain that right necessarily involves a problem of force; right itself struggles generally against opposing forces, and in order to conquer them it necessarily needs superior strength of its own. This strength can be, so to say, external and separated from that of the contending parties; it is the power of which the judge makes use when he decides where the right lies. In less-advanced stages in the evolution of right, when all the conditions are not found for the administration of justice, a guaranty, even primitive and rudimentary, of right consists in the balance of the contending forces, in the utilitarian feeling that each one of them has of not overstepping certain boundaries, beyond which its very efficiency could be endangered. Such a relative equilibrium of contrasting forces that seek the nearest solution, or the less remote from right, is transaction. Furthermore, even in modern right, so advanced, private contentions are ended by the sentence of a judge, but often, also, by a voluntary transaction between the parties.

In international right—a right in a process of formation still primitive—we have not been able until now to have a judge because, in general, either this judge would lack that guaranty of impartiality that derives from his perfect disinterest and from his absolute serenity or, even if he possessed both of these qualities, he would lack the force to carry out his decision. For this reason, international treaties, and those of peace, in particular, have had in general the value of transactions. The victor himself, in dictating the conditions to the vanquished, has been compelled to keep within a certain limit, either for respect of the jealousy of other peoples or for his own interest in keeping, in the vanquished that minimum of living conditions through which certain return is assured to the victor. Naturally, in such procedure, the guaranties of right were imperfect; yet, one could always say: Better a little than nothing. Now, in the last Peace Conference, we had this most peculiar and, I should almost say, paradoxical situation. We might have had a judge, and we did not have him. On the contrary, what might have been the decisive power of a judge proved to be an obstacle to those solutions through transactions that were capable of affording some guaranty, even if imperfect.

I said that through a case unique in the history of the world this last conference might have had an arbiter and, indeed, a true judge, President Wilson. Never had a man possessed so much material and moral strength; never had circumstances concurred to realize all the conditions—difficult to find if considered separately, almost impossible if considered together—which are necessary to an arbiter among nations. As to material strength, he had behind him a great people, the only one that had not come out of the war exhausted, the only one that disposed of that economic power, both in money and in raw material, on which Europe had necessarily to count if it wanted to avoid bankruptcy and starvation. And since sometimes an anecdote is more illuminating than any eloquent speech, I shall mention for this purpose the words told to me by Lloyd George in a conversation that we had when the irreparable dissension between President Wilson and me was looming.

"If you don't succeed in your attempts at conciliation," he asked me, "does that mean that you will go as far as a break?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I am ready for anything rather than to submit to a will that I believe unjust."

Upon which he showed great surprise and great friendly preoccupation.

"Don't you know," said he, "that I could not meet such a situation, because at least for two years we cannot do without American help?"

The tone with which that "I" was pronounced reminded one of the famous *ego Annibal*—even I, Hannibal.

The Man of the Hour

IN THE mind of the Englishman, justly proud of the immense power of the British Empire, nothing could give a clearer idea of the temporary American omnipotence than his admission of needing it and, indeed, of depending on it. In me, on the contrary, although the country that I represented was by far inferior to Great Britain in power and wealth, the conscience of my right was stronger than any consideration, and I did not yield. Besides being the strongest man in that moment at the conference because of the power of the country that he represented, Mr. Wilson possessed at the same time an immense personal power. Mr. Lansing, in his memoirs, touches on the prestige of the President, but, however forceful his expressions might be, they fall short of the truth. I believe that no words could sufficiently describe the fervor of sympathy and admiration which surrounded Mr. Wilson in the first months of 1919, in the hearts of all the European peoples. If it is true that war develops mystic feelings, it is no exaggeration to state that the prestige which Mr. Wilson enjoyed in that period had

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PHOTO. FROM TIMES PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

A Vast Throng Greets President Wilson at the Royal Palace in Milan

THE NECK, AND BUSH THRING

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AS I HAD formed a chance acquaintance with Mr. Massey, of Logansville, Illinois, while fishing for rock cod at Mary's Neck, that picturesque and salty promontory on the New England coast, I felt that it might not be amiss for me to call upon him in continuance of the amiable relation already existing between us. The Masseys had taken a large cottage on the crest of the coastal rocks, and when I drove over from my own summer place of residence, a few miles distant, I had no difficulty in discovering my Midland friend; the house was conspicuous and he himself visible from the road as I approached. He welcomed me cordially to his veranda, where he was smoking a mid-afternoon cigar, but expressed regret that his wife and two daughters were absent; and then, frowning thoughtfully, added that perhaps it was just as well for us to have the place to ourselves. There was something he wanted to talk to me about, he said, because I was a fellow Midlander and would understand him thoroughly; he could therefore speak at his ease, with no necessity for any guardedness of expression. I was pleased that he thus seemed to continue his confidence in my discretion, and when he began his narrative I was glad not to interrupt him but to listen receptively until he had concluded.

And There in a Wicker Chair, Talking to Our Two Girls, Sat Nobody on Earth But Mr. Bush Thring

Of course, never having been away from Logansville very much except on business, I knew that coming to an Eastern summer resort for the first time was going to be different from a Great Lakes steamer excursion or a Niagara Falls or camping out on Logan Creek, but I didn't know how different. Well, it's been quite an experience and, on the whole, a pretty agreeable one, and I like it. I've got so that I understand the natives here better than I did, and they're a mighty interesting kind of people—likable, too, when you get to know their ways a little, and they see you don't mean any harm. The summer residents, too, are all right; they're a fine, representative lot of people, cordial and hospitable fairly soon after they've had a chance to size you up a little, and they've certainly received the Massey family in the most kindly possible way.

Naturally, of course, the fact that my two daughters, Enid and Clarissa, are fine-looking girls, well behaved and about as well-dressed as necessary, I expect, has had probably quite a little to do with the friendly treatment we've received here. I don't suppose I need be overly modest on Enid's and Clarissa's behalf just because I'm their father. I'd be blind if I didn't see how popular they've been ever since they first began getting acquainted here. In fact, I don't think it would be an overstatement for me to say they're about the two most popular girls in Mary's Neck, and every now and then Mrs. Massey gets kind of red in a pleased way and tells me confidentially how she's heard somebody again on the beach saying that Enid and Clarissa are the belles of the season.

Well, that ought to be pretty satisfying, of course, and yet, afterwhile it got to worrying me. That seems funny, I suppose—a parent's worrying because his children are so popular—and it never would have occurred to me to worry over such a thing in Logansville. The difference is because I know all the young people in Logansville and understand just about what they're like, but these young people here in Mary's Neck are new to me; they're from different parts of the country. I haven't seen them growing up from childhood the way I've seen Clarissa's and Enid's friends in Logansville grow up, and so I don't feel I know much about these Mary's Neck youngsters except by reputation. What I mean by their reputation is what I hear about them from the older people, and never in my life have I heard so much about "wild young people" as I have since we came to Mary's Neck. Of course in Logansville I'd run across something in a newspaper or a magazine sometimes about this wild new generation; but we didn't seem to have any conspicuous examples of that sort in Logansville, so I supposed they must live some other place, and, judging from what I'd heard the older people saying since we came here, it began to seem to me I'd have to conclude that Mary's Neck was the place.

What puzzled me, I didn't see any of the wildness myself, and when I asked my daughters about it, they just laughed. I didn't get any satisfaction out of them, and, when I tried to, they made me feel foolish. Then for a while I wouldn't worry, but pretty soon I'd hear the older people talking again and I'd begin fretting some more; and it's funny what kind of things will upset a parent and get him to working himself all up over his children. For instance, a talk I had one morning at the beach with Mr. Carmichael did that to me; and Mr. Carmichael's the last person on earth you'd think could upset anybody. He's a fat, harmless man, and his conversation is generally considered pretty unimportant by everybody.

He was sitting in his loud-striped bathing suit on the sand down where it's wet, letting the foamy water come up over his legs sometimes when a heavier wave rolled in with the tide; and his fat little five-year-old daughter, Helen, was splashing around near him. But when he saw me walking along the beach he called to me and moved back where it was dry and asked me to sit down for a talk. I did it, and noticed that the air near his head had kind of a tang like alcohol; but he didn't have much hair to put tonic on, so I judged it wasn't from that. He called his little girl over to us and made her sit down in his lap for a minute, but she didn't like it and squirmed away; so he let her go.

"I love that child," he told me as she held up a dead crab for a minute and then threw it at him from a little distance away. "I love her. It's a comfort to me to realize that she's only five years old. But next year she won't be five any longer; she'll be six, and the year after that she'll be seven, and the year after that she'll be—well, let that go, but last year she was only four. No, she won't be five very long, if you understand what I mean. What I mean, she's happy now and healthy, but when she grows up and comes out, her poor mother and I can't expect her to stay that way. Even before she comes out, she could lose her health in a minute, any day, the way things are now. You understand me."

"Why, no," I said. "I don't see ——"

"Prohibition," he said. "Unless that law is changed before she grows up, nobody can tell what's liable to happen to her and all these other innocent little children playing here, happy and healthy in the sunshine today. If prohibition lasts until they grow up, there isn't a single one of 'em that'll be safe. Everybody knows it, and yet everybody just stands around and doesn't do anything about it. Nobody lifts a finger."

I didn't see at all what he was driving at, and I told him I didn't, so he put his wet, left hand on my shoulder and waved the right one in a gesture toward the little children playing at the water's edge up and down the beach.

"You see all those children, don't you?" he asked me. "Well, some of 'em are only three years old, some of 'em are four and some of 'em are five, like Helen, and some are six; and a year from now every one of 'em'll be a year older, just like my little Helen. You get that, don't you?"

I told him yes, I was able to follow him so far.

"Well, you see the danger, don't you?" he asked me "If prohibition lasts till they grow up, what's the exact proportion of 'em'll die from poisoned liquor? And of those that don't die, what's the exact proportion'll have their health shattered? How many of 'em'll have their eyes ruined by wood alcohol? You see the uncertainty, don't you? You see why I hate to have my little Helen get to be even six years old; she'll be just one year nearer the brink!"

He was more than serious; he was solemn about it, and I could see he was really troubled. But I was too astonished to sympathize with him much.

"If prohibition lasts," I said, "and it certainly looks as if it's going to ——"

"Yes," he told me. "And every child in the United States is just that much worse off with every birthday it has. Look at my innocent, happy, healthy little Helen!" He pointed to her, and his voice had a kind of choke in it as he went on: "I'm her father and she's my child. A father doesn't like to think of his child's getting poisoned, does he? But I've got to face it. I've got to let her take her chance, don't I? I've got to watch her walking right straight into that danger, don't I?"

"Why, no," I said. "I don't see why you do. It seems to me that it'd be fairly simple to avoid it."

"What?" he asked me. "How?"

"Why," I said, "if she didn't drink ——"

"What? You don't mean ——"

"I don't see any necessity of it," I told him.

He stared at me. "Why, my soul, man! Just look at these young people of sixteen and upward all around us. You know what prohibition has done to them, don't you? You don't suppose they know how to get good liquor, do you? You know that youth is the reckless age, don't you? You don't spose they bother about getting good, reliable bootleggers or having stuff analyzed? For that matter, how many of 'em could afford it? Most of these parents here don't give their children very liberal allowances, so how is a boy or girl of sixteen or seventeen or eighteen going to be able to show any caution, even if they felt like it? I know what I'm talking about. Sixteen to twenty-four is the danger age. After that, they have more money and they're naturally more cautious. Poor little Helen, if I can get her through that age I'll begin to feel that all my trouble in bringing her up has maybe been worth while! But it's a terrible thing to look forward to. It's bad enough to think of any child growing up to behave the way these young people at Mary's Neck do, without having to face the danger of her being exposed to poison."

"But see here," I told him, "you don't think these young people between those ages you mentioned ——"

"They're terrible," he said; and he frowned, looking pretty severe. "These young people of today are the wildest the world's ever seen. What's worse, they're fresh; they don't respect anybody; they don't show any respect for anything. The way I was brought up, I showed some respect for older people and for older people's opinions and moral judgments. Do these young people do that? Not much! They don't care what we think or what we say to 'em. They absolutely like to shock us, and the more I see of 'em the worse I'm disgusted!"

Then he called little Helen to him again and seemed to want to pet her and feel pathetic over her, but she was more interested in the dead crab and cried when he tried to get it away from her, and he got cross with her about it and spanked her; so I came away.

But in spite of the fact that what he said didn't seem very logical to me, it did disquiet me quite a little—so much so, indeed, that if I hadn't been too embarrassed I might have spoken to Clarissa and Enid and asked them if they knew how much drinking was going on in their circle. And I did talk to Mrs. Massey about it that evening and got her disturbed about it, too, but she said she didn't feel like speaking to the girls any more than I did. So we just worried along and wondered and let it ride.

Then all of a sudden a kind of scandal broke out at Mary's Neck and upset us and all the other parents worse than any of us had been before. Every Saturday night pretty much the whole of the place turns out for the dance at the Jefferson Inn, including many of the older people as well as all of the young ones; and it was one of these hotel hops that was the scene of the trouble. Mrs. Massey and I weren't there, but it didn't take us long to hear about it, because the beach was fairly exploding with it the next morning at the bathing hour.

A boy only a little more than twenty years old—his name was Bush Thring—got tangled with his partner's feet at the dance so that he fell down, sitting, and everybody heard something breaking. He seemed to be in difficulties about getting up again and, when some of the boys had helped him and he moved away from there, he left quite a large pool, easily recognizable as gin, on the floor; so everybody knew he must have been carrying a pretty good-sized bottle and got it broken. Besides that, he had to be taken up to the village drug store and have bits of glass picked out of him and some stitches taken; and the worst of it was that this young Bush Thring was well liked and formerly had a good reputation, especially among the girls' mothers. If an accident showed up Bush Thring like this, everybody said, what wouldn't have been discovered about the other boys if the same thing had happened to them! Also, everybody said it proved what terrible conditions prevailed among the young people, and there was a great deal of general indignation expressed.

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Mrs. Dalrymple Looked a Little Cross. "Wait Till I Come to the Point," She Told Them. "What I Mean is, the Most Terrible Evil of All the Evils of Prohibition is the Affect on Our Children, and Our Young People, in Teaching Them Disrespect for Law"

THE BOOM AT BOULDER

Black Canyon Dam Site on the Colorado River

By MAGNER WHITE

ONLY ten dollars an acre! And in Imperial Valley, at that—so the salesman said. Fertile Imperial Valley in California, down near the Mexican border.

"All that land needs is water, brother," said the salesman. The map to which he pointed hung over a little box of soil—rich soil.

The office was crowded with land-hungry persons who had strolled in off one of Los Angeles' busiest downtown streets. They had been flagged, stopped in their tracks, by the window display outside.

"And you know what that Imperial Valley land is, brother," the salesman urged. "Water, and you're rich!" The pointer in his hand strayed to a streak on the map marked Colorado River. His eye stopped at some large type intersecting the streak—type reading blackly: Boulder Canyon Dam Site.

The land being pointed out to me lay, of course, south of the dam site—a long way south of it. The salesman's pointer trailed down the river significantly, then swerved off toward the ten-dollar-an-acre land. But he didn't say a word.

"Oh, by the way," I said, "what does this 'El., 1200' here on the map at the corner of your land mean?"

"Huh! That? Oh, le's see. Oh, yes—that means, 'Electricity, 1200 watts!' Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" I said. "Where my engineering friends went to school they were taught that such a marking would mean, 'Elevation, 1200 feet.'"

Trading In on Good Publicity

MOST of Imperial Valley—particularly the fertile areas of it, as any informed Southwesterner knows—lies below sea level; and the Colorado River, at its point nearest the land I was looking at—on a map hanging on a wall more than 100 miles from the land—is about fifty to seventy-five miles distant from the land. Therefore, to get water onto that land, one would have to pump it, at a prohibitive cost.

President Coolidge signed the Boulder Canyon dam bill, providing for the Boulder dam near Las Vegas, Nevada, at 10:20 A. M., December 21, 1928. He might as well also have fired the starting gun for a national race for jobs, lands, concessions and contracts. A premature boom started in Las Vegas within twenty-four hours, and, as this is written, late in January, is still on.

Within another two weeks after the bill was signed, several hundred sections of the rawest kind of raw desert lands up and down the length of the Colorado River, from the Black Canyon site, where it is now believed the dam will be built, to its lower reaches in Imperial Valley, were put on the market—and sold. Applications for jobs on the dam, or for housing and feeding concessions, or for information concerning public lands that might be under the project flowed into Washington, D. C., by the thousands.

One need not put his ear to the ground anywhere within a thousand miles of the Black Canyon site in order to hear the rumors, reports of land sales and extraordinary profits and the gossip of speculators that is the unmistakable fassst that precedes a boom! Hope springs supernal in several hundred thousand human breasts in the United States whenever those humans think of the great Boulder Canyon dam project. The human race has a deep-seated tendency to erect an air-castle superstructure of some kind upon any foundation that speculation and hope and ambition may offer—and the Boulder Canyon dam project offers, brethren. Consider what the boom begetters have to go on: The Boulder Canyon dam project has had eight years of publicity. The dam and appurtenant projects will cost $165,000,000, and the proposed Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District aqueduct will cost from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 more. The Boulder dam project will rank second, as a government project, only to the Panama Canal. These are the solid, rememberable facts, planted deep in the public consciousness by eight years of publicity, that the boom begetters have to go on.

Now add these facts and translate them into terms of individual hopes and ambitions: The project is in the West—the romantic, mystic, luring, colorful, adventurous West. The health-giving, climatically superb West. This fact alone will draw the attention of enough adventure seekers to populate a small city.

Under the project's ultimate development, 1,220,000 acres will be reclaimed—lots of room for "a little gray home in the West." Provided one doesn't notice the word "ultimate," which spans a decade of time, at least. Six to seven thousand men will be employed on the dam for from six to seven years; and in addition there will also be work for those who go to the cities and irrigation projects up and down the river that will be benefited by the economic lift that the construction work will provide. This, of course, means jobs.

Adventure, excitement, wealth, vastness—a financial and geographical vastness so vast that the law of probabilities has lots of room to operate in; anything might happen to an individual with the slightest modicum of luck. "Go West, young man!" "The last big frontier job in America!" "Whoopee! And ki-yi!"

Facts and Misconceptions

THE rush is on! And it is predicated on misconceptions such as these; many of them held, investigation shows, by persons within the very areas to be served with water and power from the dam: That everything is settled about the dam and that all that now remains to be done is to start work on it.

The facts: Before actual work can be begun there must be a ratification by Arizona of the Colorado River compact or a reratification by Utah waiving the requirement of Arizona's ratification, thereby putting the compact into effect on a six-state basis. If, however, seven states ratify the compact before June 21, 1929—six months after approval of the bill—work may be begun. As this is written, Arizona is bucking, threatening a suit in the United States Supreme Court to stop the whole project, and Utah is threatening to go in with her unless a new and additional three-state pact is entered into by California, Arizona and Nevada.

Where the 26,000,000-Acre-Foot, 100-Mile-Long Boulder Canyon Dam Lake Will Be

Arizona is obdurate because—she says—the present compact awaiting her ratification does not give her revenues from the proposed Boulder dam power production in proportion to her rights in the power site, and because the waters of the streams tributary to the Colorado River within her borders are not reserved to her.

"At the very earliest, I do not see work beginning on the project for at least a year," Congressman Philip D. Swing, co-author of the Swing-Johnson Boulder Canyon dam bill, has written to thousands who have inquired about the project, chances for work and opportunities for getting concessions.

In addition to the ratification tangle, work cannot start on the project until, to quote Congressman Swing again, "interested agencies, public and private"—and there are

scores of these—"contract with the Secretary of the Interior to take water and power from the project at rates which, in the aggregate, will assure the repayment to the Government of all its costs in connection with the construction and operation of the project."

So there is a multilateral rate adjustment to be made after ratification takes place.

Proceeding to the next popular misconception about the dam and project: That when work starts—within a very short time, as the uninformed believe, and are led to believe by the boom begetters—thousands of men will be given jobs on the construction immediately by Uncle Sam.

Rare Air and Rarer Water

THE facts: There will be work for six or seven thousand men when the construction is going full blast, but nobody knows yet who will build the dam or when the work will reach the employment peak. Congressman Swing tells us:

"No one knows at this time"—early in January—"whether the Government will build Boulder dam itself or will let the work out by contract. Without doubt, bids will be asked and, if prices are right, the job will be let to private contractors; if the bids are considered too high the Government will do the work. The United States Commissioner of Reclamation's office will control employment if the Government builds the dam, and, likewise, will have the say on concessions. The bill provides that ex-service men be given preference in employment."

The third misconception is that as soon as the dam is completed several millions of acres of public lands will be thrown open to entry; it being a well-known fact, attested by the movies and novel writers, that the West is a country of great open spaces, and that the people who get in now and grab these lands will be rich.

The facts: Congressman Swing says: "It is very difficult at this time to supply accurate information regarding land settlements. It is hardly likely, as I have already said, that work will be started on the dam sooner than a year from now, and it is estimated it will take seven years to build it. It will take three years to build the all-American canal, and the canal will not be started until the dam is well on its way.

"This canal is the only one that now appears probable. It will begin at the government Laguna dam just above Yuma and run parallel to and on a higher course than the Colorado River until it reaches a point near the international boundary line, thence west into Imperial Valley. The main canal will swing north after it gets through a cut in the famous sand hills of the Imperial Valley, and will supply water to approximately 200,000 acres in the Imperial Valley. If it is extended into the Coachella Valley it will irrigate between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty thousand acres there." Congressman Swing is here referring to public lands.

"Estimates of cost per acre for new land run around $100 per acre, with forty years without interest in which to repay the Government. Time, method and place of allotments, of course, have not been decided upon. Ex-service men will have a ninety days' preference right of entry.

"There will be no land open to entry, in my opinion, until the canal is completed or nearly completed, which, as I have said, will be at least three years after work is started on it. The land that will be settled is about 200 miles down the stream, and, in addition to Imperial Valley, already mentioned, is in Riverside County, California, and Yuma County, Arizona. All these lands irrigable from the Boulder dam project have been withdrawn from entry, and will not be reopened until the project is nearing completion. I repeat this to make it clear."

Yet, according to investigations by the California Real Estate Commission, more than 75,000 acres of lands presumably to be benefited by the Boulder Canyon dam already have been sold, and some of it is represented as being right near the Government's land.

The fourth popular misconception is that, since the Colorado flows southward, and since water is all it takes to make any of the Southwestern desert burst into bloom, land anywhere along or near the river, as long as it is south of the dam, is worth mortgaging the family jewels for.

The facts: Quoting Stephen Barnson, California State Real Estate Commissioner: "With thousands of acres of irrigable lands available and to be made available in the next seven or eight years, it seems unbelievable that buyers will let themselves be sold land which cannot possibly be watered from Boulder Canyon dam or the all-American canal or from any other Colorado River source.

A Difficult Bit of Triangulation Work on the Proposed $150,000,000 Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District Aqueduct to the Colorado River

"This department has been informed that water from the Boulder dam project cannot be used to irrigate land above 150 feet elevation by gravity flow; above that it must be pumped. Yet we have found speculators selling land that lies from 800 to 1500 feet above sea level—land which could never be irrigated from the river except at prohibitive cost.

"We have stopped these sales and compelled complete revisions of the set-ups as fast as we have become aware of the misrepresentations. We have investigations under way all the time.

"The number of acres included in the subdivisions stopped by my order, added to the number, largely in the desert regions, voluntarily withdrawn by the subdividers when their false advertising was exposed and it was shown that Boulder dam water would never be available for the land, comprises a total of approximately 250,000 acres, which, if sold at the prices offered, would total $90,000,000.

"Ten minutes' study of a contour map and of available government data would give anyone some idea of the topographical conditions governing any given piece of land along or near the river."

A Little Bit of Sahara

THE experience of one land buyer who failed to get information on elevations until after he had made his purchase will illustrate the possibilities in such lack of caution—and he was only one of several who had this experience.

He had bought, sight unseen—his only information being what the salesman had told him and what he could gather from a rather inadequate map on a wall—some of the land in a subdivision that is one of several that set certain Imperial Valley civic bodies afire with indignation.

"None of this land," says a California Real Estate Department report, which is available to anyone who wants it, "lies in Imperial Valley proper. It is cut off on the south by a range of sand dunes"—where movie Sahara Desert scenes are made, by the way—"and the north line lies in the Chocolate Mountains. . . . Agricultural development on the greater portion of this land will be impossible."

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Prayer Service at the Dam Site After President Coolidge Signed the Boulder Canyon Dam Bill. The Ministers Present Represent Baptist, Mormon, Methodist, Episcopalian and Catholic Congregations

A Red-Headed Country Girl

He Saw Them All Four Times a Day

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

WHEN the operator called him one morning in midwinter and said, "Dan, the new girl Mr. Welch got for you is here," Dan Tippet did not recognize the voice of Fate.

Innocently he answered, "All right; send her down," and hung up the telephone receiver.

He did, however, have a faint tremor of warning which caused him to look at the small new desk and typewriter in the corner of his office with some doubt. It was a bad time to add another person to the pay roll. Business was not good, but the work of the accounting department was heavy. Mr. Welch, the publisher of Welch's Farm Weekly, wanted Dan to do some extra chores, and he was to have an assistant. He was of two minds about it. He needed help, and yet he mistrusted any girl when it came to accounts. Women's minds, Dan thought, without disrespect, were for the refined but vaguer forms of thinking, for poetry, and song, for tenderness, and affection, rather than rows of figures and double-entry card files. It was truly remarkable that Dan Tippet had been able to retain his romantic illusions about girls. For the circumstances of his work would have made any man less a gentleman than Dan a complete cynic. The girls in the circulation department, in the mailing rooms and the advertising department came through his office every morning to punch the time clocks. Rushing in, galoshes flopping, hats on the backs of their heads, their coats not buttoned, just as the bell rang half-past eight, crowding around the clock, giggling and saying fresh things to him—he saw them all four times a day. He knew the kind of work they did and the pay they got for it. He knew that the girls in the mailing room did work that would have broken his back, that the girls who cut stencils all day had a difficult and painstaking job, that the girls in the advertising department were smart and quick. And he knew, too, that any one of them would be without scruple if she could cheat the clock, that they put the firm's stamps on their own personal letters, already written on the firm's stationery and time, that they bought their coats on the installment plan, and went without luncheon to wear chiffon stockings. But his gentle and chivalrous patience was untouched. They were just girls! One must overlook a certain amount of extravagance and excitement.

But now that he was to have a girl in his own office all day long, he realized that it would be different. He would have to deal with her, not as a name on the pay roll, not as an abstraction, but as a person. He would have preferred a boy, but Mr. Welch insisted that girls were neater, would do the same work for less pay and were more dependable when it came to handling money. Maybe they were, but Dan didn't believe it.

"It Seems You are a Kind of Hero to the Girls Around Here. I Don't Half Appreciate You"

And then she was standing in the doorway, and he stared at her in surprise, for she was quite young and small; two facts which came to him simultaneously with the realization that she had the most beautiful red hair he had ever seen. She had a brown hat in her hand and wore a warm brown coat. Her head was uncovered and her hair sprang up away from her small face in shining, bright curls. It was thick and fine, clean and freshly cut, and red! Her skin was clear and pale, with a few freckles carefully powdered over, and hard spots of rouge on either cheek. Her brown eyes were bright between lashes thick with mascara, and her lips were carmined. Her neck was short, firm and white. As she came toward Dan she showed still some childish quality in her hesitation and an awkwardness about her feet.

"Good Lord," groaned Dan Tippet under his breath, and then something in her look disarmed him. Why, she was only a little girl with her war paint on! She was trying to look tall and grown-up in those stiltlike high heels and the carefully applied but excessive make-up. And she was a little afraid of him. Her brown eyes asked him gently not to be unfriendly.

He said in his quiet voice, "Come in. I'm Dan Tippet, the bookkeeper."

"I'm Mary Frances Stanley, Mr. Tippet."

"Well, Mary Frances, are you going to work for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hang your wraps right on this hook." He did the office honors kindly. "This is your desk. You can keep any personal belonging in this drawer. There's stationery and envelopes of every kind that you will need in the others. You've studied bookkeeping?"

She stood beside the desk without her coat. She wore a black satin dress with long sleeves, thin light stockings and flimsy slippers. There were some small blue beads about her throat.

"Yes, sir. I studied it in business college last winter."

"Is this your first job?"

"No. I went to Indianapolis and stayed with my Aunt Kate while I went to business school, and then I had a job up there in an advertising agency. I was a stenographer."

"You didn't like it?"

"I was fired," she answered calmly, and Dan laughed.

"That happens to all of us now and then," he reassured her. "I don't care if you're slow, but I want you to try to be as accurate as you can be. Just take your time and think things out, and do them right the first time if you can. If you don't understand, ask. I'm too busy right now to show you the work, but here's a list of names. Address No. 6 envelopes for this list, and then I'll give you the inclosures. They're all made out—bills for the

job-printing department. I'll just tell you one thing at a time."

"Yes, sir."

She took the list and sat down in a very businesslike manner, which amused and delighted him, but seemed unreal. He was intensely conscious of her. The sun seemed to gather in her hair, which attracted his eyes irresistibly. She was erasing, he could see, and several ruined envelopes went into the wastebasket. This bothered Dan, who hated waste and disorder, but he found himself making excuses for her. She had to become accustomed to the machine and the new place. The afternoon began to wear away, and Dan got up and pulled down the cord for the light, which was suspended from the ceiling.

"I could have done that for you, Mr. Tippet. I was looking for a switch. I noticed that the light was becoming dim."

Her thoughtfulness surprised him.

"Have you finished the envelopes?"

"Yes, sir."

He looked at them, made a suggestion or two about making the addresses appear more tidy.

"I'm not finding fault," he assured her. "These are fine."

"There You Go—Knocking Yourself!"

"I'll try hard to do just as you want me to, Mr. Tippet," she said eagerly. He spread out the pay-roll book and showed her a little about the work. It was that time of day when the dusk came crowding down against the great glass windows, and five o'clock was near, when all through the building there was a stir and a relaxing of effort and a low murmur of talk. Mary Frances nodded her red head gravely when he explained that there were two sources of income—the advertising revenue and circulation money—but that there were seven major divisions of expenditure. He went on talking to her, although it was incredible to him that she could understand. But one or two questions she asked were shrewd enough.

"I like bookkeeping better than stenography," she told him.

"Well, that's fine, because we don't have many letters down here, but we have plenty of recording and copying. You aren't a Hilltown girl, are you? I don't remember having seen you around here."

"I'm from the country," she explained. "I graduated from District School No. 9, and then I went to high school for three years on the school bus. Then I went to business school, as I told you. But my parents wanted to have me at home more, if I could get a job in Hilltown. So, I'm going to have a room at Mrs. Baker's, and get my breakfast and supper there. And I'll go home every Saturday, at noon, with my father, and come back Monday morning on the school bus."

"I see you have it all planned out. That would make you Stephen Stanley's daughter, wouldn't it? I taught No. 9 school one year, between high school and college."

"I know," she said. "I was in the third grade."

"Is that so!" He was surprised, but said no more, and they went on with the books. But after a little she began to talk again.

"You have a house, haven't you? The one with the big lilac bushes in the yard? And the flower garden? . . . Do you cook for yourself?"

"No," he answered, but she persisted:

"What do you do? Eat in restaurants?"

"In the morning and at noon, I do. Mandy Moon comes in and tidies my house every afternoon and prepares supper for me. So I have my evening meal at home."

"I think it's nice you have a house," she said in a sympathetic tone. "I don't see why a man shouldn't, just because he isn't married. I don't believe you'd be happy, rooming."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not hard to please."

"Rooming seems strange to me. Do you remember how big our house in the country is? Well, at Mrs. Baker's I just have the one room. It seems queer to shut the door and know that's all there is for me. But the room is nice and clean. I'll take my washing home to my mother, and I'll have my own quilts—the ones my Grandmother Stanley left me. This Saturday my father is going to bring in my cedar chest and a picture of Sir Galahad I got from my Sunday-school teacher, and a swell picture of Lindbergh I had framed with my first pay—that was before I lost my job. Gee, Mr. Tippet, it's wonderful! I'll hang it right where I can see it first thing when I open my eyes in the morning."

"We'll have to get ahead with the work," he answered, disturbed by a sudden mental picture of clear brown eyes opening to look upon the face of young America's idol, a mental picture with such amazing details as tousled red hair against a clean white pillow, with hand-blocked quilts upon an old-fashioned bed. Dan Tippet was not accustomed to such startling thoughts, and he kept things strictly to business for the rest of that day.

"She's a chatterbox," he told himself. "Natural enough—I suppose all girls are—but I'll have to head her off." Still, his own mind, instead of being on what he was doing, was busily trying to pierce the fogs of memory and draw forth a beautiful red-headed child in the third grade, at School No. 9, all those years ago. He could visualize faintly a skinny, freckled little girl who was exceedingly naughty, as one of the Stanley children, but of course that couldn't have been Mary Frances. He decided that he could not recall her at the moment.

The bell rang and Dan began to put away the various paraphernalia of his trade as the girls crowded through and banged away at the clock. Some of them must have had their hats and coats already on, they appeared so promptly. The men were not far behind, and then the aristocracy from upstairs came leisurely down, talking to one another and evidently unaware of the existence of time clocks. When the crowd had thinned, Dan gave Mary Frances a number and showed her how to ring in and out and how to remove the punched record from the clocks and insert and date new ones. He promised to get her started on part of the timekeeping the next day. She covered her typewriter and put on her warm brown coat and her little hat. It seemed that the room was dimmer when her hair was covered.

"Good night, Mr. Tippet."

"Good night, Mary Frances. Half-past eight tomorrow morning."

"I'll be here." But she paused at the door as a man filled it and stopped to stare at her. This was Dan's best friend, Fred McAuley, solicitor at large for Welch's Farm Weekly. There were other advertising solicitors in remote offices in New York and Chicago; men who visited the plant now and then and stalked about in a stiff-legged manner. But McAuley's headquarters were in Hilltown. He went out to near-by cities after business, or went, as the paper's special man, to help the other advertising solicitors on difficult calls. He was a contact man, close to Mr. Welch himself, and to the promotion department, working always in and out of Hilltown.

He snatched off his hat and smiled at the young girl with a flattering regard. He was a merry, brown-eyed robin of a man, smooth and plump, with thinning dark hair and a ready smile. He had been born and raised in Hilltown, and his and Dan's friendship dated back to their infancy. But much contact

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"I'm Mary Frances Stanley, Mr. Tippet"

"Hurry, I've Got Something to Tell You," and Then, to Mrs. Baker: "It's All Right. We Won't be Gone Long"

THE RECOIL

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"Why, You Silly-Billy, One Would Think You Expected Never to See Me Again"

PARR, the police deputy, settled himself in his favorite elbow chair and took up a stogy. While he inspected it for wormholes he unbuttoned his ulster. Merely unbuttoning it indicated to his friend and occasional "medicine," Oliver Armiston, that the call was an emergency one and would be brief. "To revert," said Parr, "to our original thesis: Every dog has his flea—if he is a normal dog. And every crook has his squealer ——"

"If he is a normal crook," slyly inserted Oliver. "Some of our best parlor sociologists will pick you up there, Parr."

"I know it," said the deputy. "One of them came to my office the other day and told me Killer Whalen was an honest man, only misunderstood. Killer's got a record of four misunderstandings and has just taken a plea of manslaughter on a fifth! I said, 'How can you tell he is honest? I'd like to know how.' He said, 'I look them in the eye! They can't lie to me!'" Parr chuckled. "I wish it was as easy as that. Crime," he said, lighting his stogy, "is a perfectly normal act. A crook is a perfectly normal person. The only difference between him and you is that he thinks you are a fool to work for a living when you can pick it up for nothing. Do you remember the Thwing jewel robbery?"

Oliver nodded. Very well. It made good reading, when it flooded the newspapers a few years ago. Thwing was one of those rare personages—in this country—born to the grand manner. He lived formally, never relaxed. He married a Spanish woman of high degree. Her only idea of money was gold coin, which she kept loose in her dressing-table drawer. Her only idea of a safety-deposit vault was the receptacle in the base of her harp. She played the harp well, like all Spanish women with pretty arms. To Oliver, on an occasion, she said: "Oh, yes, the bayadere is very difficult; but not for me, because I have good technic." She kept her jewels in the base of that harp. When she traveled she took the harp with her, because every morning she must run off a few *arpeggios*, much as the rest of us do our daily dozen. In keeping with the grand manner, they traveled in their private car, and the harp was merely another piece of baggage, and no trouble. The jewels rode in the harp, although Madame's maid always believed—until the jewels turned up missing, in a journey to White Sulphur—that she herself invariably carried them in an elaborate jewel box. It was clever, but of a cleverness better suited to dupe a bandit of the Spanish hills than a crook of the international jungle. Parr and the best minds of the police world recognized instantly the earmarks, and rounded up the several crooks clever enough for the job. It was a dry haul. None of the élite claimed the credit. Several lesser lights of the underworld openly boasted of it as theirs, as crooks will, when they have such a chance. For comic relief, a woman squealed on a pickpocket, said he did it. Two cops brought the poor dip in, and Parr, in no mood for trifling, booted the three of them out of his office. There is such a thing as ordinary intelligence, even in a cop.

"Recollect that poor dip?" asked Parr. "He worked the cross-town cars and never lifted more than a ten-spot in his life."

"You turned him loose, didn't you?" said Oliver.

"Certainly," said Parr.

"What about it?"

"He did it!"

"Get out!"

"Absolutely! He saw that harp on a baggage truck, and from habit, frisked it." Parr laughed. "The girl was right. She was sore at him because he wouldn't peddle the stuff and dress her up. But he was too wise! He buried it. We turned him loose, of course. The job was too big for him. Well, lately he's been spreading himself—dressing up and making big bets at New Orleans and Baltimore. We picked him up and asked him how. He blew! Told everything. We've got all the stuff—or traced it."

Everybody in that case made at least one error—Madame, in being too clever; Parr and his international correspondents, in being too wise; and the dip, in being too trusting. Looking back, Oliver thought, in the light of discounted knowledge, it was difficult to see how any one of the three—each according to his lights—could have avoided the error. Nor could any logician plot those errors beforehand. Given a certain set of facts, what error will a given person naturally fall into? Later, that error, when it becomes known, seems the only possible one, and laughably peculiar to the person who committed it—but it can't be forecast!

"This case is finished," thought Oliver, eying his friend Parr. "He didn't come here to tell me this. There is something else."

This surmise immediately proved correct.

"The Culpepper Lea killing," said Parr, shifting his little elephant eyes to Oliver. "Recollect?"

It was only three weeks old, still in print. Oliver nodded, the tips of his fingers—with which he did some of his thinking when he wrote on his typewriter—tingling pleasantly. The Lea killing. Parr hadn't said the Lea murder, a distinction not made in print yet. It was one of those rare crimes which seem to carry an easy boast of the impenetrable, the enigmatic, the inapprehensible. There are crimes like that. Reading the first account of them in the press, many people, from totally different viewpoints, shake their heads and say, "They will never reach a solution in that case. The criminal will never be apprehended." The public, of course, forgets not only the crime itself but their own fresh reaction to it. Parr never forgot. He knew that sooner or later the chickens all come home to roost. There is a steady stream of forgotten crooks coming in through the back door at Central Office. The police never shelve a mystery. Unfinished business, yes, Parr would admit, but he would never admit he was through so long as a perpetrator remained at large. There was always the squealer, or someone to do the wrong thing at the wrong time.

Oliver was thinking something like that now, with a change of tense. He was thinking: "Undoubtedly someone did the wrong thing, somewhere, in that affair too."

For all its vain air of the inscrutable, the facts in the Lea killing were simple enough as they came to the police blotter. In spite of his high-sounding name, Lea had no very distinguished connections. Some of those Culpeppers and Leas of Virginia and North Carolina, who went West with the Argonauts and got into Bret Harte's stories, bred him and gave him his eagle eye and duelist's carriage. But they were too busy to draw a family tree on parchment for him. He was in the consular service, his appointment dating back to the time of political preferment. He saw the world and was thrown among fine people, and was frequently asked about his honored name. In answer he always told a story. In Newport one time, in a hotel dining room, he heard the head waiter cry out: "Hey, you, Culpepper Lea! Come and take care of this gentleman."

When the waiter came over, the American consular official said: "That's my name, boy. Where'd you get it?"

And the colored waiter had replied, not insensible to the fine distinction he was drawing: "I come from the Southern family, sir."

"I don't know which family I belong to," Culpepper Lea would say. "I was born in a prairie schooner. No, not going West. Coming back East! My mother died. And my father was killed, later, in an Indian fight."

Wherever the name came from, he took care of it. He left the service, on a pension of some kind, after the Great War. Though then past sixty, he married—married a school-teacher—and settled down in an old New England village. Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl.

Once a week he came to town—usually on a Wednesday. He always carried a brief case. Southern fashion, his wife came as far as the gate with him and kissed him good-by. He changed cars at Stamford for the main line. While waiting, it was his invariable habit to take his frugal lunch at the depot counter, always holding the brief case on his knee. In town he went to his bank and spent sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour or two, in the safety-depositors' room, doing clerical work, such as his not-considerable property required. It was his custom to go to the same attendant to give the password; he went with him to his box, took it out, carried it to his seat, at the same table; and when he finished he called the same man again and reversed the process in letting himself out. In the course of his many visits he found out about the man's family, about the birthdays of the children, and when these days came around, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. Lea had a little package with some trinket, for the attendant. This had gone on ever since Culpepper Lea, his own second child, was born. Lea had no other business but cutting his own modest coupons, and he clung to it as if it afforded him some relief from the sudden let-down of retirement from a busy life.

Coming back to Stamford, there was another wait for the branch-line train. It was twenty minutes. He got into the habit of consuming the time in a constitutional. It was always exactly the same walk. From the station he went down a side street to the shore front. He never got far away from ships; he had seen all parts of the world, and shore life, even in a coasting port, interested him. The watchman on the Sound Line pier learned to know him. These two elderly persons, with life drifting away from them, gravely exchanged a salute in passing. Lea walked along the dock front two blocks, then turned back to the station, arriving there with just half a minute to spare. As time went on and he grew more thoughtful in his stride, he had to quicken his pace at the last lap. He solved this difficulty by cutting across a vacant lot on a kitty-corner path beaten hard by the feet of longshoremen coming and going to work. The vacant lot was surrounded by a billboard that stood on stilts, with boards ripped off in the diagonal corners, through which the foot traffic flowed.

On the afternoon of October eighth the old watchman of the Sound pier saluted him as he passed at his usual hour, and watched him move slowly down the dock front and turn in through the opening in the billboard fence. Almost immediately there was a loud shot and a fearful cry, and when they arrived at the spot they found Culpepper Lea dead, a horrible gaping wound torn in his chest. His familiar brief case, cut with a knife, lay open and empty on the ground. Later it was to be discovered that practically everything he owned in the world must have been in that brief case. His safe-deposit box was empty. His wife verified the fact that frequently he brought home his papers and worked far into the night on them, returning them the next day. His will, insurance papers, everything—all those items a man accumulates through a long and careful life and wishes to preserve against all hazards—all were gone.

"Go back to the other case a minute," said Parr, as he and Oliver went over these known facts again. "Take the jewel case. Madame had the right idea, but it didn't work out. That doesn't vitiate the rightness of it. She was known to travel with an enormous fortune in jewels with her at all times. Very well, what does she do, with the amount of intelligence given her? She handed her jewel case to her maid and told her never to let it out of her sight. The maid, supposing it to contain the precious jewels of her madonna, was naturally nervous and frightened, and showed it. That was what Madame wanted. That would attract attention away from Madame and her harp, and to the girl—who, by the way, was an old woman," put in Parr. "By all the rules, the girl should have been robbed. In time, I dare say, she would have been—if"—Parr smiled feebly—"my pickpocket hadn't intervened."

"What was in that brief case? Is there any way of finding out?" asked Oliver.

"That's not the point!" cried Parr. "Maybe it was empty," he said, his eyes shifting to the old bronze Buddha toasting its shins by the fire. "Empty, like Madame's jewel box. She had been carrying that empty box around all her life. What for? To arouse suspicion."

"Now, Parr," said Oliver, "don't get too wise! You know your failing. You are not going to tell me he exhibited that brief case just to induce some thug to blow him to kingdom come."

"Why not?" asked the deputy. "It would be a perfectly normal act, of a perfectly normal individual."

"To blow him to kingdom come, yes," said Oliver. "But on the receiving end, no! That might be a subtle form of suicide, yes. But it would be hard to imagine anybody, especially this Culpepper Lea, so desperately subtle—or so subtly desperate—as patiently to go through this stunt of inviting destruction once a week for eight or ten years. If he were set on suicide, he would have done it himself long ago."

"Maybe he did it himself," replied Parr quietly. "I don't know. There were no witnesses. There are several unexplained coincidences. This lot was empty. No one saw him. Now it happens that is a well-trodden path, about as busy as a side-street block here in town. We have checked that block for a week. At no time during the day was that path idle. There was always someone crossing."

"Naturally, a thug or a would-be suicide would wait until he was unobserved," put in Oliver dryly. "That's not a coincidence. That's normal enough. What else?"

"This!" said Parr. He took a package out of a pocket and let it fall, with a clank of metal, on the desk. "Unwrap it!"

Oliver unwrapped the package. It was an old dueling pistol, with an inch of the muzzle blown off, as if from too heavy a charge.

"Ah, the lethal weapon, eh?" cried Oliver.

"I don't know," said Parr bluntly. "Man disposes and luck interposes. It was found in the water. The spot where Culpepper Lea lay when they got to him was within ten feet of the stringpiece of the dock. The billboard intervened—but the billboard stood on stilts four feet off the ground. An assassin could easily have tossed the pistol into the water. Lea himself might have done it as he fell, but I doubt it. There is still a third possibility—the blackest of all. He may have put in an overcharge, so that the recoil hurled it from his hands into the water. That sounds a little too pat. But pat things happen. Yesterday we had another gang murder uptown. May their tribe increase!" said Parr, his face painted with that odd look of wonder that sometimes came to even this old stager. "The killer grabbed his overcoat and beat it. He grabbed the wrong coat. He grabbed the dead man's coat. It happened the

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His Brief Case, Cut With a Knife, Lay Open and Empty on the Ground

A TWO-DOLLAR BET

By J. B. Snodgrass and Wesley Stout

A Betting Crowd Beneath Grand Stand at Bowie, Typical of a Pari-Mutuel Track

Mid-Week Racing Crowd at Havre de Grace, Thirty-Eight Miles From a City

If he play, being young and unskillful, for shekels of silver and gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was ordained to be sold. —*Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

POKER and horse racing have this in common: Each may be played without money, but no one seems to care for it in a big way. Just why a horse race, as colorful and exciting a scene as any sport can offer, is not sufficient unto itself is puzzling. It simply is not, even to those who are puzzled. There are racing enthusiasts, including many owners of wealth, who do not bet, but they are a marked minority and the experiment of betless racing has failed here and everywhere.

The money wagered at all the tracks by the patrons of the sport, however, is but a small part of the whole. The tracks are merely the show windows; the real money is bet with the handbooks in the cities, mostly in two dollar, five, ten and twenty dollar units, by a great army; possibly most of whom never saw a horse race.

Big Business

FROM daily study of the involved past-performance charts, a form of intense concentration they rarely are able to apply to any serious pursuit, they frequently speak the patter of the turf with a deceptive glibness, the horses all the while remaining as impersonal to them as the fifty-two cards of a deck.

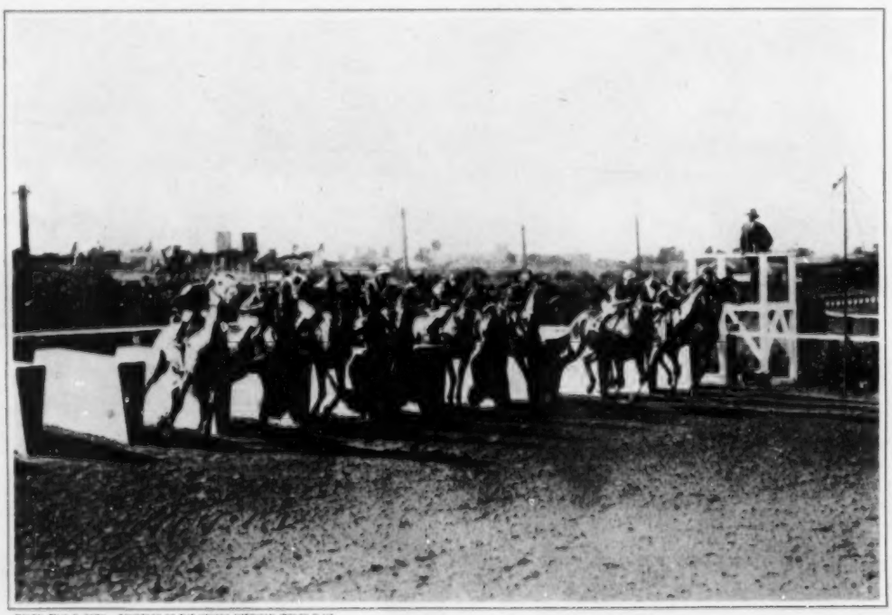
It is stated, and accepted as an approximate fact by those who should know, that one in six in New York City's population bets an average of five dollars every week day on horses. This would mean a handbook handle of something like $1,500,000,000 a year in that city. The percentage is not greatly less in other cities adjacent to tracks, probably greater in some, and not inconsiderable in cities far removed from the sport.

In an area three blocks by two in downtown Philadelphia surveyed several years ago, nearly 800 regular handbook players were found, most of them workers. The extent of this small gambling is nothing like that in England, where the nonbetter is an exception, but it grows yearly.

If you bet regularly on horse races you lose, whoever you may be. Greatly more is lost today than ever before, but these losses now are distributed among so many that the consequences are invisible to the casual eye. In former years gambling left a wake of defaulting bank tellers and embezzling employes. The rarity of such embezzlements in later years suggests that as the habit has spread it has, like a disease grown endemic, become milder in its effects. The true explanation is not far to seek.

The defaulter usually was a victim of an elaborate confidence game in which racing was used only as a stage set. For one reason or another, the old-fashioned confidence man has closed his fake pool room and turned to mass production in wider fields. The normal better today knows the mechanics of racing fairly well, bets of his own accord, bets small sums, and the swindlers who prey upon him are as petty as he. The individual results are confined, generally, to the daily drain on his small resources, to a new suit forgone rather than to a bank closed. The piker who bets his own money has largely succeeded the plunger who bet his employer's funds.

A small bet in New York customarily travels this route: A waiter, nurse, taxicab driver—anyone—calls up a barber shop, news stand, lunch counter, or the like, where he or she is known and starts a two-dollar wager on Tippity Witchet or the horse of his choice. The bet may end there.



PHOTO, BY C. C. COOK, COURTESY OF THE HAVANA AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB

Starting a Race From Stalls at Havana, a Device Being Tried Out at Various Tracks

In the Spider Web

USUALLY the barber, printer or what not is only an agent of a petty bookmaker, who pays him a small commission. The little bookmaker may keep all, part or none of the bets that accumulate in this vapory way. Usually he lays off part or most by telephone with a real bookmaker, taking about 5 per cent as his commission; paid sometimes only on losing bets.

Under normal circumstances a competent bookmaker can always so balance his book on any race that he cannot lose, whether favorite or long shot wins. The wholesaler, finding too much bet on this horse, too little on others, calls his agent in "Jersey" and trades bets in a clearing house. The latter, as the last turn of the wheel, hurries any excess of money on a particular horse to the track to bet it at the last moment with the track bookmakers or in the *pari-mutuel* machines, where it serves also to depress the odds. This come-back money, as it is known, is the bane of the track better.

The maze of handbooks in Greater New York is not unlike a spider web, its center Jersey. When the racket is

disturbed, the clearing house drifts up and down the west bank of the Hudson clandestinely, but normally it is stationary in an apartment house in Jersey City cut up into small offices. Every big shot in the business in and adjacent to the greater city holds a seat on this exchange. Other large cities operate their own.

The exchange maintains agents at all tracks, connected with them by private wires which lead to the betting inclosure, if the track permits, or as close to the gate as possible. The agents lay the come-back money; they also flash pertinent information such as track conditions, odds, jockeys, horses withdrawn and results—all available to every seat holder as part of the service.

The combined resources of the members are such that almost always they can absorb any bet, but they may not choose to, even if the circumstances of the wagering are not suspicious. The track odds, whether *pari mutuel* or oral, are the pay-off prices throughout the country up to 20 to 1, and the temptation is to lower them on probable winners. Trainers and owners who bet on their horses away from the track to avoid influencing the odds, usually defeat themselves. Their money may rebound to the track before they are well away from the telephone. The clearing house does not publish its turnover; a newspaper estimate is not less than $2,000,000 daily. Either that is an understatement or a greater amount of betting money never reaches the exchange, being absorbed en route.

PHOTO. BY CULVER SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Typical New York News-Stand Display of Racing Tip Posters

A Machine With Human Cogs

THE lesser bookmakers have extended their service in recent years by sending runners through office buildings and from shop to shop. The office workers, men and women, seal their money and a slip of paper in an envelope. Carrying a satchel, the runner passes through the building like a postman. He says no word, merely offering his open satchel, into which the envelopes are dropped. The next morning he makes his rounds again, this time returning envelopes to the winners, and again saying no word.

How the political protection is managed must be left to surmise. In certain Western cities the handbook concession is granted by city hall to one man or a group, who rule it despotically, limiting the number of operators and collecting a percentage of the take. In New York the racket appears to have no head or tail and to depend upon Jersey for its government. Probably there is more order than appears, yet the game seems to be open to anyone. The punishment is severe, but since conviction requires evidence of the transfer of money or the oath of an informant, the police are inactive. As the man on the beat usually encounters it, the business is too petty to suggest even a shakedown.

The *pari-mutuel* machines are not machines and are not a modern invention, as this generation assumes. They were introduced from Paris soon after the Civil War, were in general use in Kentucky and New York, fell into disuse and reappeared in recent years in Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, Louisiana and some other states. The name suggests a combination slot machine and calculator. There is such a device, known as a totalizator, in use at the Longchamps course in Paris and in Australia, where they were invented. It does by mechanical means more swiftly what is performed manually at the *pari-mutuel* tracks.

In bookmaking every bet is a private transaction. The bookmaker fixes the odds, though he is influenced by the public's preferences, and the winnings and losings are his. Under the newer method all bets accumulate in a common pool. A fixed percentage—6 to 10—is deducted from the total on each race as a kitty and retained by the track or shared with the state as a form of tax. All the balance is paid to the successful betters; the machine neither wins nor loses. The public makes its own odds and they usually work out more generously than those a bookmaker would quote.

Pari-mutuel tickets are sold in denominations of two, five, ten, fifty and one hundred dollars, and in straight-place-show combinations for convenience. You may bet any horse to win—straight; to run second—place; or to run third—show. "Across the board" is to bet all three. As there are usually only ten positions on a *pari-mutuel* board, whenever more than ten horses start, the rest are lumped in a "field."

From Top to Bottom

FIELD betters may have as many as a dozen horses running for their money, but they are, needless to say, the culls of the race in the track handicapper's judgment. If the horse finishes in advance of the position you have bet, you still win, though the odds are correspondingly less. To bet, you fall in a line leading to the proper teller's cage and receive a cryptic ticket, numbered and otherwise protected against forgery.

Assume that fifteen horses run and $100,000 is bet at the track on this race. All bets on twelve of the horses lose, unless a field horse is one of the first three. All win and place bets on the third horse and all win bets on the second horse lose. Only six series of tickets may be cashed; all three on the first horse, two on the second and one on the third. After the kitty has been deducted from the $100,000, the balance is distributed to those holding one or more of the six winning series.

The amount paid is governed solely by the proportion of money bet on the winners to that bet on the losers. A favorite may pay less than even money, more having bet on it than all the other horses together. An overlooked horse may pay fabulous odds. The record is $1885.50, or 941 to 1, on Wishing Ring, at Latonia, July 17, 1912. A similar two-dollar place ticket paid $664.60, a show ticket $172. The previous record was $830.70 at Lexington two years earlier, which superseded $1178 returned on a five-dollar ticket on Nickajack at Jerome Park in 1872. The highest price of 1928 in the East was $208.20 on Encamp at Bowie, the next to the last day of the season. The price always includes the return of the original bet.

The shortest price permitted the *pari mutuels* under the law is five cents on the dollar, or 1 to 20. That is, $2.10 is the least that may be paid on a winning two-dollar ticket. This makes it possible under unusual conditions for the *pari mutuel* to lose money. At Pimlico last November, Vanity and Igloo, coupled as the W. R. Coe entry, won and ran third respectively. There was an unprecedented play on the entry for place, on the theory that the two horses would finish first and second and monopolize the place money. T. W.—Chicago—O'Brien and other plungers were piling in the money by the

(Continued on Page 121)

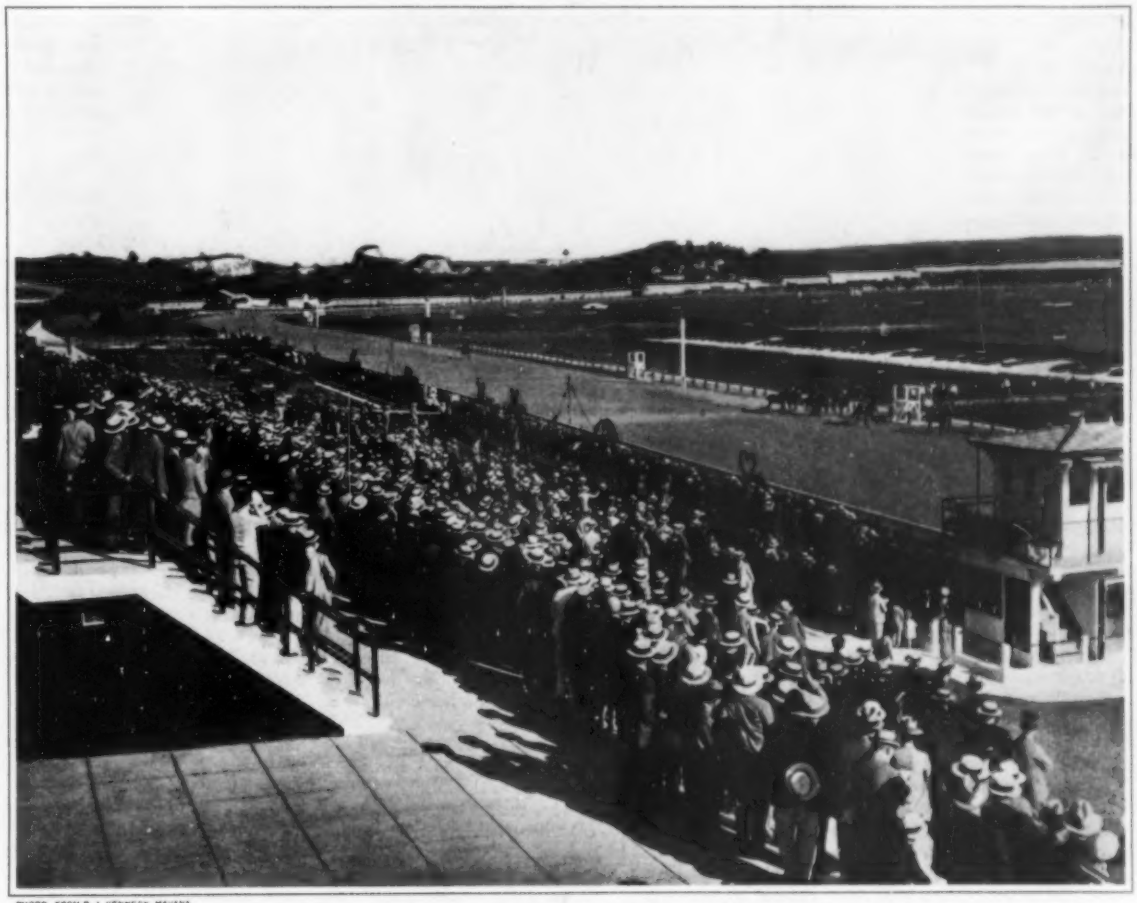


PHOTO. FROM R. J. KENNEDY, HAVANA

Opening Day at the Havana American Jockey Club Track, Oriental Park, Cuba

CONVICTION OF SIN

"If it Works Out it Works Out," Carl Said, Pronouncing Judgment, "and if it Don't Work Out it's a Good Setback fur Him Once"

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE Holzoppels were at supper—father and mother, two sons and a daughter. None of the men hired from time to time to help about the farm, which was a large one, was there now; if one had been there he, too, would have eaten with the family, helping himself to thick slices of bread made in the farm kitchen from wheat grown on the west slope and ground at the old stone German mill not five miles down the state highway, spreading his bread lavishly with cool, sweet butter churned by Mrs. Holzoppel on the shaded cement area outside the springhouse, with apple butter, that aromatic, rich brown condiment which, on long fall afternoons, had wafted its spicy odors through the house occupied now by the third and fourth generations of Holzoppels.

He'd have partaken of ham, pink and fried to a golden crust, reminiscent of the ton litter of fancy black hogs Carl had exhibited in the fair circuit that summer; spiced cabbage made from a firm, white head carried in but that day from the field; potatoes, crisply fried in ham fat, firsts from the south fields and not to be missed from the motor truckloads that in another week would be winding their way to the markets of Lancaster, Philadelphia, Reading, Allentown. He'd have topped off his meal with a quarter of deep-dish apple pie and a generous wedge of mild home-made cheese. Come flood, come famine, come pestilence to the rest of the world, come war, come wind, come upheavals of the earth, the Holzoppels and their neighbors, provided the fortresses of their gentle hills still held, would have continued to "live good."

In spite of this security of future, this independence of present, this weal upon the land of their forefathers, a cloud was on the faces of the younger Holzoppels. A difference between these young people and their parents would have quickly declared itself to the eye of a stranger. The older folks belonged obviously to the Plain People; their clothing was of an unusual severity of cut, and entirely unornamented by buttons. They were fastened in neatly with hooks and eyes. The young people were dressed according to the fashion of the day, and were buttoned into their clothes.

The latter ate in silence, their attention upon their plates. The jaws of the boys moved rhythmically, the eyes of the daughter flashed jewel blue in indignation from one brother to another, and back to her plate. A soft pink came up into the girl's cheeks, brick red mounted from where the boys' blue shirts lay open at their necks, crept up and up, and bathed their ears.

"What do you think we stay here and work fur"—Carl broke the long silence; he'd finished his pie, and he stood up and kicked his chair backward—"if we can't ever have no pleasure nor nothin'?"

"Yes, ain't it?" Max turned angry eyes upon his father.

"The Amish," the older man said calmly, "don't uphold to automobile ridin'." He took a mouthful of cheese and chewed deliberately.

"There's no hurt to it, neither here nor there," the older boy exploded. "It takes you places and it brings you back home once, and quicker, anyway, than a horse. It saves time fur you, so it does."

"There ain't another girl I know"—in the heat of her resentment Alfarata forgot her normal-school English—"where doesn't have an automobile in the family." All of them pronounced the word with the accent on the third syllable. "We don't get anywheres! We don't see anybody!" Tears welled to her eyes.

"The Amish don't uphold to automobiles." The old man chewed imperturbably. "It's a sinful contriwance!" He banged the table authoritatively. "It's a part of this here sin-ridden age, and them where rides in one"—his voice rose—"is ridin' to destruction."

"I'm sick to my stomach of that kind of talk," Carl muttered sulkily. "The Amish don't uphold to this here and the Amish don't uphold to that there. I ain't Plain. Max and Alfie ain't Plain. We're sick of ridin' in a buggy and bein' made fun out of, and gettin' places when it's time to come home still. We ——"

"You ain't Plain?" His father's voice became a cry of pain. "Why ain't you Plain? Why, I want to know it? Ain't your pop Plain? Ain't your grandpop before him and your great-grandpop even ——"

"We're sick of workin' here and workin' here, and never havin' the pleasures that others have." Max Holzoppel swallowed. "We could go over into Lancaster and work in a refrigerator plant, or somewheres. We ——"

"Yah, yah. You could work in a plant and the plant could close down on you," the father gibed, "like on Lester and Howard Winebrenner last winter a'ready. This here farm stays here." His outstretched hand, pounding on the table, affirmed the permanence of his father's home. "It don't close up on you and it don't shut down on you. What fur kind of a fool would you be to go workin' in a plant, or whatever?" Brick red had crept up to his ears now too.

"For only six hundred and ninety-five dollars you could get a Garnett Six, pop." Carl took a more conciliatory tack.

"It ain't that you can't afford it," Max reminded him. "It ain't that we don't earn one, and more over, to take us here and there."

"To take you places where I don't uphold you should go to!" their father roared, drowning them out. "To movin' pitchers, to dances, to parties and whatever! It's a sinful wehicle and it'll never come on my land! Ain't God give you legs fur to take you where you want to go? Ain't He give you horses to harness? I won't never set foot onto one and I don't uphold"—he stood up to give his words weight—"that anybody where lives under my roof shall set foot onto one, either. There ain't to be no more words brought up about it in this house." He turned ominously in the doorway.

"Och, boys, boys!" Mrs. Holzoppel made gentle sucking sounds with her mouth. "What fur do you want to stand up to him like that there, boys? Go on now and get dressed fur your party." She put a hand on a rebellious shoulder of each. "The clean shirts is in the bottom drawer. You go, too, Alfie. I don't want that you should help me tonight."

"I'm not goin' to no party," Max declared sullenly.

"I'm not goin' nowheres where I'm to be made a fool out of any more," Carl supplemented bitterly. "I'm not goin' nowheres behind a horse; not if I rot first."

"Och, Carl, Carl! Who would drive your sister to the dance then?"

"His sister isn't goin' to the dance then." Alfarata's voice came sharply from the corner where she was drying her eyes on a spotless roller towel. "I'm sick to death of being laughed at behind my back and in front of my face even. I won't go anywheres. I'll stay right here. Till I'm old. Till I'm an old maid."

Having given voice to this hated and dreaded epithet, she burst again into tears.

Their father had taken his Bible and was sitting by the lamp in the living room, reading. Resentfully they refused to join him there. They hung about the kitchen. By and by the boys sauntered out one at a time, and Alfie watched them. She knew where they'd go—down to the end of the stone wall that followed the lane. Down to the highway. They'd sit on the wall, kicking it with their feet, smoking the forbidden tobacco and watching the cars go by. Before long she followed them, walking slowly in the half darkness. She was without hat or coat; the October evening was unusually mild. Soon, at the end of this month, perhaps, would come frost. Snow would come and they'd be closed in. They wouldn't, as she had told her father, get anywhere. She'd get as far as the district school, a mile and a half down the road, where she taught—no farther. The others all had cars; they went hither and thither incessantly at a dizzying pace, and every year they went farther, widening the scene of their gayety. Only she and Carl and Max were left behind, watching with envious eyes. It was not only that they daren't own a car; they daren't even step into one.

She climbed up silently beside the boys, and a sigh lifted her slight chest and spent itself upon the night air. She looked out over her father's land, which had been her grandfather's, and her great-grandfather's before his. Those far slopes, which had once been in tobacco, were now in potatoes. They began at the third slope and stretched out and out, acre after acre of them, tubers for the markets of Pennsylvania cities.

"He'll git enough from the potatoes fur to buy three or four cars, easy," Carl said bitterly, picking the thought from her mind.

"The Amish don't uphold to cars," Max reminded him gloomily. "We can sweat and sweat gettin' the potatoes out of the ground and onto the motortrucks fur him, though," he remembered.

"It wouldn't take much of a push fur to put me over in Lancaster, workin'," Carl said darkly, "or in Philadelphia, even, maybe."

Alfie ceased to listen to them. She followed her own thoughts. After a time she began laughing softly. "What would pop make of it to know that Uncle Absalom learned me to drive his car when I was there this summer?" She invited them to consider this, she herself bending double over it.

"Learned you!" Carl said scathingly. "As if there was anything fur to learn about it. You get in and you push something and you go once. Anybody where can drive a tractor now —— That there's something, ain't it, Max?"

"She couldn't drive nothin'," Max scoffed shortly.

Silence settled over them again. Alfie sobered and her eyes went again to the hills, where the quick October dark was now pressing down. She'd be an old maid, a girl who didn't dare ride in a car. Her hands clasped one another tightly in her lap. They didn't walk in lanes any more, they didn't ride in buggies, they didn't sit in parlors on sofas; they sped by in cars. There'd be only some fellow who had turned Plain, like Amos Deeter, for her. Amos Deeter, with hooks and eyes down the front of his plain coat.

"Doppelhead!" she said venomously, under her breath. Her eyes brooded on the hills.

There was no moving pop, any more than there was moving a bull when you wanted him to go into a field and when only one small gate led into the field. Hadn't the three of them, she and Max and Carl, been pushing behind him for weeks now, for months? Trying to push him into buying a car. But there was no pushing and there was no pulling him; you'd have to trick him. Her eyes lifted again to the slopes where the potatoes waited. Money enough in those fields, there was, to buy them a car. Carl and Max had done all the work with them this year, too, she reflected bitterly.

"Carlie"—her voice came queerly out of the silence after a long time—"when does pop figure to start diggin' the potatoes?"

"When does he figure us to start diggin' them?" Carl corrected. "It wonders me he ain't started a long time ago a'ready." He spat between his teeth.

"Wood head." Max looked at him scornfully. "We don't git our turn at the trucks till a week yet."

"Carlie, listen—Max! Listen here, boys." Alfie's voice was alive suddenly. "Come over here, close to me. Listen once." Her nervous hands tugged at them. "Pop's like a bull, ain't he?" Her voice was quick, eager. "You can push and push, and you don't get him anywheres without he wants to go, isn't it? You got to trick him some, don't you? Listen, I got an idea"—her laugh bubbled—"I got an idea how to trick pop some. Listen here ——"

With their heads close together, the three sat on the stone wall. Alfie talked, her hands moving in quick gestures. Now and then laughter sprang in smothered gusts from her lips. The boys listened. They didn't laugh, but scowled, their heads bent. After a long time they nodded slowly.

(Continued on Page 165)

"Maybe They Have Right, Pop," She Said. "Maybe Tractors is Sinful Yet. It Makes a Noise Like the Judgment Comin', Still"

THE TAUT STRING

Then There Came a Flash of Red and the Woods Had Received its Own Again.' Mr. Cutcheon Smiled, Not Joyously But Tremulously

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"WE DIDN'T take finger-prints in that day," said the heavy-set man.

"But you did, doubtless, take photographs instead," suggested Dr. Brant Perkins.

"Twenty years of time and a painstaking effort to alter the appearance will make a photograph all but useless. However, I have one."

"But why," asked Brant, "do you come to me? I am not an officer of the law."

"We find," said the man, "that doctors know a great deal that other people never learn—if they can be persuaded to tell it."

"Exactly. How old was this man when he escaped from prison?"

"Thirty."

"He would now be fifty. And his crime?"

"Embezzlement. He was serving a term of twenty years. He made his escape before six months of it had expired."

Brant's eyes twinkled. "You couldn't have made it homelike for him in your prison. 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.' This teaches us we should make our jails more attractive."

"Huh." The heavy-set man grunted at this levity. "Can you help me?" he asked.

"I don't know. I don't even know if I would help you if I could. Suppose this man, for twenty years, has been leading an exemplary life. Let us imagine he has not only been exemplary but positively noble. What then?"

"He owes the state twenty years of his life for a crime," said the detective.

"Probably my ethics are cock-eyed," said Brant, "but I'm not sure I agree with you. One stumble does not make a stagger. One misdeed does not make a criminal. There might have been extraordinary temptation or mitigating circumstances. In my feeble, faltering way I might reach the conclusion that it is better to have a good citizen at large to work at the intricate business of being a good citizen than it would be to clutch him by the collar and transform him into a convict."

"Sentiment," said the detective.

"I dote on moonlight and primroses," said Brant. "How do you know he is in Kidder's Dam?"

"Anonymous letter. Received last week. It said, 'If you want to take Amos French, escaped convict, look for him in Kidder's Dam.'"

"Apparently," said Brant, "there is someone who does not wish him well. Now I, in your circumstances, might shut up the writer of that letter while I allowed this Amos to frisk in the sunshine."

"He was a trusted employe. He absconded with a large sum of money belonging to people who could ill afford its loss. He wrecked a building-and-loan society and caused great distress."

"It doesn't sound like the sort of thing an admirable person would do," said Brant.

"I tell you, doctor, a man who is once bad is always bad."

"Even if he proves for twenty years that he is good?"

"Would you trust such a man with money?" asked the detective.

"That gives one to pause briefly and wonder. It would depend, I think, upon the color of his eyes and the shape of his nose and the contour of his ears."

"When he escaped he was thirty years old, five feet nine inches tall, had brown waving hair and brown eyes. Add twenty years to that. Do you know a man in this town who answers the description?"

Brant did not answer this directly. "One wonders," he said, "if this man is a resident here; if he has been living here during all these twenty years, or if he is a visitor or a newcomer."

"That I must learn. First I shall inspect the newcomers. Why, if the convict had been here all these years, was the anonymous letter written only last week? That seems to point to a late arrival and a recognition."

"Or," said Brant, "it may point to a dreadful sort of patience which is willing to wait twenty years for its revenge. Would it not be more terrible to be sent back to prison after two decades of freedom and respectability than after a few days of liberty?"

"Far-fetched," said the detective.

"In dealing with human beings," said Doctor Perkins, "I find the far-fetched is more likely than the normal. Have you applied to our good Sheriff Kay?"

"Not yet. I prefer to act independently."

"Mr. Kay, being an astute politician, is intimately acquainted with the persons, habits, thoughts and desires of every man, woman, child, cat, dog and chicken in the vicinage. I would suggest Mr. Kay. I myself am but newly come to Kidder's Dam."

"If," said the detective, "officers of the law knew all that village doctors know, our jails would be crowded to suffocation."

"Perhaps," said Brant.

"Do I understand you refuse to give me information?"

"You may understand that I have none to give. You may go a little further and understand that, if I should come into possession of any facts, I would then consider what were best to do. Not in the interest of the full prison, you comprehend, but in the illuminating light of this and that. I might even hide your fugitive in my coal cellar."

"You would," said the detective, "be putting yourself outside the law."

"Which, I gather, is an uncomfortable place to be. By the way, I did not catch your name."

"Pond," said the heavy-set officer.

"Very well, Mr. Pond. We shall see what we shall see. Your duty is to do your duty. It is narrow and circumscribed. Your job is to find and apprehend the fugitive. You have no latitude. I am not one to censure you for that. My duty is—what?"

"To give me every aid and assistance within your power."

"Poor Amos French!" said Doctor Perkins. "So my duty is to bust his sorry scheme of things entire? Maybe—maybe not. Meantime I have on my hands an epidemic of whooping cough, a case of pneumonia, a fractured leg, a few measles and a number of sufferers from a generally run-down condition and high blood pressure. Which is a polite way of telling you I am busy and to run along and peer into the countenances of passers-by."

"At least," said Mr. Pond, "look at this photograph."

Perhaps he wished to startle Doctor Perkins into some betraying sign of recognition; if so, he experienced disappointment. Brant once played an excellent hand of poker and his face was not the mirror of his soul. He took the card upon which the picture was mounted and examined it with interest. There looked up at him the face of a young man, rather better looking than the ordinary run. The eyes did not squint, the mouth was neither predatory nor furtive, the nose was an excellent nose, and the chin would pass.

"Just an ordinary young man," he said. "I see no indications of depravity."

"Criminals look like other folks," said Mr. Pond.

"I suppose criminals are like other folks," said Brant.

"Criminals commit crimes," said Mr. Pond.

"The town rings with whoops," said Brant. "Did you ever have the whooping cough, Mr. Officer?"

"Never."

"Then you will not understand that various parents will be more interested to have their physician bring alleviation of the disease than they would be to have him catch Jesse James—if Jesse were still at large. Come again, sir. You will always be welcome. I am interested. There is a certain amount of romance in the story you tell me. I would be a spectator at its unfolding."

"Good afternoon," said Detective Pond abruptly, and left that place without disappointment, for he was a remarkably patient man.

Doctor Perkins accoutered himself with the proper weapons for jousting against the whooping cough and went out to his car. This vehicle startled him by resolving into action at the first touch instead of waiting coyly to be persuaded; for it was of antique vintage and in a state of unsightly dilapidation. However, once started, it was capable of disconcerting speed. The doctor drove up the hill and past the fair grounds, where a couple of small boys waved their arms wildly to attract his attention.

"Hey, doc, she wants you over back of the grand stand!" they screeched.

"She does, eh? Who has she maimed now?" Brant demanded.

"We was shootin' at a mark and she fetched a 12-gauge shotgun of her pa's and got Skinny Brown to shoot it. It kicked him galley-west!"

Doctor Perkins alighted and walked to the spot where the injured youth was stretched upon the grass. Over him bent a slender, nondescript figure in faded khaki knickers, and this nondescript figure lifted its head to exhibit the pert face of the Peddy Orphan.

"Well," demanded Doctor Perkins severely, "what have you done this time?"

"Boys," said the Peddy Orphan, "are so fragile."

"Aw," protested the sufferer, "I hain't hurt none. I jest got my wind knocked out, but she won't lemme git up."

"No, I won't," said the Peddy Orphan, "and you lie right there until the doctor examines you. I guess I know what's best."

The doctor bent over the sufferer to examine him with deft fingers, disregarding the young man's protests. The Peddy Orphan hovered anxiously.

"This time," said Brant, getting to his feet, "you escape the gallows."

"Then it didn't bust him inside anywheres?" The girl's voice was almost humiliated at this disclosure.

"No reflection on you," Brant said. "You tried."

"They're so brittle," she expostulated. "I have to be careful all the time. Where are you going?"

"I'm stamping out a plague of whoopers."

"I'm coming," she said.

"Having laid out your quota of boys for the day, you now pick on me, eh? Do you realize I've never seen you with a dress on like a civilized young woman? I wonder what you look like."

"I'm gorgeous," she said. "Some day I'll astound you. Where do we stop first?"

"Wiggins's," he said.

"Fine. I saw Bert this morning and he's caught a young fox. They say you can't tame one. I bet you can."

"Very well. While I ply my trade you may exercise your feminine charm on the *fera naturæ*."

"Ain't he educated!" she exclaimed admiringly. "'*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra,*'" she quoted.

"You've got as far as Cicero, eh? And how do I abuse your patience?"

"By pretending to be grown-up and dignified. I hope we get there before Mr. Cutcheon gets wind of the fox."

"Why?"

"He'll buy it," she said.

"Does he collect foxes?"

(Continued on Page 74)

"It Isn't Human Beings Who are Interesting," said Mr. Peel. "It's the Fixes They Get Themselves Into"

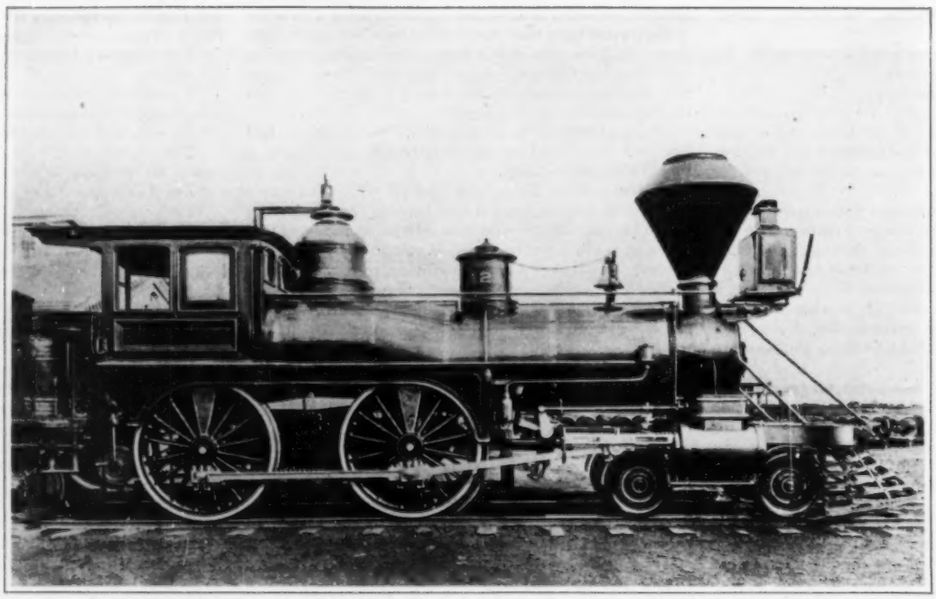
STEAMING UP

By Samuel M. Vauclain

As Told to Earl Chapin May

DURING the forty-six years that I have been successfully employed as department superintendent, general superintendent, vice president, senior vice president and president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, none of our workmen has been discharged for making an honest, full-hearted effort to hold his job. A mistake or error, after trying, is never held against a laborer, helper, journeyman or foreman. All he has to show is good intentions and strict loyalty. This is true of anybody on our pay roll, no matter in what capacity.

In carrying out this fair-play policy, which father and mother taught me even before I went to the Altoona, Pennsylvania, Sunday school, I have sometimes found it necessary to switch an individual or group to some other department or kind of work, but such changes have generally benefited the workmen and their associates.



A Passenger Engine Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1867

Next to taking good care of my family, my chief ambition is to do the work assigned to me, and do it satisfactorily. Because I have not spared myself, this ambition has been realized. Many a man of my acquaintance has been equally fortunate. We are put on this earth to accomplish something. The fellow who sticks to it and, if he falls down, tries again, lasts the longest and travels farthest. This is true in locomotive fabricating. That is why there are many veterans in our organization. Some of these old-timers can recall Sam Vauclain's first appearance at the Works, as inspector of locomotive building for the Pennsylvania Railroad System. I was something of a conundrum to the owners, officers and workmen at Philadelphia. They couldn't make out whether the gray-haired machinist from Altoona was twenty-five or fifty years old. My boots, plain clothes, white shirt, linen collar and black bow tie were, for that time and place, unusual. The truth is that, though large, I was just short of twenty-seven and had taken my new job at a financial sacrifice because I wanted to know more about locomotives.

From the Land of Nod

FROM a thirty-eight-dollar-a-month boss of a tough Altoona framing gang, I'd contrived to become a kind of subcontractor who agreed to put a locomotive frame together for a certain percentage of a certain sum. The shop management didn't expect me to make much at it, but my gang, instead of being hard on me, worked so fast and efficiently that I'd earned nearly $300 at the end of thirty days. The management then reduced my percentage.

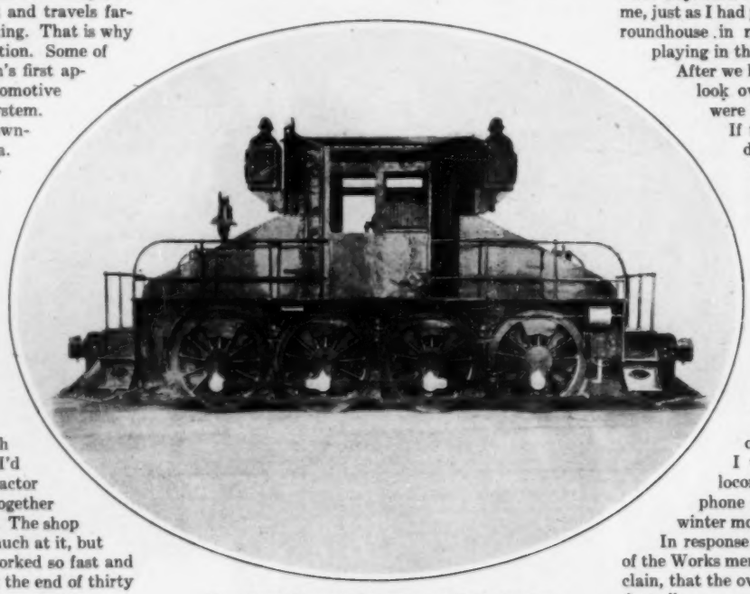
This put the framing gang on their mettle. Though their wages were not affected, they worked harder for and with me than before. Hence I netted more than $300 during the second month.

Again my percentage was reduced. The third month netted me another $300. Then the master mechanic offered me the inspector's job at Philadelphia.

The pay was only three dollars a day—about seventy-five dollars monthly. In accepting it, I gave up living, except on Sundays, in our new Altoona home. I abandoned my garden, which, though I had to cultivate it by lantern light, was the pride of our neighborhood. But the Works at Philadelphia beckoned me. Mrs. Vauclain was willing, so I left her and the baby temporarily for my new job.

Thanks to the training given me by my old framing gang, I not only did the work of three inspectors during my stay in Philadelphia but I also got so much action from men and machinery in the Works that the men, at least, were glad to bid me good-by when they had finished those sixty Pennsy locomotives and I'd passed them as satisfactory.

Eighteen months later the same Works sent for me. The Seventeenth Street tender shop, a couple of blocks from the main buildings on Broad Street, was badly equipped, badly managed and losing money. Several superintendents had been tried out there, but they couldn't make a go of it; partly because they hadn't been able to get the men in hand. The Works partners conferred on the problem.



The First Electric Locomotive Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works in 1895

One of the partners, Mr. Charles T. Parry, had been with the Works a long time, for many years as superintendent. He generally fell asleep in conference, but when he awoke he would exclaim, "I've got it, gentlemen!" Which meant he had a solution of the pending problem.

While the conferring partners were arguing about the hoodoo tender shop on Seventeenth Street and most of them were favoring selling it and forgetting it, Mr. Parry dozed off peacefully. In the midst of the argument he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "I've got it, gentlemen. We won't sell that tender shop; we'll put Sam Vauclain in charge of it."

The other partners remembered me. "Not that fellow who nearly drove us crazy on that Pennsy job?" they chorused.

"Certainly," said Mr. Parry. "That's why we want him over here."

That's how the Works came to hire me. With the consent of my Pennsylvania superior, I took the job.

Double Shift

MR. PARRY was a philosopher. "Don't fire a man unless you have to," he often advised his associates. Then he would pause and add, "You may get a worse one in his place."

That advice became part of the Works' fixed policy. I've never fired anyone until I had to.

During several years following my first employment by the Works, Mrs. Vauclain and I lived with our children on Corinthian Avenue facing Girard College and within easy walking distance of my job. As youngsters, each of our three boys and three girls played around the Works with me, just as I had played with my father around his Altoona roundhouse in my boyhood. Of course they did their playing in the daytime.

After we had all eaten supper, I used to go back to look over things if we were especially busy or were having any trouble with the machinery. If the night shift wasn't working I'd often drop in at twelve o'clock to see if the watchman was on the job. He generally was, after I'd given him a surprise party.

Mrs. Vauclain's one objection to this custom was that I seldom got home before four A.M., and was out again two hours later; so she formed the habit of going down to the Works with me and staying until I took her home, at one or two o'clock, just out of courtesy.

When the children grew older and two of them were in college and three others preparing for college at The Friends' School, Philadelphia, she got me to move out to Somerton, for fresh air and so I wouldn't spend so much time building locomotives. While living there the telephone at my bed head rang at four o'clock one winter morning.

In response to my question, "What is wrong?" one of the Works men replied, "I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Vauclain, that the overhead crane in the boiler shop has fallen down."

"Is anybody hurt?" I demanded.

"No, sir," was the reassuring answer.

"Then all of you go back to work," I answered thankfully, dressed quickly and was soon at the Works.

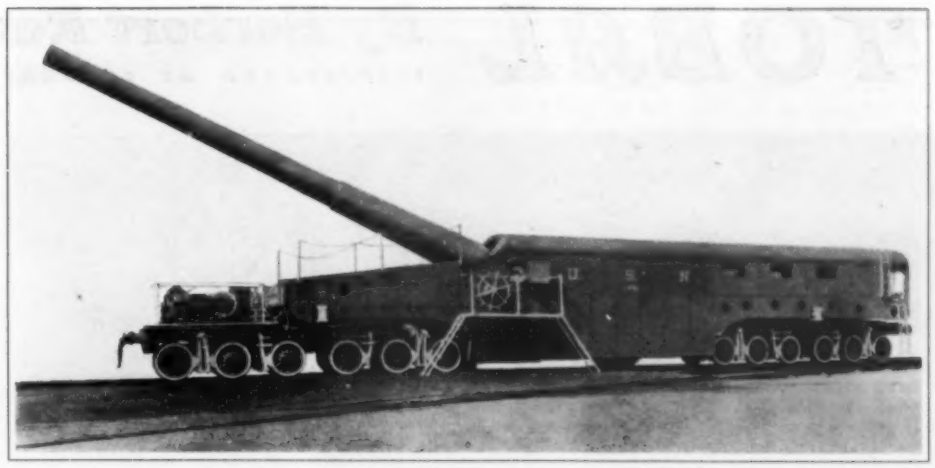
Though, because of its magnitude, the accident was bound to slow us up at a particularly busy period, we had been lucky in not losing any lives or limbs. A broken axle caused the damage. The foreman of repairs had noticed the axle slipping on its wheel and thought he would strengthen it by turning it down and bushing it. He turned it down too thoroughly. It broke when submitted to a strain.

From five o'clock that Friday morning until eight o'clock on Sunday night I stayed in the boiler shop continually,

eating the meals my wife sent to me. The broken crane was hoisted to its proper position; new, strong axles were made for it. Every other crane was equipped with strengthened axles. Then I went home with a feeling of security. No such accident could occur again.

But I didn't fire that erring foreman. He'd made a mistake while trying to save the Works both time and money. If he'd made repairs to cover up some other error or had come to me with an alibi, he'd have been promptly removed from the pay roll. As it was, he remained there indefinitely without losing any wages. But he didn't make the same mistake again.

A foreman in the shop once made a serious error in managing an open hearth. He thought his method would produce a certain kind of steel we wanted. The result was disastrously and expensively disappointing. When he saw he'd made a failure of it he came straight to my office and confessed without any attempt at alibi. He stayed right on the job with us and is one of our strongest men today. He's always done his best, with loyalty.



A Fourteen-Inch Railway Gun Mount, Used in France During the War

Mr. Vauclain in France

I could cite a hundred similar cases, yet I have discharged 2500 unsatisfactory workmen almost simultaneously.

When your company has but recently been reorganized, when there is serious illness in your family and you are called out on the road to settle a selling difficulty, you don't like it when the men who you believe are getting the best of it decide to walk out on you.

Ours has always been an open shop—open to anyone able and willing to do good work or to do his best, at any rate. Our shop doors are purposely high and wide. Our men don't have to line up and suffer from rain, snow or sun while their fellows ahead of them crowd through a slit in the shop wall, trudge down a dark hallway and punch a time clock in single file. That's no welcome for a workman.

He doesn't have to punch a clock in his own home. Why should he have to punch one at the Works? The Works should be his home for him during his money-making hours.

Because we and our workmen believe in fair play and the essential honesty of the individual, there's little red tape around the Works. In ninety-odd years we've never asked a workman to sign a pay roll or give a receipt for wages, and not one of them has ever sued us. Our shop has always been so open that no man who wants to go to work is asked whether he is or is not a member of a labor union, or whether he is a Democrat, Republican, Catholic, Methodist or Presbyterian. We are interested only in his general character and ability. For these and various other reasons we get along splendidly with labor. Only once have our men gone on a strike, and that strike was unjustified.

When Baldwin's Went on Strike

LATE in 1910, when Mrs. Vauclain's health was giving her family serious concern and visits to foreign specialists seemed to yield small benefit, the Works had been sold to a stock company, and all departments were so busy that I was working twenty out of twenty-four hours daily, Philadelphia street-car employes struck for higher wages. Mob scenes were staged by strikers and sympathizers. Armed policemen were everywhere.

The Works were not far from the city's business center. Our men had no grievance against us, apparently, but as weeks rolled by and excitement grew they would be greeted by showers of stones if they showed themselves at any of our shop windows. These and other demonstrations so demoralized them that we closed the Works and sent them home, told them to remain there quietly until we were ready to open up again.

After two weeks the excitement subsided, our doors opened and our whistles blew, and our men came back to work for us. But during their fourteen days of idleness agitators and organizers had so influenced them that they returned to take a hand at management. There was where I took a hand.

Mind you, for a quarter of a century I'd been working right along with them, reporting at seven o'clock when they reported, and helping every one of them. If a particularly tough job, like a crane falling, kept me in the shops three nights and two days continually, the same men didn't stick it out with me; they worked in regular shifts while I indulged in a labor marathon.

That's why I was willing to talk things over with each individual, but positively refused to see a committee or any outside organizer. While the agitators kept on agitating I cleaned up as much shop work as possible, then I let out 2500 ringleaders. They knew why they went. There was no argument with me, but there were plenty of indignation meetings in halls and homes in that neighborhood. Still our men did not go out as a body.

At this crisis I was called to Mississippi to settle a dispute about a locomotive and had hardly reached my destination before I received a telegram reading: "Boiler shop has gone on strike. What shall we do about it?"

"Do nothing until I return. Let matters rest," I wired.

When I'd made the locomotive satisfactory to our Mississippi purchasers and got back to the Works, everything was in a turmoil. By moral suasion, and by allowing the chronically discontented workmen to be parted from the pay roll, we restored order and, with the aid of a few faithful employes, kept every department open on the usual twenty-four-hour schedule, although we were reduced to the irreducible minimum. At this stage of the proceedings we declined offers of assistance from all sorts of manufacturers' associations.

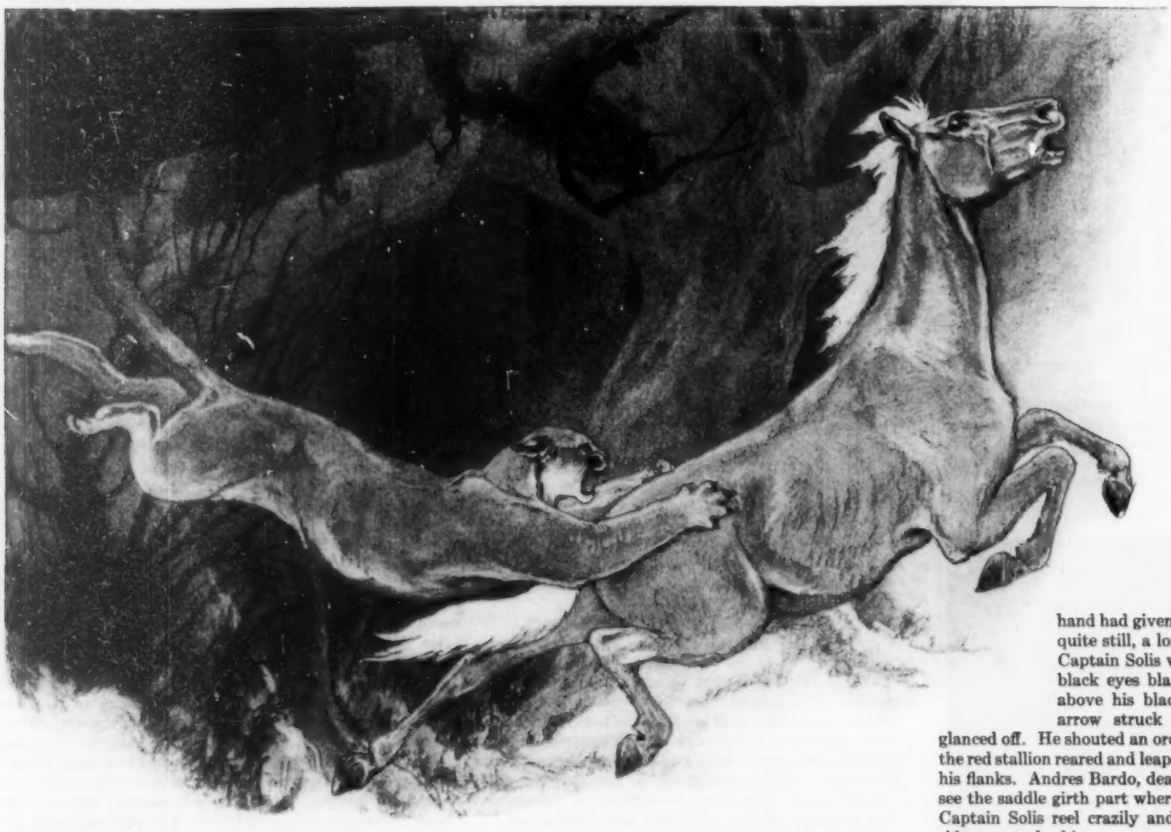
(Continued on Page 131)

Mr. Vauclain and a Group of Officials Watching the Navy Tests of the Railway Gun Carriage. From Left to Right are Dr. W. Rehfus, of Baldwin's; W. H. Leary, A. W. Sewall, G. Brochius, Counsel for Baldwin's; Mr. Vauclain; Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, Ordnance Department of the U. S. Navy; G. A. Chadwick, Designer of the Carriage, and Commander A. C. Dieffenbach

RED TOBAL

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



It Dropped Upon the Mare, But Instead of Landing Squarely on Her Back, it Struck Her Hindquarters, and When These Gave Way Under its Weight, it Slipped Off and for a Moment Lost its Footing

IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY places on the Atlantic Coast, from the pinelands and islands of South Carolina to the Virginia Eastern Shore, there exists today a race of horses concerning which many stories are told.

Some of these horses are wild, others are half wild, still others are wholly tame. Hard living and inbreeding have stunted their bodies, but not their brains. They roam, generally in small bands, about the marshes and the sandy islands of the coast or in the pine woods and savannas near the great lowland swamps. In spite of a characteristic slenderness of limb and, more rarely, a certain shapeliness of head and neck recalling the Andalusian of Arab blood, they are poor things to look at—unless, that is, one looks at them through the eyes of romance. Then legend gilds them and gives them dignity.

On Hatteras Banks, where they are known as banker ponies, it is said that they are the descendants of Barbary horses brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. At Chincoteague, in Virginia, there is a story of a Spanish ship wrecked off the Capes in the early days and of Spanish horses swimming ashore through the surf. In the South Carolina plantation country there persists an ancient and curious legend linking the marsh tackies or swamp tackies, as they are called in that region, with the horses lost by De Soto nearly four centuries ago on his disastrous march to the Mississippi.

I never believed this tale. It was more likely, I thought, that these hardy little horses of the lonely pinelands and the coast islands traced back to the forts which the Spaniards built on the Carolina coast and which were later abandoned to the Indians. I knew one of these ponies—a little lop-eared sorrel that lived and still lives on Edisto Island, not many miles, as the crow flies, from the site of old Fort San Felipe, and one afternoon he and I talked together after the fashion of horses and men. He told me—chiefly with his eyes, which were dreamy and vaguely melancholy—about Red Tobal, his great ancestor.

Andres Bardo, cursing the weight of his musket, kept his eyes fixed upon Captain Solis. Captain Solis was riding the red stallion—he was the only mounted man in the company. That was why, Andres Bardo reflected darkly, this march through the heavy heat of the wilderness meant nothing to Solis; that was why he would not let his men rest. He was a hard man, this black-browed captain, a man of iron inside and out. Andres Bardo hated him and hated the red horse that he rode.

Andres Bardo was one of thirty Spanish soldiers sent out from Fort San Felipe, on the coast of what was later to become South Carolina, to chastise the Edisto Indians, who had ambushed the Ensign Moyano and twenty-two of his men. The detachment had been marching for three hours through an endless forest of gigantic pines. Interlacing green boughs eighty feet overhead, draped with pennons of gray moss, made a roof that shut out the sun, so that the little army moved through a perpetual twilight; yet the sweat oozed from every pore of Bardo's body, his lips were dry and scaly, the barrel of his gun was as hot as though it had been held over flame. These discomforts, however, did not annoy him; he was no longer aware of them. He was aware only of his hatred of Capt. Esteban Solis, erect and handsome on his great red horse, his black plume nodding disdainfully, his long straight sword swinging at his side.

Andres Bardo marched in the front rank some ten paces behind Captain Solis. Now and again he smiled craftily. He was thinking of something that he had done that morning. To him had fallen the duty of saddling the captain's horse, the stallion Cristobal—Red Tobal, as he was called. Bardo had performed this task—he had performed it in his own fashion. *Donde hay gana hay maña*—where there's a will there's a way; and Bardo, after saddling the horse, had cut the saddle girth two-thirds through in a place where a leather flap hid the cut so that Captain Solis would not see it. Moreover, he had chosen a bridle that he knew to be rotten.

Something had snapped years before in Andres Bardo's brain. It was a fantastic scheme that he conceived—his scheme of revenge. Yet with one important exception, the thing happened as he had planned it.

It happened with the suddenness of a thunderclap from a blue sky. This was a safe country through which they were marching; for ten leagues around Fort San Felipe the dominion of Spain was secure. Captain Solis, knowing the country, knowing the enemies with whom he had to deal, knew that his men were as safe here as on the parade ground at the fort. He rode carelessly, thinking of a luscious girl in San Augustine, no scouts ahead, his men marching in column of fours. It was the stallion Red Tobal that sounded the warning. Suddenly the horse jerked his head high and snorted, and Captain Solis woke from his amorous dream.

A single whoop rang out—a signal; then, instantly, a bedlam of whoops and yells, a hail of arrows raining in from every side. For a moment Andres Bardo stood staring stupidly; next moment he fell on his back as suddenly as though some invisible hand had given him a mighty push. He lay quite still, a long cane arrow in his throat. Captain Solis wheeled the red stallion, his black eyes blazing, his long rapier bright above his black plume. A bone-pointed arrow struck his steel breastplate and glanced off. He shouted an order, pointing with his sword; the red stallion reared and leaped forward as spurs dug into his flanks. Andres Bardo, dead upon the ground, did not see the saddle girth part where he had cut it—did not see Captain Solis reel crazily and fall as the saddle slipped sideways under him.

He fell heavily on his shoulder, his brown sinewy hand clutching the bridle rein, and he had scarcely struck ground when a flint-headed arrow gashed the stallion's haunch. Red Tobal plunged forward, dragging Solis over the smooth, slippery pine straw carpeting the soil. For twenty feet he dragged the man; then the head strap of the bridle which Andres Bardo had selected because it was rotten broke.

With a powerful toss and twist of his head, Red Tobal jerked himself free. Captain Solis, staggering to his feet, saw the red horse, saddleless and bridleless, racing off under the pines. The yells were louder, fiercer; the rain of arrows thickened; he heard wild cries in Spanish, the crash of muskets. From behind a great tree trunk at his left a stone hatchet came whirling. It struck Captain Solis on the side of his head and he dropped in his tracks.

In this way, in the days of New Spain's power, before there was an English settlement in the New World, Tobal the red stallion that had come from Andalusia with Esteban Solis, his owner, became a masterless horse in a vast wilderness where horses were unknown. Andres Bardo had accomplished an important thing—unwittingly he had so contrived it that when Red Tobal was thrown upon his own resources in that tremendous wilderness no saddle burdened his back, no bridle hampered his stride. At the very beginning, through Andres Bardo's plotting, the stallion was freed from impediments that might have been fatal to him amid the dangers that he had to face.

He had no liking for those dangers, no desire for the freedom that had come to him. Three days after the fight in the pine forest he made his way back to the spot where Fort San Felipe had stood. He found no fort there, but only a blackened ruin, from which in places thin smoke still curled. After ambushing Solis' detachment the Indians, some fifteen hundred of them, had attacked the fort. The Spaniards, perceiving that they were face to face with a great Indian revolt, had withdrawn in the night, going down the river in their canoes to the deep water where their ship was anchored, leaving behind them the horses, cattle and pigs that they had brought from San Augustine. In a delirium of triumph, followed by an orgy of feasting, the victorious Edisto braves had slaughtered horses, cows and swine. One mare only, terrified by the tumult, had broken

from the corral and escaped into the woods. She, too, had returned later, looking for companionship; and in the savanna, near the ruins of the fort, Red Tobal found her.

They grazed for a while together, happy in each other's company. Then Red Tobal, as though he understood that for him and for her a new life had begun, turned his back on the ruins of Fort San Felipe and led her into the forest.

It was a new life, indeed. They were strangers in a strange land. Far to the south, the Spaniards at San Augustine had horses. Perhaps in the remote Mississippi forests a few of the horses abandoned by De Soto on his ill-fated march to the Great River had survived. Still farther to the west, stray Spanish mares and studs had wandered up from Mexico to run wild on the buffalo ranges and give rise in later years to the mustang herds of the plains. But in all the virgin wilderness of the South and East where, now that Fort San Felipe was gone, there was no settlement of white men—a wilderness that reached from the Spanish posts in Florida to the shores of the polar sea and from the Atlantic far beyond the peaks of the Appalachians—Red Tobal and his mare were the only ones of their kind.

He led her into the forest that had encircled Fort San Felipe, and already there was something new in him, a thing intangible yet plainly evident—a change that was, perhaps, in essence a subtle realization of the wilderness. In the three days since he had become free and masterless he had experienced a foretaste of the life that he was to lead. Esteban Solis, a proud man, had valued him for his pride, his arrogance. Something of this was gone from Red Tobal now—or, rather, it was curiously altered and blended with something else.

He moved carefully, warily, all his senses alert. He was afraid, and yet there was courage in him to face the dangers that he feared. Both this fear and this courage were visible in his eyes, in the way in which he carried himself, the way in which he moved. He was as handsome as ever, but now it was another kind of beauty—the beauty of a wild creature, of an antlered stag in a forest haunted by fierce beasts of prey.

Of that pure Andalusian strain which preserved almost unchanged the characteristics of the Moorish steeds from which it sprang, Red Tobal was larger than most stallions of his kind; in all other respects, except perhaps the rich sorrel color of his coat, he was true Arab. His head, slightly arched from forehead to nose, was rather small; the nostrils were wide and sensitive, the eyes large and full of fire. He was slim-bodied and slender of limb, light of bone but powerfully muscled; his mane and tail, almost golden in color, were full and flowing; there was a lithe, sinewy gracefulness in every line and curve. The mare with him was a poor thing by comparison—an undersized animal, cream-colored and inclined to shagginess, yet showing more than a trace of Barbary blood. She walked meekly at his heels. There was no visible change in her, no new quality of alertness, no realization of the wilderness.

Red Tobal followed a narrow path through the forest, a winding trail trodden out by the deer. He pushed on rapidly, the shaggy mare just behind him. He did not like these low, dense woods close to the sea where impenetrable thickets and tangles of vine hedged him in on either side. The sultry May air brought many scents to him, some of which he recognized, while others were strange. He was traveling by chance up the wind, so that his own scent was not wafted on ahead, and now and again he caught glimpses of deer in the path in front of him and of small furry animals with black-ringed bushy tails.

The forest teemed with life. Besides the deer and the raccoons, Tobal saw many opossums, a pair of gray foxes, innumerable rabbits and squirrels, a bearded white-fanged lynx, as large as a dog, that snarled at him as he approached, then vanished like a ghost. The trees and thickets were alive with small bright-colored birds. Twice he saw flocks of wild turkeys; and once, where the deer path skirted a marshy opening in the woods, he startled into flight a great host of white-and-black wood ibises that had been sunning themselves there.

A new scent came to him presently, faint and puzzling—a scent that he did not know. He halted and sniffed the air, listening keenly, searching the shadowy path ahead. He saw no movement. The path had turned so that he no longer faced the wind, and the scent was strangely elusive—he could not decide whence it came. Soon he moved forward again, slowly, doubtfully.

In front of him, perhaps six feet above his head, a live-oak limb, partly hidden by leaves and pendent moss, overhung the path, and from this limb a large spider web was swung, a silken wheel, or disk, four feet in diameter, composed of shimmering, interlacing golden threads. Red Tobal knew these great golden webs well. He had seen them often when he carried Captain Solis through the woods around Fort San Felipe, and he had always hated the feeling of those clinging, sticky strands across his nose and face. Here, however, there was no way around. The thickets walled in the path; he must break through this web or else go back along the way he had come.

He walked slowly to within ten feet of the silken barrier across the path; then, plunging suddenly forward, he burst through the web and passed beyond the oak limb from which it swung. This sudden plunge saved him. In another fraction of a second, a panther, stretched on the oak limb above the path, its tawny body hidden by the leaves, would have dropped upon the stallion's back. As it was, the shaggy mare became the panther's target; but the mare, too, startled by Tobal's plunge, had leaped forward when he leaped; and the big forest cat, confused by these swift, unexpected movements of the two horses, launched its attack a fraction of an instant too late.

It dropped upon the mare, but instead of landing squarely on her back, it struck her hindquarters, and when these gave way under its weight, it slipped off and for a moment lost its footing. She screamed as the panther struck her, and Tobal sprang forward, then wheeled in the path, while the mare dashed past him, her ripped haunches gushing blood. The panther, eyes mere flaming slits, white fangs bare, long tail weaving from side to side, crept forward slowly, its belly almost touching the ground.

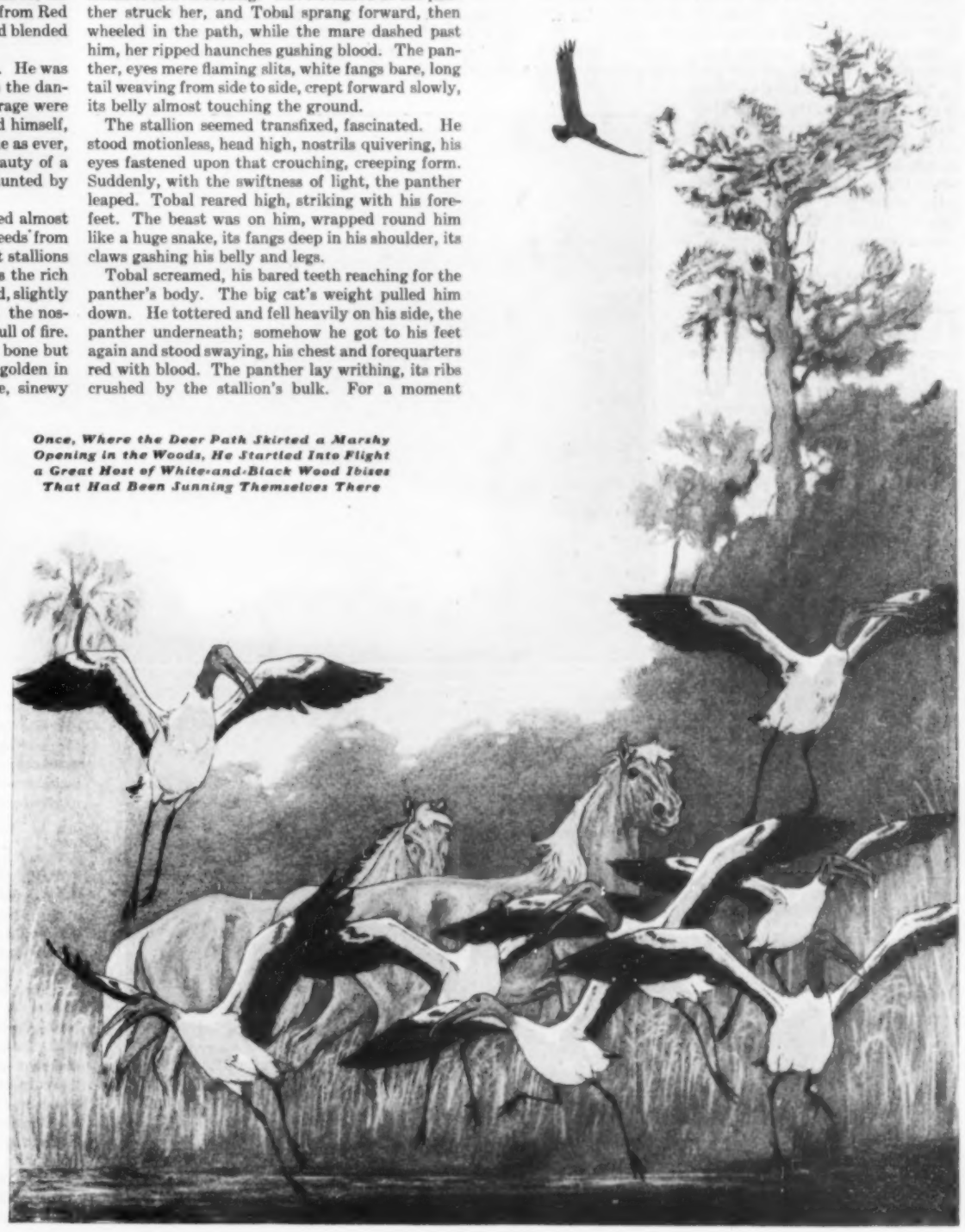
The stallion seemed transfixed, fascinated. He stood motionless, head high, nostrils quivering, his eyes fastened upon that crouching, creeping form. Suddenly, with the swiftness of light, the panther leaped. Tobal reared high, striking with his forefeet. The beast was on him, wrapped round him like a huge snake, its fangs deep in his shoulder, its claws gashing his belly and legs.

Tobal screamed, his bared teeth reaching for the panther's body. The big cat's weight pulled him down. He tottered and fell heavily on his side, the panther underneath; somehow he got to his feet again and stood swaying, his chest and forequarters red with blood. The panther lay writhing, its ribs crushed by the stallion's bulk. For a moment Tobal gazed down at it, his eyes wild and staring; then he turned and dashed madly away along the path.

Thus Tobal learned early of the traps that the wilderness could set for him, and of the great lionlike cat that was the master of the wilderness—the panther, or puma, that the Indians called the Cat of God. Thereafter, of all the scents of the forest, he respected this one most. At first he feared it with a fear that was utter panic, that sent him dashing off at full speed whenever the breeze bore that odor to his nostrils; and at first, too, the scent of a black bear filled him with terror, and he trembled whenever he heard the hunting cry of wolves. Both these abounded in the vast parklike pine forest, interspersed with open savannas of grass and maiden cane, to which he made his way after leaving the vicinity of Fort San Felipe and which became his home.

The bears, as a rule, hunted singly or in family groups. The wolves, smaller than the big timber wolves of the Northern woods and varying in color from brownish-gray to yellowish-white, ranged everywhere in packs of a dozen or more, and there was scarcely an hour when he could not hear their hunting cry. He feared them at first almost as much as he feared the panther—perhaps their fierce voices woke in him some dim inherited memory of the more savage wolves of Spain. Yet for weeks after his encounter

(Continued on Page 181)



Once, Where the Deer Path Skirted a Marshy Opening in the Woods, He Startled Into Flight a Great Host of White-and-Black Wood Ibises That Had Been Sunning Themselves There

THE ROAD OF REVOLUTION

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

"IT'S a wonderful buy! The price will advance to a thousand dollars a share within five years." So said one of my banker friends in speaking of the stock of a great corporation that had lately become a Wall Street sensation.

This typifies the character of the gossip we now hear when business men get together. One company has the world by the tail because it controls important patents. A second has built a monopoly. A third is creating a great chain. A fourth will be the key corporation in a likely merger. And so the stories run.

Recent astounding achievements of science have so fired imaginations that nothing seems impossible. Our viewpoint has been altered and our people have become imbued with an optimism never before equaled. From the heights to which we have climbed we can look down upon some of the paths we have followed. Below are the thickets and forests of tradition and ignorance that were so nearly impassable. Dotted on the landscape behind is a multitude of myths and prejudices that influenced our steps and sent us wandering aimlessly. Before us are the foothills of a new civilization that we are impatient to explore.

Mere forecast has become futile. There is hardly a prophet left who would bet ten cents on the correctness of his beliefs. Great leaders are doing as much guessing as the ordinary layman. To visualize tomorrow we must get a true perspective of the past and the present. We must distinguish between reality and fiction. We must make yesterday a living thing and tear the curtain aside to disclose human nature as it exists today.

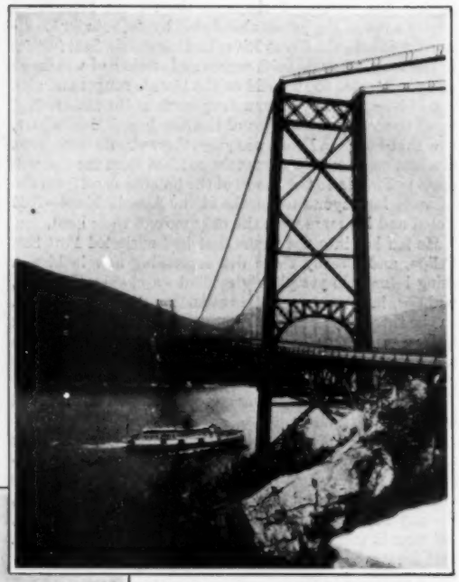
An Old Panacea

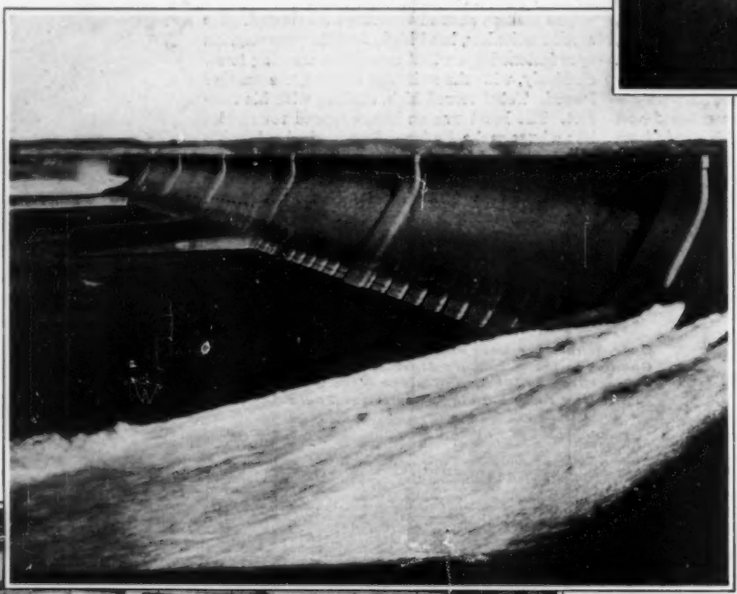
IT IS for this reason that current frankness and honesty are to be commended. It is gratifying to note an effort to get away from histories containing exaggerated hero tales rather than recitals of plain truths. There is no greater nonsense than the assumption that wherever there is stomach there cannot be soul. No longer is there any doubt that one of the factors in bringing on the Revolution was the attempt to stop rum smuggling in New England. This means that some of our forbears rebelled to fill their pockets as well as to preserve their liberty.

We can no more speak with confidence concerning the nature of life in 1950 than the people of half a century ago could visualize the conditions of today. What we do know is that Nature has made no exception in our case to most of the principles that control living things.

We hand down the characteristics of our ancestors as do the trees of the woods. The forester knows that like produces like even to shapes and sizes. Rapid-growing trees produce fast growers. Trees that are tall, short or shaggy always produce the same type. Those with crooked trunks have a definite tendency to produce offspring with crooked trunks.

So it is with us. Our characteristics have varied but little from those of our forefathers. The revolutionary changes which have taken place in our practices, machines and environment have not been accompanied by equally radical changes in man himself. It is natural that we prefer to turn our faces toward romance and our backs on the annoying evils that hound our steps. But practicalities must rank above theories.





The Bear Mountain Bridge Over the Hudson River. At Left—The Assuan Dam, Which Irrigates a Million Acres. A Similar Dam Has Been Begun in the Vicinity of Khartum, in the Sudan

If we are talking of the progress made in the arts and sciences, then truly we have raced ahead at a tremendous speed. A short time ago I was reading an account of American medical practices during Colonial days. Here is one of the cures for both ulcers and broken bones:

> Beate to a subtile powder one ounce of crabbes eyes, then put upon it in a high glass four ounces of strong wine vinegar. It will instantly boyle up extremely; let it stand till all be quiett; then strain it through a fine linen; and of this liquor—which will then taste like dead beere, without sharpness—give two spoonefuls att a time to drinke three times a day; and you will see the strange effect in a weeke or two."

The change that has taken place in life and business in recent times, like the fall of Gibraltar, has come about quietly and without actually being noticed by many. The airplane has transformed Gibraltar from an impregnable fortress to hardly more than a historical landmark. An equally radical revolution has rendered obsolete most of the methods and equipment of yesterday.

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY PUBLISHER'S PHOTO SERVICE

Weaving With One of the Latest Types of Automatic Loom

Hard-Boiled Advertising

EVEN the street hawker works under a new system. In the old days the fakers were glad to make five dollars a day. Now they consider it a bad week if they fail to clean up $150. They have no overhead except the necessary allowance for a small fine in a different district every week or two. One investigator reported recently that New York City has 5000 street fakers, half of them averaging $5000 yearly.

Elegantly dressed in evening clothes, the modern edition of the human street sign saunters by, displaying an advertisement on the bosom of his shirt when he applies an electric current. With the current off he is a gentleman walking along, smoking his cigar in a leisurely way. How unlike he is to the gaunt figure sandwiched between two painted signs. Truly, the fight for Uncle Sam's dollars has become a battle of wits.

Ours is an amazing era. Established laws have been upset and distance and time annihilated. How different is our attitude toward research from that existing when the

great Pasteur had difficulty in securing permission to experiment with fifty sheep in order to prove the merits of vaccination. The saving of animal life in France, due to Pasteur's discovery, more than paid the Prussian War indemnity of 1871, which amounted to five billion francs, or one billion dollars.

It was no longer ago than 1907 when a visionary college professor first suggested to American industry that untold

A One-Way Traffic Bridge in the Himalaya Mountains. At Right—An Archimedean Screw Used in Irrigation in the Nile Delta, Effective Only Where the Water Has to be Raised Less Than Five Feet

benefits might be derived from subsidizing a common laboratory for scientific research. How rapidly the idea was brought to fruition is clearly evidenced by the astonishing fact that a quarter of a billion dollars is now being spent in the United States every year for organized technical experimentation. Even the century-old, gas-manufacturing industry has gone in heavily for research and may disclose to the layman that highly beneficial ultra-violet light waves are given off by the ordinary radiant gas fire.

What we call the machine age was not possible until America was forced to invent machines with which to make machinery. For centuries the facilities for cutting metal were substantially unchanged. Then England produced a genius who showed the world the way to a mechanical era. But the United States was cut off from this boon to humanity by a British embargo on the export of all machinery.

An Excellent Cash Customer

FINDING it impossible to buy tools abroad, we were forced to develop our own. Yankee ingenuity met this situation so well that the early achievements of our mechanics astonished the Europeans.

Eli Whitney started us on the road to a great mechanical future when he succeeded in making guns with interchangeable parts. Chauncey Jerome quickly applied this system of manufacture to clocks. He produced the first Connecticut brass clock which could be sold for fifty cents. After selling a few thousand, he came to the conclusion that he had saturated the American market, so he sent some to a dealer in England.

British customs officials said it was impossible for anyone to manufacture clocks at the price stated and seized the consignment for undervaluation. The punishment meted out to Jerome was the confiscation of his product at the inventory price.

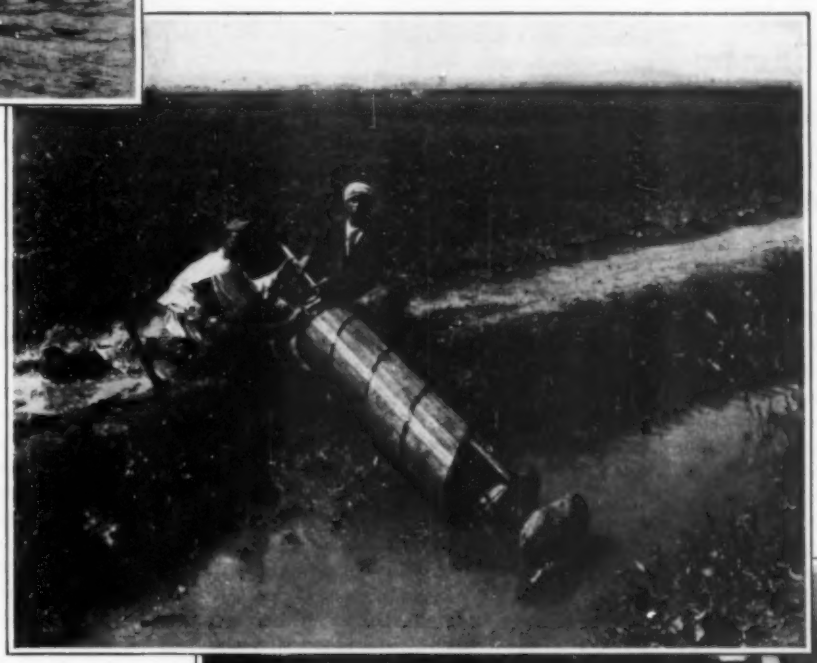
This pleased him very much, for it appeared that he had found a cash buyer without selling expense. Other shipments went forward in rapid succession, until the English authorities got wise and retired from the clock business.

From that day up to the present time America has been able to maintain its leadership in what the foreigners call the American system of interchangeable manufacture, which is based on the use of jigs and other tool-making machines.

As a result of the use of tools a new civilization has been created. It is an age of speed, and what's in our blood cannot be denied. The big profits now lie in helping folks to live more rapidly. The growing influence of the automobile, the fast express and the airplane indicates clearly that the current trend is a fundamental one. Small apartments are taking the place of big houses, because the average family does not want to be tied down. Things must be automatic. Foods that cook rapidly outsell those that take time and preparation. Even clothes, especially those for women, must be light and provide the utmost freedom of action.

The value of time is now recognized. The faucet has taken the place of the back-yard pump. Heat units are coming to us more and more through pipes and wires instead of in trucks. Straight streets displace those that followed the windings of old-time cow paths.

The consumption of fruits and vegetables by the American public is now almost twice what it was twelve years ago. Improvements in fruit-preservative methods brought about an 80 per cent increase in the shipments of perishables, while the increase in total population during the same period was only 12 per cent. Lettuce increased 440 per cent, grapes 216, citrus fruits 270 and celery 188 per cent. Chicago now gets white potatoes from thirty-seven states, cabbage from twenty-two and cantaloupes from fourteen.



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Weaving Grass Rugs in an Egyptian Village

During the last six years the output of farms increased 10 per cent while the number of workers decreased 5 per cent. In this same short period, notwithstanding the growth of both population and production, there was a decrease of 2,200,000 workers in four of our major industries—manufacturing, mining, farming and transportation. In ten years the increase in individual output in our country has extended from 6 per cent in the manufacture of boots and shoes to 211 per cent in rubber tires.

Mechanical power has liberated us from brute burdens. Production has been so increased and cheapened that all the people are able to enjoy a large share of the good things of life. Sixty-eight men now produce the same average output as 100 men did in 1914. Wages have risen while commodity prices have dropped. We have witnessed recently the greatest displacement of hand labor that has ever taken place in the world's history.

Money for Other Business

WHERE we used to talk in millions, the conversation is now in billions. Advances in the prices of securities have been bewildering. An investment of $8000 in Du Pont stock had increased to $88,480 from the close of 1921 to the end of 1927; $3475 in American Can during the same period increased to $42,675; $4400 invested in McCrory Stores grew to $49,704. The gains on eleven important stocks in the period mentioned extended from 304 to 1128 per cent, without including the cash dividends that were paid.

Great corporations that have been piling up surpluses for years have now become literally investment trusts. A recent survey disclosed that 150 American companies had approximately $3,000,000,000 in investment securities, mostly common stock. A large insurance company at the end of 1927 had 52 per cent of its funds in common stocks. Keene and Gates were pikers compared to the big stock-market traders of today.

Having carried mass production to an extreme, there has been no reason or incentive for American business to invest surplus funds in enlarging plants and extending production facilities. That is the reason why many concerns have been buying outside securities rather than their own. In the meantime, the independent retailer has practically disappeared from the tobacco field. One-third of the retail grocery business of the country has been wrested from the private dealers serving but a single neighborhood.

(Continued on Page 174)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 23, 1929

First Aids to Fortune

MOST of us find the task of making a living, getting ahead in the world and providing a stake in life for the new generation a pretty difficult business. One of the commonest reasons for the slow and painful character of our progress both as individuals and as builders of businesses is the fact that we are not availing ourselves as we should of the sundry agencies and instrumentalities which make life more easy and more secure, which increase the productivity of effort and save time and wear and tear.

These beneficent agencies are as various as the fields of human activity. They stand ready to serve the housewife, the professional man, the office worker and the farmer. They are the potential servants of the business man, the manufacturer, the small investor and the materfamilias. They are equally at the command of the little business and of the great corporation.

The list of such agencies includes countless items. We should find on it such humble devices as the vacuum cleaner and the washing machine, as well as the elephantine machinery employed in the heaviest industries. We should find not only mechanical devices but dozens of highly developed organizations and scores of flexible modern methods of getting things done.

High upon the list we should see financial organizations of many varieties—banks and trust companies, the many-sided insurance business, sundry agencies for thrift, savings and sound investment, such as coöperative banks and building-and-loan associations. We should find noted the amazingly rich literature of business, science, economics, technology and the minor arts, and many educational opportunities of the highest value to those who have left school, but whose advancement depends upon intensive training along special lines. We should find many new but well-tried methods for the diagnosis and cure of disease and for the preservation of health and efficiency.

The reason we do not perceive the resources at our command is that they are so numerous as to be an embarrassment of riches. We cannot see the forest for the trees. Even when we learn how they might serve us, it is hard to shake ourselves out of accustomed ways or to persuade ourselves that we can afford those aids to efficiency and convenience which we regard as extravagances, but which experience has proved pay for themselves tenfold. Few of us are so alert and progressive that we can boast with truth that we are employing every device and resource that makes for thrift, convenience and economy. Not even the statisticians can tell us how many millions of us are losing time and money and health because we do not have a telephone, electrical domestic appliances, modern refrigerators, sound banking connections, tractors or motor cars, modern office equipment, periodical physical examinations and all the available benefits of modern medicine and surgery. Rut-bound inertia is the only excuse we can plead for not using more freely the air mail, the telegraph, the trans-Atlantic telephone and the other means that our national inventive genius has put at our disposal for making short cuts over time and space.

Habit and old custom keep us from catching up with the times. Many of us still retain the conceptions of familiar things we acquired in youth. We fail to realize the silent revolutions that have been going on about us in every field of endeavor. Consider life insurance, for example. Few persons who have not had occasion to study it realize the changes it has undergone in recent decades or the extraordinary ingenuity that has been expended to give it flexibility and universality and to make it solve a thousand personal and business problems that were once quite outside its common scope. Consider physical health. Once we thought that a sickly child meant a sickly adult. Now we know that a young boy or girl is as plastic as a lump of putty and that a weakling can often be molded by the pediatrist into a well-developed youth with a strong body and a vigorous mind.

Millions of us are poorer than we need be simply because we have no proper conception of the scope of services rendered daily by progressive banks and trust companies. The number of checking accounts in the country ought to be at least twenty-five per cent greater than it is; and fifty per cent of those who already maintain such accounts would be better off if they made a habit of using more of the facilities their banks put at their disposal.

A substantial proportion of the thriftiest small depositors in the country have an inborn prejudice against borrowing money from a bank even for legitimate uses. They appear to regard such transactions as being on a moral par with neglect to pay the poor widow who takes in their washing. They even think themselves highly desirable customers because they never ask the bank for money or give it an opportunity to earn a penny for its stockholders by doing the business for which it opened its doors—namely, to lend funds at a profitable rate of interest. It never occurs to them to consult their bankers about the securities they think of buying or the real estate in which they are interested.

He who closes his eyes to the daily achievements of modern banking, who turns up his nose at the opportunities an expanding nation offers to those who can command bank credit, who disdains the counsel and guidance of those who spend their lives in the study of finance, might just as well, as far as his business career is concerned, be living in the Dark Ages. And yet there are uncounted thousands of honest, thrifty and able young men who go through life committing this fundamental blunder.

Another common error which costs us dear is our neglect to get expert advice upon special problems. Many a testator's plans have gone agley because he thought he could make a will as well as a lawyer. Many a life has been cut short by resort to quacks and their nostrums whereby the patient was lulled into inaction while his ailment developed beyond the curable stage. Many a manufacturer who has deferred paying a five-thousand-dollar fee to an industrial chemist has found that he has been losing twenty times that sum every year by wasting a by-product that could be put to profitable uses. Insecure buildings and imperfect mechanical installations are often the price paid for failure to employ competent engineers.

If every reader of this publication would make a serious study of his own needs and activities, and determine, with whatever assistance he could command, just wherein his methods are antiquated, and what new devices and processes he could install and what new resources he could profitably impress into his service, in his home and shop or office, it is not too much to say that the aggregate of all the changes made would increase our national wealth by a round billion dollars, not to mention the immeasurable benefits that would arise from better health, better business, smoother living and a securer future.

Racial Problems

THOSE who appreciate the magnitude of American racial problems cannot fail to be gratified with multiplying signs of progress among the negro people. The colored constitute nine per cent of our population, and, as the Secretary of the Interior says in his last annual report, the welfare of so large a group "is of the first importance not only to the nine per cent but to the ninety-one per cent also." Perhaps the most notable and tangible single feature of improvement among negroes has to do with the basic factor of health. Prof. Samuel J. Holmes, zoölogist, in a recent report, points out clearly the strides which negroes have made in health; and similar facts are brought out in detail in a recent statistical bulletin of one of the life-insurance companies.

This company has two and a half million negroes among its policyholders, and from 1911 to 1927 their mortality rate fell 17.3 per cent. Expectations were that in 1928 heart disease would, for the first time, replace tuberculosis as the chief cause of death among the colored.

It is true enough that total health gains among whites have far exceeded those among the colored. But negro gains are indeed striking when it is considered that not much more than twenty years ago extreme pessimism was expressed as to the future of the negro in America, and there were even sober predictions that his race was headed for extinction. As a report of the life-insurance company previously referred to says:

"During a period in which we have had a World War, two great pandemics of influenza and a great migration of negroes from the farms of the South to the cities of the North, the colored race has registered a declining death rate. Colored men who left the South exchanged, for the most part, agricultural work for fields of labor in which the negro brought up in a rural environment was not expected to thrive. Many of these migrants suffered seriously from inadequate housing. Were it not for this migration, the improvement in mortality would certainly have been much greater."

In any case, with the cessation of immigration it begins to look as if negroes might multiply, even in the North, more rapidly than whites. During the past decade in New York City negro population has increased four times as rapidly as the white. It is probable that nearly one and a quarter million negroes moved from the South to the North between 1915 and 1928, although not all remained. The conditions are plainly such that the economic and social advancement of the negro, as well as his physical condition, becomes of the first importance.

Tremendous progress economically, educationally and culturally is taking place. Since 1917 there has been a gain of 550 per cent in the number of negroes in colleges. For every 10,000 negroes, fifteen are attending college, as compared with ninety whites among the same number. More medical, dental and other technical education is needed, and the negro business man still lacks anything like as much training for his work as the white business man has. But the opportunities are increasing.

There are sharp differences of opinion concerning the direction which negro development should take. Into these questions we need not enter. As to the type of work for which he is best fitted or the most suitable education, there is bound to be disagreement. But there must be assent to the self-evident proposition that economic and educational advances on the part of the great negro population are a continuing necessity. Only two-thirds of a century ago these people were slaves. They must rise upon the prosaic but solid basis of economic strength and adequate fitness to do their work. Only upon this foundation will either white or colored ever be able to see any answers to the more baffling questions of race prejudice and of unequal political status.

This Little Pig Went to Market

By Katharine Dayton

DRAWN BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

Market Price is What You Sell Below and Buy Above

PRIMARILY, of course, we went for the same reason that most of the other little pigs were going—that is, because we wanted to make some money quickly without working for it. But there were really lots of other little things that led up to our final decision to take the plunge.

For instance, we realized that our abysmal financial ignorance was largely responsible for our rapidly waning social popularity. Of what avail was it to smother ourselves with Houp-là perfume, to have healthy gums and that alluring springy walk, to push back our cuticle daily with Ouch-o before applying La Gory nail polish, to struggle nightly to rub away those sagging muscles of the throat and chin with Boeurce de Jeunesse, to know what to come back smartly with when He said, "*comment allez-vous, mademoiselle?*" at an evening party, or even what to give Him for Christmas, Father's and Saint Swithin's days, and so on, if, the minute He began on the one about the man who bought General Motors when either he or it was a baby—we always forget which—and now look at it, we got that tired, achy feeling in the small of the back, terrible pains in the chest and limbs, and a ringing in our ears, coupled with overpowering drowsiness? In the Naughty Oughtys it may have been considered very fetching for a young girl not to know how dividends come, but in these Tedious Twenties, believe us, it gets her exactly nowhere. If she does not know the answers to such cryptic, not to say goofy, questions as "Well, did you see what happened to Bifurcated Gulf today?" "What do you think of Amalgamated Whiffets buying into Wingle Mattresses?" and the like, all the Emily-Post she has learned will not prevent her dinner partner from leaving her flat at the first opportunity and going into a huddle with the nearest available little group of serious speculators. Finance, we decided, having for the time being superseded love, operations, and where you get yours, as a social topic, we determined to meet the situation boldly. Then, too, such terrible people—people who didn't look as if they knew enough to read a taximeter let alone a board in a broker's office—were continually being pointed out to us as having made fortunes in Crude Oatmeal or Public Nuisances or this and that. And what with editors getting choosy and fretty, and our typewriter ribbon worn out, and one thing leading to another—well, we just decided to go into the market, so there! And now we want our experience to help other girls.

How to Get Into the Market

FIRST of all, we want to say that the prevailing idea that it is easy to make money, or even to lose money, in the market is an utter fallacy, not to say the bunk. We honestly don't know when we've worked as hard as we have since we've been in the market—half a million dollars isn't a bit too much for a seat, in our opinion, and a good place to put your feet up ought to be worth twice that. With this distinctly understood, let us pass on to the next step—which is getting something to go into the market with.

Some people use shoe strings, but fortunately we had some old Liberty Bonds we had been cutting $1.17 and $2.03 off for years and years and years, until we were sick of the things; as well as a couple of bonds of something-or-other with pictures on them that always had got on our nerves. We know it's awfully silly of us, but we've always been more or less prejudiced for or against bonds and stock certificates by their colors and engravings. Personally we like mauve or green ones, with great big choo-choo cars coming head-on, or nice old Andrew Jackson-looking men; but we simply can't bear ladies representing Progress or the Spirit of Bituminous Coal or Honest Toil. However, one must be broad-minded about these things.

But to get on with our story. These bonds or what nots must be converted—which is just great big Wall Street talk for sold, so don't be frightened. The way to convert a bond is to take it to the nicest-looking young man in your bank and say: "Mr. Cratchy [or Meese or Fimple or whatever the little name plate on his desk says], I'd like to sell this—or these—bond—or bonds." He will say: "What price would you like to put them in at?" Whereupon you may either drum absent-mindedly on his desk or look at your wrist watch or hum or just go deaf in one or both ears, until he says: "At the market price,* I suppose." This is your cue to nod graciously in the affirmative, and it's practically all over but signing the receipt. The joke of it all is that with all the nonsense and monkey business about market price your bond will sell below it. Don't ask us why—it just does. We have gone into this process in such detail believing that our readers are starting into the market as we did—perfectly cold, and innocently supposing that General Electric and Admiral Sims were just different Arms of the Service.

*Note: Market price is what you sell below and buy above.

And now you must buckle down in earnest and get tips. This is one of the most fatiguing and difficult parts of the whole business, for you will find almost at once that the tip givers themselves will, for various reasons, make you very, very tired. Perhaps this is because they are men. The big catch in the thing, too, is that men who have good tips never give them to you, and men who haven't always do. It's all very, very confusing.

The best kind of tip to get is straight from a Captain of Industry, which is just a teentsy-weentsy bit harder than putting salt on a birdie's tail. Personally we have found it easier to get a taxi on a rainy night after the theater than an introduction to a Captain of Industry, but maybe you go with a better crowd than we do, or are in the Follies, or something. But we've been told that even if one does meet a C. I. socially, and he does give one a tip, he will probably be frightfully furtive about it. So watch out! Apropos of this, we heard of a shocking case—fortunately, it had a happy ending—of a woman who went, once upon a time, to the Rockefellers' to dinner and sat next to a perfectly good—financially speaking—C. I. Beneath the guise of merry banter she got him to give her a tip, but he murmured it so coyly behind his hand that she muffed it completely. Desperately she racked her brain all evening. It simply wasn't there! On her return home she told her brother the tragic story.

A Deal in Uncommon Stocks

"STUPID old fool!" she wailed. "It was so silly the way he whispered it—it sounded like nothing at all except bumble, bumble, bumble!" Whereat the brother smote his brow, rushed out and bought Humble Oil, and, presumably, they lived happily ever after.

Then there is the more easily procured Tip Indirect, as it were, that you get, say, from Henrietta Whimple's husband—you know, the short fat one with the bad teeth—who has a brother in somebody's office—anyway, it's in Wall Street—who has a secretary who has a friend who works in Morgan's who said she'd just made a date for the Old Man to have lunch with J. W. Tickle of Tickles Gum Arabic—which must mean *something!* Again, some people get just as good results by choosing their stocks in a blindfold test. You never can tell. But one thing is fairly certain: If you want a real tip, just ask the man who has one and see him curl up and pull in his head! They're so afraid we'll say "I told you so"—as, naturally, we would—that their idea of one is something so gilt-edge it only pays 2 per cent every other leap year. But don't be discouraged. Keep hectoring and you'll get your man, as we finally did. As a matter of fact, we got two. And after using practically every means of persuasion except night sticks, knouts and sash weights, they came clean. A—as we will call him, because you'd simply die laughing if you knew who it was—with a tip to buy what we will call Gurgle Oil, because its real name is so silly; and B, with a tip to buy Premeditated Gas and Electric. Both were in line with our policy of buying, not great big expensive stocks that every Tom, Dick and Harry was buying but little stocks somewhere around thirty dollars that needed someone to mother them and which would rise fifty or a hundred points in the next few weeks.

We didn't want to crowd things too far at first. B had paid only 34 for Premeditated G. and E., and assured us it was a subsidiary of Aggravated Utilities—which, though

(Continued on Page 129)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Little Apologues

POWER

JUD COULTON, the King of Wall Street, sat in his invalid chair and smiled his cruel smile. The ticker by his side had brought good news. He had telephoned his orders; he had made thirty million dollars; he had broken his mighty rival, probably reduced him to beggary. He was in sole control of the grain and meat business of the country. "Power!" he murmured, clenching his nervous hands. Within a week he could bring prosperity or disaster to the farmers of the country; at his whim he might bring down starvation upon the land. Not a friend or enemy but he could raise to mighty affluence or could trample like a crawling beetle.

Power! He had sacrificed all to it—his health, his comfort, his home. But he had what he wanted—such power as never a king had wielded. He gripped the arms of his chair and smiled the cruel smile at which cabinet ministers had blanched.

"Isn't He Divine?" "Gosh, No; I Think He's Terrible! Who is He Anyway?" "Why, Haven't You Heard? He's a Real Russian Prince!" "Oh, isn't He Divine?"

His nurse entered with a glass of milk and some dry toast. "Time for you to be going to bed," she said.

"I'm going out," said Jud Coulton. "I'm not going to spend the rest of my life huddling indoors. I'm going to go out and have a little fun."

"You're going to bed. You've had a hard day."

"It's an hour early! The doctor says I don't have to go to bed till nine!"

"You're going to bed now. You've got all tired out telephoning. Come on!"

Jud Coulton, petulant, grumbled to his feet. The nurse put him to bed. It was an hour early, to be sure, but she had a date.

FAME

The Rev. Cornelius van Steenkirke published his book, on the Means of Grace and the Hope of Glory, in Amsterdam in 1724. Forty years he had worked upon it, incorporating in it the profoundest thoughts of the most subtle philosophers and the fruits of a lifetime's meditation on this most important subject. He wrote it in Latin, that it might be readily understood of all, and the grace and elegance of his prose style elicited the applause of the nicest judges of Amsterdam. When at last the volume came from Moretus' press he gazed upon the stout tree calf of the binding, the chaste vermilion-and-black of the title page, the copper-cut cherubs crowning the dedicatory epistle, and he knew that his work was good. He dared to write upon the flyleaf the words of Horace: "I have erected a monument more lasting than brass."

(Continued on Page 71)

"Jim, I Want You to be Agreeable to Your Bridge Partner Tonight. The Poor Girl Has Had an Unfortunate Love Affair and is Down Here Trying to Forget"

"So You're Spike Murphy, the Fighter's Dog! Now Ain't Life the Little Old Kidder? The Best Me an' Old Sour Mug Here Draws is a Nice Old Spinster Whose Other Playmates is a Fuzzy, Yellow-Eyed Cat, a Temperamental Parrot an' a Coupla Goldfish"

Children especially need soup rich in healthful vegetable foods!

Why are school children everywhere being taught to "eat their vegetables"? Because in vegetables nature stores the iron, the calcium and other minerals required to build sturdy, active bodies. Firm muscles, strong bones, proper condition of the blood are aided by a steady and sufficient supply of these minerals.

When you cook vegetables in water and then throw it away, you lose a valuable amount of the minerals which the water has absorbed. But in soup most of this is saved!

So you see why a well-made vegetable soup is so beneficial for the children. In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they receive the full strength of all the leading garden vegetables—fifteen of them in the one soup.

In addition to this, they enjoy the invigorating qualities of piping-hot soup, which acts as a wholesome stimulant to the appetite and digestion. It's a wise mother who gives her children Campbell's Vegetable Soup regularly and often.

And how they love this soup! No trouble to get them to eat their vegetables this way! It tastes so good that it disappears almost in the wink of an eye! And you know what a comfort that is. For their luncheon or supper here is just the thing—it contains so much real food of the right kind.

Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. Then it's all ready for the eager young appetites! 12 cents a can.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

A MAN TO AVOID

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

WHEN at last, behind the gray volcanoes, Millie did detect the first pale lightening of the sky, she did not mention it, for she was just hearing what every woman must hear from her lover—when it was he first knew that he loved her. She was not going to be the only girl in history to die without that information.

She was hearing how, when she first came into his study at Bentham, he had said to himself: "Well, I am definitely old. Here is a girl, exactly the physical type I have always admired, and for that type, peculiarly alluring, and yet she does not give me an emotion."

And he had gone about his work for weeks thinking how strange it was that he thought of her without emotion, and never observing that he thought of her constantly. Then, on the ship, his hatred of the purser and desire to make her suffer for the attentions of the other men—it did not occur to him that that was a sort of jealousy. No, it was not until the day in the storeroom, when she had been so tired, with a long smut across her face and didn't care about it, that, as he looked at her, he had felt something.

Still, he had managed to deceive himself until he had kissed her. It was then he had made up his mind to send her away, only he did not want it to be too obvious. He had waited a few days, and the coming of Thorley had made it easy. He had supposed her docility about going had meant that she understood and was glad to be out of it.

"Do you mean," said Millie, "you would never have told me, if it had not been for this?"

"Of course not."

"I think I bless Avilla then, Tim. No, don't laugh; I really do. But I can't understand at all. Why wouldn't you have told me?"

Raikes shook his head. "It's strange," he said, "but women never understand renouncing love. They are so much more given to self-sacrifice than men are in most things, but not in that."

"I should say not," said Millie.

"Yet, can't you see that we should have been wretched? I'm twenty years older than you ——"

"No, you're not."

"—— hard-up, utterly absorbed in my own work, accustomed to having things all my own way within my own walls. Well, perhaps none of that would matter, as your groanings and gruntings are suggesting, if it were not for what I do to people who trust themselves to me. You said it yourself. I destroy them, Millie."

"Oh, how I wish I'd had my silly tongue torn out before I said such a thing to you."

He put his arm about her. "Your saying it didn't make it true," he answered. "I knew it and acted on it before you called it to my attention. I meant to send you off and never see you again, and break my heart for you in comfortable bitterness. Oh, imagine my doing to you what I did to poor Jimmy the other day. Jimmy, thank fortune, is made of resilient material, but you—you, my darling Millie—how should I feel when I realized that I had tortured you and tormented you and made you hate me?"

"You never would."

"Ah, don't believe it, my dear."

"And if you did I would not let it hurt me—not so terribly. I should understand."

"And perhaps you think that wouldn't make me worse. It is, you know, as if I were possessed with a devil."

"It wouldn't happen if I loved you enough. Oh," she cried, "it will be too cruel if I can never prove to you that I am right."

"Death isn't as cruel as life. I give you my word, Millie."

"Oh, Tim," she said softly, "wasn't that a bird?"

They listened, and now from one corner of the forest, now from another, came faint peeps and chirps echoed back and forth, so strangely like Wagner's representation of it.

"Yes," said Raikes slowly, "it's getting light."

Millie hid her eyes for an instant against his shoulder, and then, reflecting that she would probably never see another sunrise in his company, she lifted her head and looked proudly before her.

The magnificent pageant of tropical dawn began to happen; a little too quickly to eyes accustomed to the leisurely sunrises of northern latitudes. Millie remembered that Raikes had said, under less dramatic conditions, when they all got up before dawn in order to dig, not to die, that it was like noble music played a little too fast.

There had already been sounds of activity from the camp below, and as soon as it was light enough to see, Avilla himself, still wrapped in his Napoleonic cloak, appeared at the foot of the stairs and asked in a high voice and a Spanish accent from which every guttural had been eliminated, whether the *blanchita* had made her decision.

It was Raikes who stepped out to answer, looking as tall as a giant at the top of the long steps.

"*Si, señor,*" he answered in ringing tones.

A murmur of satisfaction went up from the group of men; they turned and spoke to one another. Millie, watching them from the shadow of the temple, could almost hear that they were arranging how to spend their part of the treasure.

Raikes folded his arms and looked down at them. "The *blanchita,*" he said, "consents to search for your treasure, and will find it if it is there."

Many cries that it was there—"*Oh, seguro!*" "*Esta! Esta!*"—went up.

"But," Raikes went on, "she cannot find what is not there, and I believe it is there no longer."

Avilla, who had mounted a few steps, clambering with less dignity than heretofore, now observed that it was much to be hoped for their sakes that the treasure was there, as otherwise ——

"Do you think," murmured Millie, "that it is wise to discourage them too much?"

"I don't want them to think we are too eager to do this stunt," he answered.

Then, turning to Avilla again, he requested, in his most courteous Spanish, the privilege of borrowing his cloak for the *blanchita*. Avilla, with the gesture of a Sir Walter Raleigh, swung it off his shoulders. Raikes turned it about in his hand. It was not, he said, the sort of cloak the *blanchita* was accustomed to doing magic in, but better than nothing.

Below, the men questioned one another. Some had heard, some had not. You must have a cloak to do magic? They all nodded their small unshaven heads. "*Oh, si, Como no.*" They seemed for the moment the friendliest audience, and yet Raikes knew that the instant Millie failed to find them gold they would obey orders to shoot without the slightest hesitation. He came back up the temple steps to where, in the shadows, she was waiting for him.

"It seems a silly plan we made," she said. "I wonder if it wouldn't be better just to go down and die quietly."

(Continued on Page 34)

"Listen," She Said. "Listen Carefully That Everything May be Done in Order"

SWIFT

Tradition suggests ham and eggs for the Easter breakfast. The careful housewife insists that the ham be Premium! Always mild and mellow-flavored, Premium Ham is unusually tender as well. Described here is a new dish for Easter morning—a dish in which Premium's distinctive savor is enhanced by the piquancy of green pepper, the blandness of shirred Brookfield Eggs.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Be sure it is Premium

Look for the Blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The Blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary parchment wrapper. And the name Swift in brown dots down the full length of the fat.

Premium Ham with Shirred Brookfield Eggs in Green Pepper Cups

Place a slice of broiled Premium Ham on the center of a platter. Around it arrange shirred Brookfield Eggs in green pepper cups, prepared as follows: Cut peppers in 2 inch cups crosswise and remove seeds. Remove a little from bottom of the cups so that they will stand firm. Parboil, place a raw egg in each cup and season with salt, pepper and butter. Place the pepper cups in baking cups and surround with hot water. Bake till the egg is set. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley.

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 32)

"Come, come," he said sternly, dropping the cloak on her shoulders. "This is what we decided last night, and we are going to go through with it now, for better or worse."

Something in his tone chilled her heart. Was it true that he really did not want to escape? That only certain death had made him reveal his love, and that if they did escape, he would send her away and, as he had said, break his heart in comfortable bitterness? She would not allow it. But could she prevent it? She could imagine his saying, in that peculiarly remote, flat voice of his: "No, no, my dear Millie, I die very prettily with young ladies, but I cannot live with them." Yes, she would almost rather die at once. And yet she could hardly bargain with him, ask him his intentions. And as for that flat voice, he could do strange things with it, as she knew, making it sound like a New England parson's at the moment when he was most deeply moved.

There was a shout from below.

"The curtain's up, Millie," he said.

Millie, now wrapped in Avilla's cloak from chin to heels, came out of the temple and held out both her hands for silence. She was bareheaded and a faint early breeze just lifted her hair and made it light and golden.

"Listen," she said. "Listen carefully that everything may be done in order. I must find and cut for myself a magic wand, and if it turns in my hand, there will be treasure of silver or gold. I cannot tell which or what. It may turn at once, it may take time. But while I am seeking it no one must speak; there must be no sound at all. The horses must be taken away to a little distance"—and she waved her hand up the path they had ridden the day before—"so that they may not neigh, as horses will sometimes do at the approach of spirits. You must all stand in a circle about me, but sufficientiy apart for me to pass to and fro between you. But most important of all is this: The method by which the treasure is to be divided." She paused and noticed that she was holding the interest of her audience. This point seemed to them, too, the most important. "The chief must have his half share," she said, and Avilla nodded. "After that, it must be divided in halves according to the order in which you men actually touch it; the first man who touches it must have half of what is left, the next man half of what is left."

A great hubbub of talk rose among the band as the meaning of her words penetrated. A lame man shouted that it was unfair, whereas the fleet of foot were delighted; the man who had been told off to take care of the horses demanded whether or not he was to have his place.

Raikes looked down at them with folded arms. "The dragon's teeth," he said to Millie. "Maybe they'll tear one another to pieces and save us all further trouble."

"I'm getting waves of being frightened, Tim," she said. "I think I feel faint or something."

"Oh, not of these vermin," said Raikes.

Millie now descended the last few steps, trailing Avilla's sable cloak from the tips of her shoulders. Indeed, love and death had done something superb to her young face, so that it was exalted and ethereal.

Years ago, when she was a child, she remembered that in a little country place where her father had rented a house there had been trouble about water. In a dry season the well had gone dry and the landlord had sent a local man—a dowser, he was called—to look for subterranean water with a willow wand. She could see the whole scene before her, as people are supposed to see all their life before they drown. She could see the respectful villager, and the contemptuous New York servants, and the old man himself, holding the wand before him with both his hands, the thumbs up, his slow pontifical walk. And then she could see how suddenly the wand had twisted like a live animal and turned itself until it pointed straight downward, and how the old man had drawn a circle and told them to dig there, and they had dug and found water. She had been very eager to try it herself, and the old man had shown her how to hold the wand, though he warned it might be of no use; she might not be a dowser.

It appeared that she was not, for the prong would not turn for her, though once as she walked she thought she felt a quiver run along the wand, like a shiver of life. It had frightened her, but it had gone no further. Fortunately she remembered the whole experience very clearly—the way of holding it, the length and appearance of the wand, and above everything, the slow impressive step.

She walked toward the jungle, seeking for a cleft twig, not at once easy to find among the branchless trunks of tall trees and the huge, waving leaves of mammoth plants. Several curious little men crept after her. She took her time; she was acting the sorceress.

Raikes remained on the steps, aloof, but well placed to observe everything that was happening. Millie stooped and stretched and sought, allowing herself to be very witchlike, and at last said with a great cry, "*Al fin!*" She had found something that might do. She asked for a machete to cut it with, and rather to her surprise a dozen were offered to her. She chose one after a long deliberation; there must be nothing quick and eager and likely to excite suspicion.

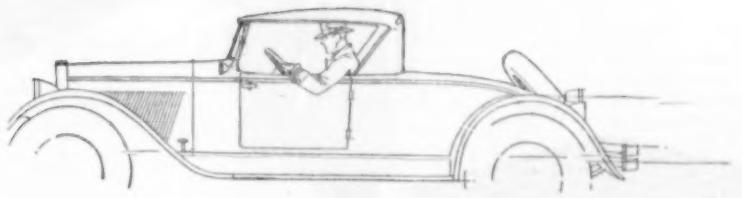
She cut her forked wand, trimmed it and walked slowly toward the flat open place under the steep back wall of the pyramid. As she did so her cloak fell over her hands and she stuck the machete into her boot without anyone noticing her action. Her two hands were now free for her experiment.

With the docility of young children, the bandits formed themselves into a great circle about her, leaving room for her to pass between them, while she, very slowly, imitating that pontifical step of the dowser, walked slowly to and fro

(Continued on Page 149)

She Hesitated a Moment, Not Knowing What to Do. She Was Free as Air, Except for This One Little Figure on Guard

30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile—



probably $150 less expense for repairs and carbon removal the first two years

10% to 30% more power—

with the New Mobiloil in your engine!

If the above figures about the New Mobiloil seem like superlative claims, you may be assured that the records on which they are based are even more startling.

For example: Through use of the New Mobiloil, we definitely offer you 10% to 30% more power than oils generally sold for the same motor. Our tests have usually bettered the higher figure by a considerable margin.

"30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile" may seem excessive to you. Actually, the New Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

We suggest that consistent use of the New Mobiloil, plus reasonable care of your engine, will save you probably $150 a year in repair bills. Our test cars have required *no* major engine repairs or adjustments during test periods comparatively longer than an average year's running.

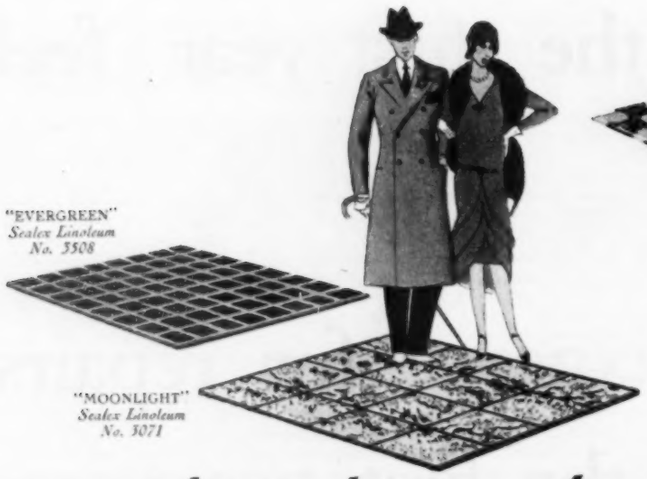
Finally, we have established, in thousands of miles of running tests on speedways, highways and dirt roads, that the New Mobiloil stands up better and consumes more slowly at high speed. It is now an accepted engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

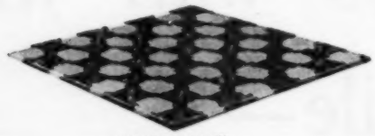
Drain and refill regularly with the New Mobiloil, and the assurances we have published here should quickly begin to demonstrate their soundness *right in your own engine.*

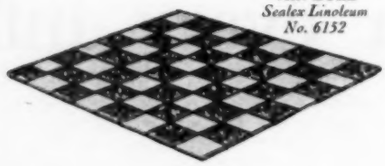
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Gargoyle Mobiloil



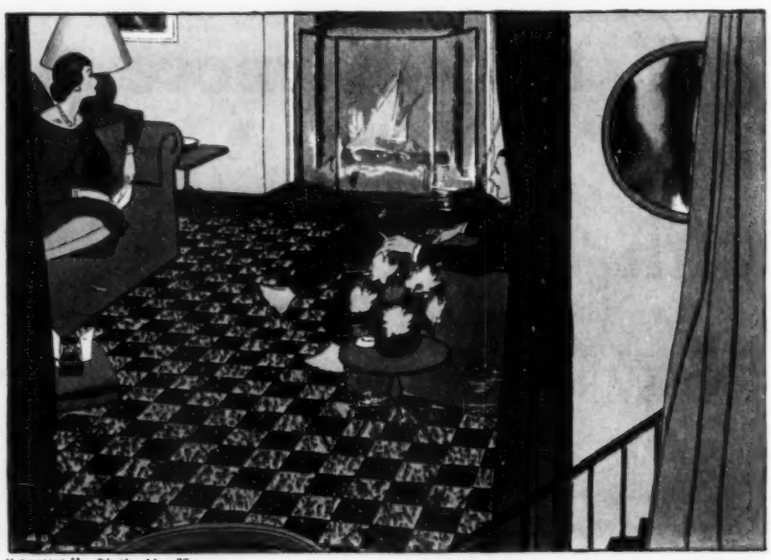

"MAGELLAN"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 6161


"VAN DYKE"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 6152

Priceless beauty

....that discreetly hides its modest cost

"AUGUSTIAN," *Sealex Linoleum No. 3091, set off by a Sealex Linoleum Marble-ized Border and one of the smart, new contrasting Border Strip Assemblies.*


"ONYX," *a distinctive Karnean Marbled design, No. 3102, shown with a ready-cut Border Assembly.*

Haven't you wished, many times, that a good fairy would transform some of your rooms into places of luxurious beauty—like those you see pictured so often in the color pages of the magazines? Rooms vibrant with living beauty and hospitable charm!

And have you thought such lovely surroundings were found only in homes of wealth? A natural mistake, for the economy of modern inlaid linoleum is not apparent as one gazes upon its radiant beauty.

The economies of *Sealex Linoleums* begin the moment you go to a good furniture, linoleum, or department store to make your selection. For you'll find that the cost of your new *Sealex Linoleum* flooring—and the cost of installing it—are *much less* than you think. Then, too, the first cost is the last—a well-laid *Sealex Linoleum* floor gives years and years of service with practically no expense for upkeep.

Smart, new floors of Sealex Linoleum are being used to modernize many shops, offices and public buildings. The flooring shown is "NEPTUNE," Sealex Linoleum No. 3033.

The Sealex Shield shown below identifies the genuine.

Sensational new improvements in linoleum manufacture have been developed in the *Sealex* mills. For instance, the exclusive *Sealex Process*, by which all *Sealex Linoleums* are made, has produced floorings not only resilient, quiet, and comfortable underfoot but *stain-proof* and *spot-proof* as well—remarkably easy to clean.

You'll be delighted, too, at the many artistic designs in *Sealex Linoleums*—offering countless ideas for smart decorative effects. Rich Karnean Marbled patterns, realistic Embossed designs, striking modern effects . . . these and many others await your choice.

Whether for home, shop or office—new floors or old—there is a type of *Sealex Linoleum* ideally suited to the purpose.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh
Boston Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

VIGILANTE—By Hoffman Birney

"Men, Do Your Duty!"

IVES, Yeager, Brown, Plummer, Ray, Stinson—one by one the names were checked off on the vigilantes' list of the known desperadoes of Montana.

Others remained, and John Lott and the members of his party decided not to leave Bannack until disposition had been made of the case of Dutch John Wagner, known to be guilty of the holdup of the Moody packtrain.

"First," said one of the Bannack committee, "we ought to take a look into the case of that Joe Pizanthia."

A small party started for the cabin of the "greaser"—a term, by the way, the use of which increases tremendously with the distance from the Mexican border.

"Hey, Joe! Come on out here!"

There was no reply and Deputy Sheriff Smith Ball—he had been appointed by Henry Plummer, but he was an honest man—and George Copley stepped over the threshold. For a second they stood blinking in the darkness, doubly intense after the glare from the snow-covered ground.

"Hey! Joe! Are you here?"

Pizanthia was at home and proved it. Two flashes of red fire streaked through the gloom as the Mexican fired. Ball spun half around and fell sprawling through the open door as a slug tore across his thigh just below the hip. Copley staggered out clutching his breast.

He was assisted to the Bannack Hotel, but a short distance away; the men who supported him returning in a few moments with grave faces.

"George Copley's dead!" they said.

Ball's wound was superficial. He knotted a rude bandage about his thigh and remained on the ground.

PHOTOS. BY L. H. JORUD, COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

Barney Hughes, One of the Party of Prospectors Who Discovered Alder Gulch

A Victory for the Artillery

THE men of Bannack went wild. Each man had a different suggestion as to the most satisfactory method for capturing the Mexican. The door of the cabin was still open, but men gave it a wide berth. Finally some bright soul recalled that one Nielson, captain of a wagon train that had passed through the town a few days earlier, had left behind him a small mountain howitzer. The weight of this piece of early artillery had become burdensome and Nielson was convinced of its general uselessness. There were men there with some experience as artillerists, and the piece was hurriedly brought up. Two shells were fired completely through the cabin and several more were directed against the chimney wherein it was thought Pizanthia might be hiding. A steady fire with small arms was maintained through the doorway, the single window, and the gaping apertures knocked in the walls by the cannon balls.

The Mexican made no reply to the fire, and the posse, growing bolder, stormed the shelter. John Lott was the first through the doorway and noticed Pizanthia's boots protruding from beneath the shattered timbers that had been the door. As they hauled the Mexican from beneath the door, Smith Ball emptied the chambers of his revolver into the already helpless figure.

"I reckon that evens things up!" he snarled as he fired.

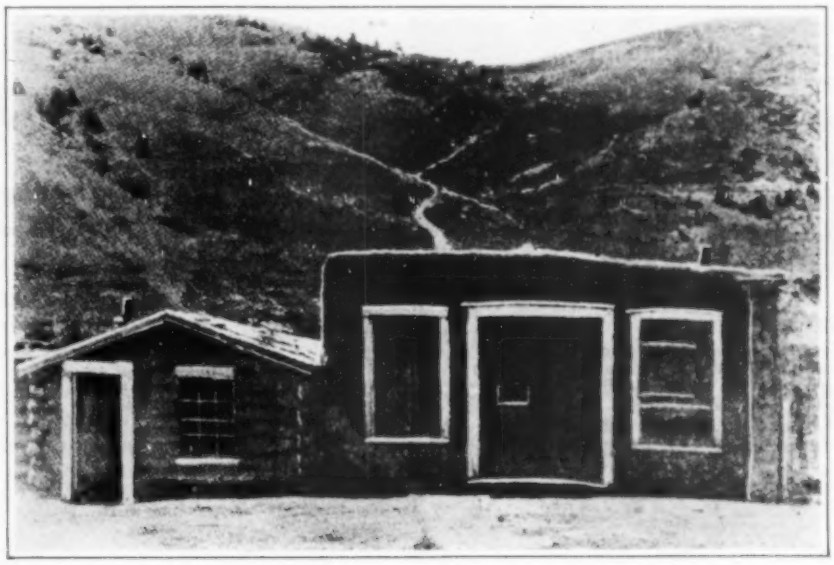
Pizanthia received no trial. While the men who had entered the cabin were announcing the capture, another of the party, Simeon Estes, was climbing a near-by pole with one end of a length of clothesline gripped in his teeth. The free end was tied about the Mexican's neck, he was hoisted clear of the ground and held while Estes made the rope fast with a jam hitch. The men stepped back and—with Estes still up the pole only a few feet above the strangling man—fired shot after shot into the swaying figure.

Another of the mob had touched a match to the Mexican's house and the dead man was cut down and, amid wild shouts of approval, thrown into the flames, where his body was consumed.

Pizanthia was a murderer. He killed George Copley without provocation, but his execution was a disgusting exhibition of mob passion. In every other instance of the vigilantes' application of summary justice a certain dignity and orderliness of procedure prevailed. With Pizanthia—incidentally the only member of the entire outlaw group that offered any resistance to capture—the mob had full sway, and later criticism of the vigilantes and their methods was based very largely on the inexcusably savage circumstances attending this case.

Still another detail of this unpleasant chapter—and an incident undoubtedly true—is that on the following morning, when the embers had cooled sufficiently, several notorious women of the town were seen panning the ashes for gold that it was said the wretch had stored in his cabin!

Bannack elected to forget the Pizanthia affair as rapidly as possible. Dutch John Wagner was still held a prisoner in the cabin on Yankee Flat, and that night, January 11, 1864, the newly organized local committee met to consider Wagner's case. He had made a complete confession, corroborating many of the statements of Yeager, and was unquestionably guilty. There was no trial. He was sentenced to be hanged and one of the members delegated to inform the prisoner that the execution was to take place within an hour.



The First Territorial Legislature of Montana Assembled in This Cabin

A Surprise for Mr. Wagner

WAGNER was terribly surprised. He had evidently thought that his confession would secure for him the milder decree of banishment. Like Plummer and Brown he turned coward—begging for mercy, for mutilation, for anything save death. Only when he was told that there was no hope for him did he summon his fortitude and meet death bravely.

Eight names had been scratched from the vigilantes' list. The power of the outlaws in Bannack was broken, but in Alder Gulch, in the boom towns from Summit to Junction, the roughs swaggered apparently unafraid, and mouthed threats against the Stranglers. They knew only of the execution of Ives, Brown and Yeager. Had news of the Bannack executions reached them more promptly there would probably have been a general exodus and a somewhat less gory history to be written.

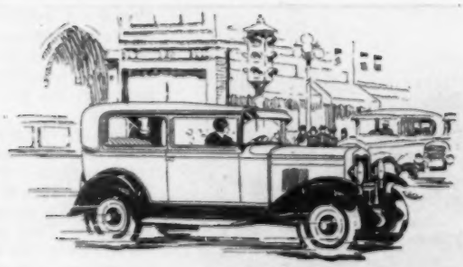
The outlaws knew the identity of every man that had taken part in the executions of Ives, Yeager and Brown, and they made no secret of their intention to exact a summary vengeance. They promised also to burn Virginia City and Nevada, to loot the stores, and to wreck the flumes and sluice ways of the miners. The mental attitude of Jack Gallagher and the other Innocents in Alder Gulch baffles analysis. They seemed to lack any realization that the people of the mining towns—so long supine under outlaw domination—had at last rebelled.

The vigilantes, on the other hand, dared not quit. Having started, they must proceed to a swift conclusion. Weakness, vacillation, or

(Continued on Page 40)

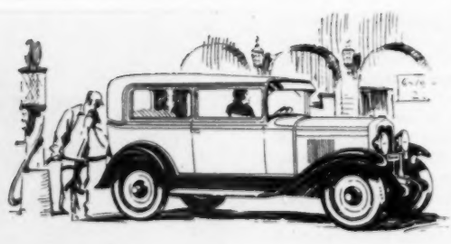
for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



Fast Getaway

Due to a high-compression non-detonating cylinder head, an automatic acceleration pump, and the abundant reserve power of its new six-cylinder valve-in-head motor—the acceleration of the new Chevrolet Six is remarkably fast . . . shooting you ahead at the traffic light smoothly, quickly and swiftly.



Better Than 20 Miles to the Gallon

The new Chevrolet Six delivers better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Such economy would be unusual in *any* automobile. But in the new Chevrolet it is an outstanding achievement—for here it is combined with all the power, speed, smoothness and acceleration of a marvelous six-cylinder valve-in-head motor!

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

Six Cylinder Smoothness

with increased Speed and Acceleration

The new Chevrolet Six is enjoying the most enthusiastic reception in Chevrolet history because it provides —in the price range of the four—every element demanded in a fine automobile . . . *plus a degree of smoothness never before achieved in a low-priced car.*

Flashing away from a traffic stop . . . rolling along at twenty-five miles an hour or doing well above sixty on the open road—the new Chevrolet Six delivers its power easily, freely and without annoying vibration. Throughout the entire speed range you travel in smooth, quiet comfort, without any sense of noise fatigue.

The new Fisher bodies are longer, lower and roomier and reveal an order of distinctive smartness and beauty that represents one of the greatest style triumphs ever achieved by Fisher designers.

Exceptional handling ease is achieved through the use of the greatest array of advanced engineering features ever offered on a low-priced automobile: ball-bearing steering mechanism with slender rim steering wheel, quiet non-locking four-wheel brakes with separate emergency brakes, easy action disc clutch, two-beam head lamps with foot control button conveniently located on the floor board, adjustable driver's seat and Fisher VV full vision and ventilating windshield in all closed models, and a complete instrument panel containing all control instruments, including theft-proof Electro-Lock and electric motor temperature indicator.

The COACH
$595

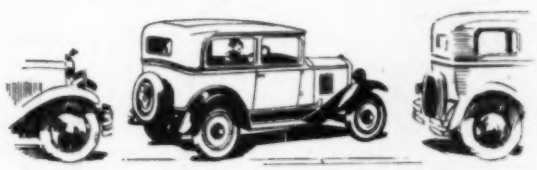
The Roadster	$525
The Phaeton	$525
The Coupe	$595
The Sedan	$675
The Sport Cabriolet	$695
The Convertible Landau	$725
Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$400
1½ Ton Chassis	$545
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$650

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

Such an exceptional six-cylinder car in the price range of the four represents in itself a remarkable accomplishment. But to provide, in addition, an operating economy of better than 20 miles to the gallon is an epoch-marking achievement.

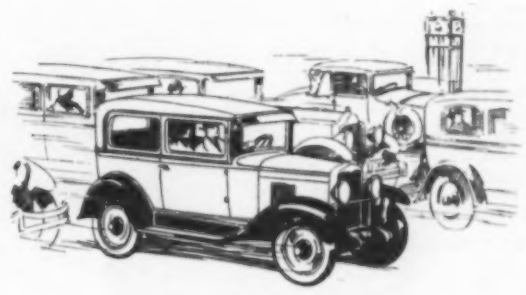
Your Chevrolet dealer extends you a cordial invitation to see and drive this remarkable new car—to learn for yourself how finely it is built and how smoothly it performs.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*



Easy to Park

The new Chevrolet Six is an exceptionally easy car to park. It fits into a small space. The steering mechanism is fitted with ball bearings throughout—the gears shift with unusual quietness and ease—and the new six-cylinder engine responds immediately to a touch of the accelerator.



Remarkable Handling Ease

Women, especially, appreciate the wonderful handling ease of the new Chevrolet. It steers with the weight of the hand—the brakes are positive, quiet and easy to apply—all control instruments are grouped on the instrument panel—and the adjustable driver's seat in all closed models assures the most comfortable driving position.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

(Continued from Page 37)

any policy less drastic than that of extermination would have been disastrous.

The Ferreting Committee, organized and headed by Capt. James Williams, worked day and night. Reports of every speech, every threat of the outlaws poured into vigilante headquarters. On January 13, 1864, the executive committee met in Pfouts' store. An immediate cleanup of Alder Gulch was decided upon. Six of the men whose names were on the Yeager list were still in Virginia City. They were to be captured and executed. Each man was as guilty as Judas Iscariot—make no mistake on that score. The committee worked swiftly, but it did not err.

Jack Gallagher, Plummer's deputy, stood first on the list. Then followed Boone Helm, Bill Hunter, Frank Parrish, Hayes Lyons, who had so narrowly escaped the noose for the murder of Dillingham; and Clubfoot George Lane, the messenger and spy. To forestall any attempt at escape a cordon of pickets was to be thrown completely around the town.

Bill Hunter was regarded with considerable friendliness by many men who were members of the vigilante organization. Though he was definitely known to have been associated with Jack Gallagher in the murder and robbery of a wealthy Mormon, many men did not believe him to be as guilty as charged. He was told on Wednesday night to get out of town immediately, and wisely kept his counsel and accepted the caution. While the guards were surrounding Virginia City, Hunter crawled along the course of a shallow ditch, worked through the line of pickets, and finally reached Joseph A. Slade's ranch. Slade found him, suffering from frostbite, hiding beneath a bed at the ranch and gave him another chance. Bill moved on eastward to the Gallatin Valley country.

Road Agents' Rock Alongside the Bannack Road Behind Which Plummer's Highwaymen Regularly Lay in Wait for the Stages

A Rope and a Prayer

THURSDAY'S sun showed a cordon of guards completely surrounding the town. Early travelers from either direction were turned back. Only the vigilante detachments marching in close order from Summit, Junction, Highland, and the other towns of Alder Gulch were passed through the lines. These parties reported immediately to the executive committee and were assigned to their duties. One by one the wanted men were brought in. No trouble was encountered in the arrest of any of them.

"Didn't you fellows hear," Lyons was asked on his arrest, "that Henry Plummer and Ned Ray and Buck Stinson were hung last Sunday night in Bannack?"

"Sure, I heard that story, but I don't believe a word of it."

Lyons was the last to be brought to Pfouts' store, where the examinations of the prisoners were conducted. Each of the five expressed surprise at being taken into custody and at first stoutly maintained innocence. Each confessed in the end.

Gallagher, Helm, Lyons, Parrish and Lane were then brought in and lined up before the members of the executive committee.

"You men," said Paris S. Pfouts, president of the vigilantes, "have been found guilty. You are to be hanged. If you have any last requests, now is the time to make them. There'll be no other chance." Hayes Lyons was the only man to reply. He asked permission to say farewell to his mistress. The request was denied and Lyons appeared content, merely asking that the woman's watch, now in his possession, be returned to her.

A frame building, afterward occupied by Clayton & Hale's drug store and still standing in Virginia City, was in process of construction. Five ropes were thrown over a rafter and empty packing cases placed below the nooses. The five condemned men were placed in the middle of a hollow square of those of the posse.

"The rest of you fellows," Williams ordered, "mix in with the crowd. If some fellow gets tough, see that he's taken in out of the wet!"

Clubfoot George Lane recognized W. B. Dance, in whose store he had worked, standing in the crowd, and called to him.

"You've known me ever since I came to Virginia," he said earnestly; "can't you tell these fellows I'm all right?"

"There'd be no use in it, George. Personally, I know nothing against you, but I've heard the evidence and that is very strong indeed. Nothing I could say would change matters."

"Well, then," asked Lane, "will you pray for me?"

"I'll do that willingly," said Dance gravely.

He kneeled in the slushy mud of the street, Lane and Gallagher kneeling beside him, and offered up a fervent and earnest prayer for the repose of the souls of the five men. Parrish and Lyons did not kneel, but asked that their hats be removed, and stood in reverent silence. Only the savage Boone Helm growled: "If you're going to hang me, go ahead and get through with it!"

While they waited, Hayes Lyons repeated his request that he be allowed to see his mistress. A man who overheard him offered to summon the woman, but was told in no uncertain terms by X. Biedler to forget the mission.

"Bringing women to a hanging played out last year!" Biedler exclaimed.

X., whom Lyons had requested to "stay with me till I die," had not forgotten the fiasco that had followed the trial of this same criminal for the murder of D. H. Dillingham.

As the procession got under way once more, Boone Helm recognized an acquaintance at a window of the Virginia Hotel.

"Good-by, old boy!" he shouted jovially. "I'm on my way to heaven and I'll be there in plenty of time to open the gate for you!"

He continued his jests for the entire distance up the sharply graded street to the gallows, nor did he cease after he had been assisted to the box between Gallagher, who was in the middle of the group, and Frank Parrish.

"How do I look in this necktie, boys?" shouted Gallagher, grinning through the halter.

"Your time is very short!" Pfouts warned him, "but if you have any reasonable requests to make, they'll be listened to."

"Well, then," exclaimed Gallagher, "I'd like a last drink of whisky!"

Fortified for the Future

A VOLUNTEER Ganymede hastened to a near-by saloon and returned with a brimming tumbler of forty-rod. He raised it as high as he could, but the rope from Gallagher's neck to the rafter prevented the outlaw from touching his lips to the glass. He twisted his head about, saw that the other end of the rope was fastened to one of the logs of the wall, and turned on the guards.

"What's th' matter with you sons?" he demanded savagely. "Can't you give a fellow enough slack to take a last drink?"

The rope was loosened and Gallagher drained the tumbler and smacked his lips with relish.

The committee decided to hang the men one at a time, probably because the rafter would not stand the strain of a simultaneous swing off. The quiet command, "Men, do your duty!" told Clubfoot George that his time had come. He did not wait for the box to be pulled from beneath his feet.

"Good-by. I'm gone!" he shouted, and leaped, dying within a short time.

Gallagher looked around coolly.

"I hope forked lightning strikes every one of you stranglingsons——"

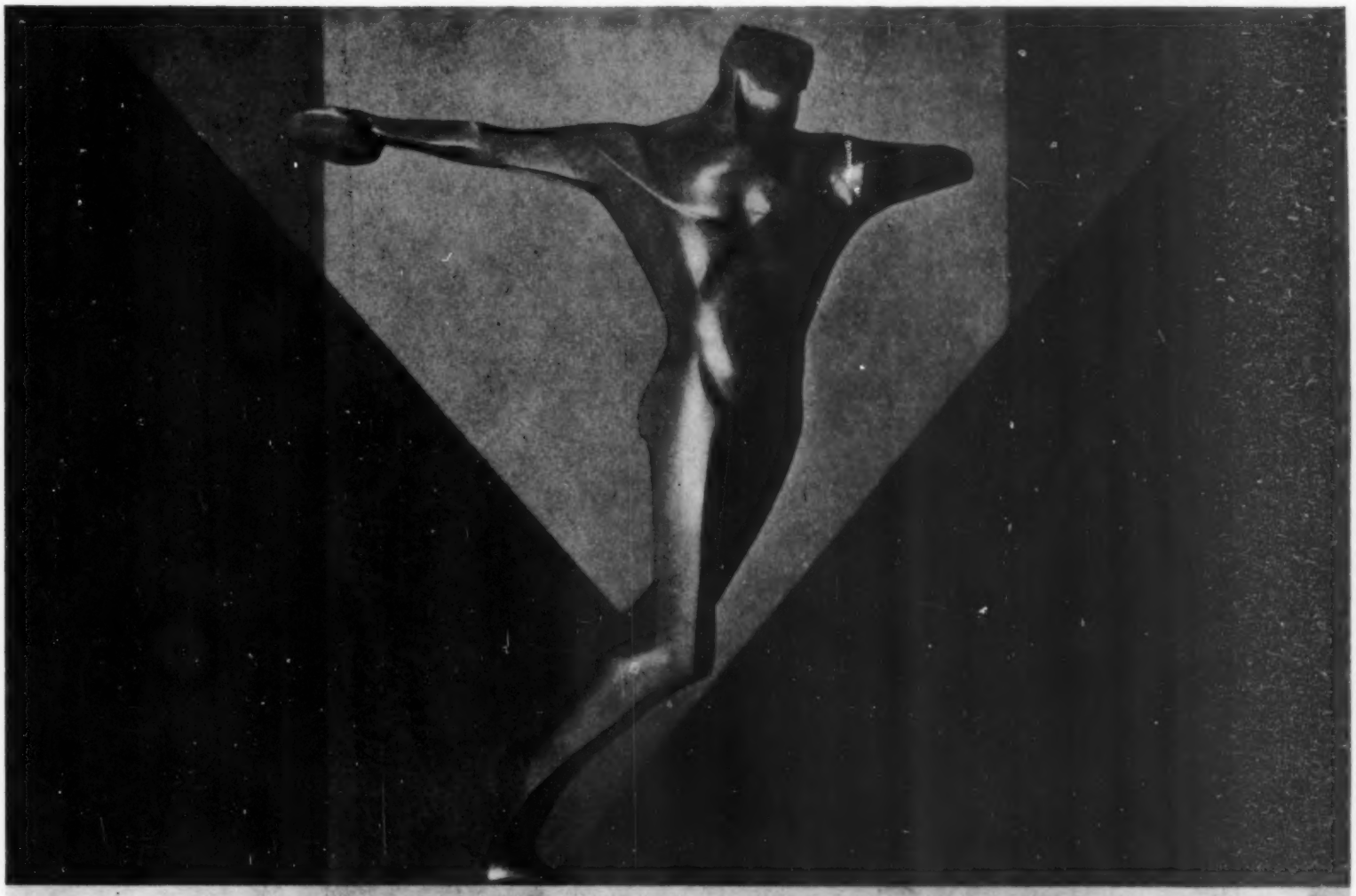
"Every man for his principles! Three cheers for Jeff Davis! Let her rip!" shouted Boone Helm as the cords were pulled.

Frank Parrish met death no less bravely, but far more seriously. He asked that his eyes be bandaged before the drop, but made no other remark. The black silk handkerchief—the ends tied in the road agents' knot—which he wore about his throat was used to conceal his face from the crowd.

(Continued on Page 110)

PHOTOS BY L. H. JORUD, COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

All That Remains of Silver City, Montana, the Ruined Courthouse of the Dead Seat of the Extinct County of Edgerton



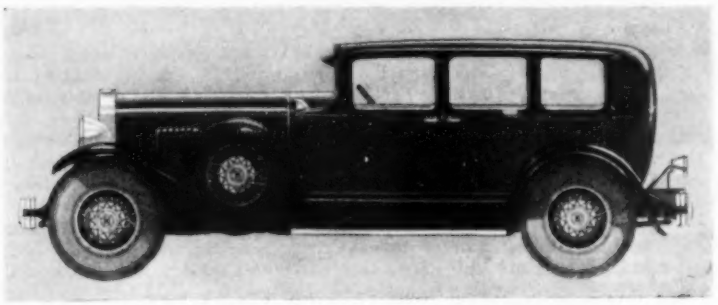
· NEW · POWER ·

You can put the New HUPMOBILE Eight through its gears like an H. V. shell . . . Because its new domed combustion chambers get a faster response from any fuel.

You can roll up momentum like a comet . . . Because rocker-tappet valves, of exclusive HUPMOBILE design, create more power and lose nothing in accuracy of timing at high speeds. Because it has an extra heavy, balanced crankshaft. Because roller and ball bearings in its transmission assembly save energy.

And when you get the New HUPMOBILE to peak speed you can keep it there for as long as the road unrolls before you . . . Because the famous Lanchester dampener takes vibration out of the engine. A special shock-absorbing device keeps the steering column solid and steady. Side-sway and shimmy have gone the way of the crank, let the speedometer point where it will.

Agile in traffic? Yes . . . Valiant on the hills? Yes . . . Quick with its steeldraulic brakes? Yes . . . A smart car? Ask the woman who wants one!



The Century Six, $1345 to $1645 . . . The Century Eight, $1825 to $2625 . . . All prices F. O. B. factory. Standard and Custom Models. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

As FANNIE HURST,

Novelist, writes: "Tell me, is the New HUPMOBILE—so quiet, so flawlessly smart in appearance—as good as it looks? I realize that one must look for more than externals in a car. Therefore, I fervently hope that the mysterious insides of the New HUPMOBILE measure up to the outside."

And as DON D. MYERS,

Consulting Engineer, answers: "I am sure your estimate of the HUPMOBILE'S smartness is correct, though I must confess my complete ignorance of the mode. But I do know steel, steel products and modern automotive practices. I can tell you definitely that it is almost impossible for the HUPMOBILE to look as good as it is! I recommend it without reservation."

· *THE NEW* ·

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

AN ADDED STARTER

The Sight That Stopped Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid Was Elsie Duncan, Seated Near Her Uncle, Surrounded by a Number of Nabobs With Whom the Two Hustlers Had Not Even a Bowing Acquaintance

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"COME on, dice!" Smiling Jimmie begged fervently, massaging the speckled cubes between his palms. "Be hot for a hungry man! Papa needs pants, dice! Little natural won't do nobody no harm! Put all these no-'count gamblers to work, dice! Do your duty for your dotin' daddy! Whambo!"

The dice flicked out from his hand, cavorted crazily on the patch of bare ground and came to rest with a six and three showing.

"Long Liz!" Smiling Jimmie droned, grabbing them in with a sweeping gesture of his right hand. "Liza mine! Lizzie from Louisiana! Loved her all my life an' she never left me lonely! Lively Liza, lie lucky! Sweet dice! Oh, you little cubicular black-eyed bebbies, flop over on your flat backs an' laugh up at your papa! Be nine for me, dice! Bangangiopo!"

He flicked out the dice again. The perverse little blocks of spotted ivory rolled to rest showing a four on one cube and a three on the other. Seven!

"Up jumped the devil an' spit in my eye," said Smiling Jimmie, straightening up. "Aw, well, some days you can't lay up a nickel!"

"Come on," the Whining Kid growled, "let's eat. How much did you drop?"

"More than I should have an' not as much as I might have," Smiling Jimmie informed him.

"What d'you want to butt into a crap game with a lot o' swipes an' exercise boys for?" the Whining Kid asked scornfully.

"Fun," said Smiling Jimmie. "Ever hear of it?"

"Fun!" the Whining Kid exclaimed. "Out o' losin' money?"

"That's the hard part," Smiling Jimmie explained. "Even a sucker can get fun winnin' it."

"You out?" one of the players, squatting in the ring, inquired.

"About fifty," Smiling Jimmie replied.

"I mean are you quittin'?"

"Dogs quit," said Smiling Jimmie. "Wise guys pull up when they're outclassed an' save their run for a better spot. I'm pullin' up."

"Fifty!" the Whining Kid exclaimed. "Did you drop fifty in that lousy little game?"

"Just a great big boy, ain't I?" Smiling Jimmie said mockingly.

"Aw, you gimme a pain!" said the Whining Kid.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "One more snarl out o' you between now an' later on an' I'll give you a smack on the jaw to go with it."

"Don't get sore," the Whining Kid urged.

"I don't aim to," said Smiling Jimmie. "My idea is to make you sore, you keep on grouchin' at me."

"Aw, listen," said the Whining Kid. "Is this a way for pardners to act?"

"You wasn't any pardner o' mine in that fifty I dropped," Smiling Jimmie reminded him. "That was my own personal sugar, an' if I spill it, that's none o' your business!"

"All right," said the Whining Kid, "all right. I ain't kickin', am I?"

"Search me," said Smiling Jimmie shortly. "Maybe you were singin' a mammy song, but it sounded like a load o' beef to me."

"I just hate to see you shake your sugar around to sweeten another guy's racket," the Whining Kid explained. "Stick to the horses—that's your game."

"The horses are the hardest," Smiling Jimmie said flippantly. "I can beat them, I can beat anything."

"Them's words!" the Whining Kid said scornfully.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "How 'bout that story about me Mr. Jason printed in his paper down in Baltimore las' spring? Didn't it say in it ——"

"About you!" the Whining Kid interrupted bitterly. "You must o' read that story with one eye shut!"

"Well, about us," Smiling Jimmie made reluctant amendment.

"Sure I remember! I wouldn't forget it, would I?"

"Didn't it say in there that any guy could skin by at my racket could make good at anything if he tried hard enough?"

"He said that about me too," the Whining Kid said.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "Well, that just goes to show you can't believe everything you read in the newspapers. . . . Let's eat."

The scene, Havre de Grace during the fall meet. On the back stretch of the track. Dusk. A ring of swipes and exercise boys shooting crap at the end of a stable. A few yards distant, the French Kitchen. A one-story frame building where plenty of good food was available cheap to trainers, exercise boys, jocks, swipes, owners and any hustlers and race players not too fastidious for wooden benches, plain pine tables and waiters in shirt sleeves.

Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid entered the unpainted barnlike room, hung their hats on nails in the wall and sat side by side on a wooden bench at one of the long tables.

Across from them, Jed Hanley, the trainer. At Jed's side a girl—young, slim, blond, pretty, dressed in bright-colored

(Continued on Page 44)

Model 8-90
Four Door Sedan
125" wheel base
$1495

Why Pay More For A Six Than For This Straight Eight?

The flow of smooth, flexible power possible only with a Straight Eight motor approximates the evenness of steam and electricity. This elastic power, of tremendous reserve, results from the continuous over-lapping of the power impulses . . . no intermissions, no jerks!

No matter how fine a body a car may have, the kind of transportation it renders is dependent upon the motor. It is obvious therefore that the Straight Eight motor makes possible a finer vehicle . . . quicker acceleration; freedom from ordinary driving worries; less shifting of gears; hills in high; effortless efficiency and inherent strength and reserve to stand up and endure longer. Also an economy of operation that shames the larger Sixes. When such desirable qualities as these are offered in a big, fine, roomy, four door sedan for $1495 it is no wonder that thousands refuse to pay more for less.

Lycoming motor; strongest frame under any car; 125" wheelbase; more horsepower than any other stock car per size; dual carburetion; dual manifold; Bohnalite steel strut pistons; thermostatic heat control; cam and lever steering; Bijur chassis lubrication; four wheel, hydraulic internal expanding brakes; four hydraulic shock absorbers; Brewster non-glare windshield; starter button on dash panel; luxura type upholstery springs and genuine curled hair.

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of Aviation is vital to American progress

6-80 Sedan $1095; 6-80 Sport Sedan $995; 6-80 Cabriolet $1095; 6-80 Victoria $1095; 8-90 Sedan $1495; 8-90 Sport Sedan $1395; 8-90 Speedster $1495; 8-90 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 8-90 Cabriolet $1495; 8-90 Victoria $1495; 8-90 7-Passenger Sedan $1595; 120 Sedan $1895; 120 Sport Sedan $1795; 120 Speedster $1895; 120 Phaeton Sedan $2095; 120 Cabriolet $1895; 120 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Ind. *Equipment other than standard extra.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 42)

sport things. As much out of place in that rough track dining room as a man in full evening dress at the wheel of a working garbage truck.

Jed Hanley smiled and nodded to the pair as they sat down opposite him. The girl stared at them wide-eyed, frankly interested.

"How'd you do today, boys?" Hanley inquired.

"Mexican stand-off," said Smiling Jimmie. "Lost some money, but got away alive."

"This is my niece, Miss Duncan," Hanley introduced the blond flapper at his side. "Elsie, the young man on the right, who looks as though he'd just heard a good joke, is Smiling Jimmie McCann. The one with the sour pan is Mr. Sharkey Tyler. Take one good look at that dried pickle mug o' his an' you won't have to ask me why we call him the Whinin' Kid."

"Aw, lay off me, will you?" the Whining Kid begged.

"Why, Uncle Jed!" the girl exclaimed in a high slidy voice. "Aren't you mean!"

The Whining Kid looked up, met her eyes and managed a caricature of a grin.

"Look!" Hanley cried, pointing. "He's tryin' to smile! Ain't that what he's tryin' to do, Jimmie? Sure it is! Lay anybody ten to one he don't make it!"

"You're right," Jimmie agreed excitedly, staring at the Whining Kid. "He's tryin' to smile. Easy, Kid! Don't break anything."

"Don't strain too hard the first time," Hanley advised earnestly. "Work up to it gradual."

"Aw!" said the Whining Kid miserably.

"Now, uncle, I think you're mean! I do so. Don't you let them tease you, Mr. Tyler."

The Whining Kid's doleful features strove mightily against the habit of a lifetime—and won. He smiled—actually smiled!

"The year o' the big wind!" Smiling Jimmie said solemnly, looking amazed at the unfamiliar expression on his partner's face. "All signs fail an' the jumpers run to form. Do you see the same thing I do, Mr. Hanley?"

"He did it!" Jed Hanley admitted. "Smiled right out loud in public an' didn't bleed a drop."

"I got to hand it to you, Miss Duncan," Smiling Jimmie declared. "You've hung up a record."

Miss Duncan turned her big baby-blue eyes full on Jimmie, and that young man's heart suddenly reared and bucked in his breast. "I lost today too," she pouted prettily. "Doesn't it just make you frothy?"

"Drop much?" Smiling Jimmie asked, dizzy with bewilderment at the unwonted emotions stirring him.

"I should say I did!" she exclaimed, a note of tender sorrow in her voice. "Six dollars!"

Hanley laughed. "My niece ain't been around the track before," he explained. "Her mother thinks a horseman is somethin' that comes out o' the ocean when they drag in the nets. She's runnin' around over in Europe this year, though, an' Elsie talked her dad into lettin' her come down an' go through the Maryland meet with me. She's gettin' a great kick out of it."

"My Niece Ain't Been Around the Track Before," He Explained. "Her Mother Thinks a Horseman is Somethin' That Comes Out o' the Ocean When They Drag In the Nets"

"Oh, I think it's just too fascinating for words!" Miss Duncan burbled. "Isn't this just the darlingest place to eat? These rough tables and all these queer funny men in shirt sleeves and overalls and everything."

Her words were not whispered. All the queer funny men in shirt sleeves and overalls and everything heard them. A muffled ripple of laughter ran over the room. A red of embarrassment showed in Hanley's cheeks.

"And those perfectly adorable little boys who ride the horses!" Miss Duncan gushed on. "Aren't they the sweetest things?"

Old Man Gallagher, four feet ten in height, a hundred and two pounds without diet or road work, and forty-seven years on earth, thirty-one of them spent in the saddle as a race rider, and still booting them in, choked on a piece of pie, rose hurriedly from a near-by table and left the place, a spasm of near hysteria twitching his wrinkled leathery features.

"You don't want to fall for any o' them jocks," the Whining Kid said anxiously. "They're a tough lot o' monkeys. Most of 'em's married too."

"Married!" she exclaimed. "Those little boys? Oh, now you're teasing me. What do you do, Mr. Tyler?"

"Me?" said the Whining Kid. "Why, I —— Nothin' much."

"They're both hustlers, Elsie," Hanley said rather shortly.

"Oh!" said Elsie, round-eyed. "You take care of the horses?"

"Hustlers," Hanley corrected her, "not hostlers. They don't take care of any horses. They're too busy tryin' to make the horses take care o' them."

Elsie radioed her bewilderment with an appealing dumb expression.

"They play 'em," Hanley explained. "Just hang around and bet."

"Gamblers!" she exclaimed rapturously. "How stunning! I've always wanted to meet a gambler."

"You want to look out for 'em," the Whining Kid warned her. "They're a hard mob."

"Hard!" she cooed incredulously, bombarding the Whining Kid with her baby stare. "You, Mr. Tyler? I don't believe it."

"Well, some of 'em's all right," the Whining Kid mumbled, flushing.

"Ain't mentionin' any names are you, Kid?" Smiling Jimmie taunted.

Miss Duncan dizzied him with a direct look. "It must be just devastating to be a gambler," she said. "A real one, I mean, like you. Tell me, do you know which horses are going to win, or do you just guess?"

"Twenty to One!" Miss Duncan Exclaimed. "I Never Can Get it Straight! Does That Mean That I Get Twenty Dollars for a Two-Dollar Ticket or ——"

Hanley and his niece were stopping at the Bayside Hotel in Havre de Grace. Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid rode with them the two miles to town in Hanley's sedan and bade them good night in front of the little cottage on a quiet street in which they shared a room. When the machine drove away the two stood on the sidewalk in the dark, watching the receding tail light until it disappeared.

(Continued on Page 170)

HARRIS AND EWING

G. M. Williams, President, Marmon Motor Car Company, who inaugurated the straight-eight policy at Marmon and under whose direction the present Marmon and Roosevelt lines have been built.

MARMON & ROOSEVELT

G. M. WILLIAMS and his associates at Marmon saw more than four years ago the straight-eight as the new and more modern type of transportation . . . In 1927 Marmon produced its first straight-eight and early in 1928 introduced the present Marmon 68 and 78. With these two straight-eights of moderate price Marmon has earned the greatest success in its long history. Marmon business last year was nearly double any previous volume.

With this success firmly established around the straight-eight, Marmon today makes a new move of far-reaching importance . . . This new Marmon development is the Roosevelt—the world's first straight-eight under $1000. A full account of this new Marmon-built car is found on the next pages of this publication.

The new Roosevelt is a companion car to the present Marmon 68 and 78—rounding out the Marmon policy of providing outstanding straight-eight transportation for every purse. The "68" and "78" and the Roosevelt are on display at all Marmon establishments.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Prices—Marmon 78, $1965. Marmon 68, $1465; Roosevelt, $995; Prices at factory. Wire wheels and group equipment extra.

MARMON

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF G. M. WILLIAMS

THE NEW MARMON 68 THE NEW ROOSEVELT
THE NEW MARMON 78

The World's first STRAIGHT EIGHT under $1000 the Roosevelt

MANY authorities in the industry have predicted it. Several manufacturers have contemplated it . . . It remained for Marmon actually to do it —a straight-eight to sell under $1000

America's most progressive industry again turns a new corner. Once again precedent is swept aside and a new accomplishment comes to light—a straight-eight under $1000 has become an actuality.

The name of this new car is the Roosevelt, and in the spirit of that great name it is intended that this be "a car for all."

Were the Roosevelt merely another four or six, it would not be highly important. But it is a straight-eight, and at the Roosevelt price it demands consideration as one of the outstanding achievements in the entire history of the industry.

Straight-Eight Concentration

But how, it might be asked, can Marmon build a straight-eight at this price? The answer to that is *concentration*. For more than two years now Marmon has devoted its entire activities to the straight-eight. No other types are built. The major goal to all Marmon effort has been to make the straight-eight a practical, economical and long-lived car for all to enjoy.

Design has been simplified—the number of parts reduced—with the result that the Roosevelt straight-eight can be built by Marmon to be sold at a price approximating the average six.

Ideal Manufacturing Facilities

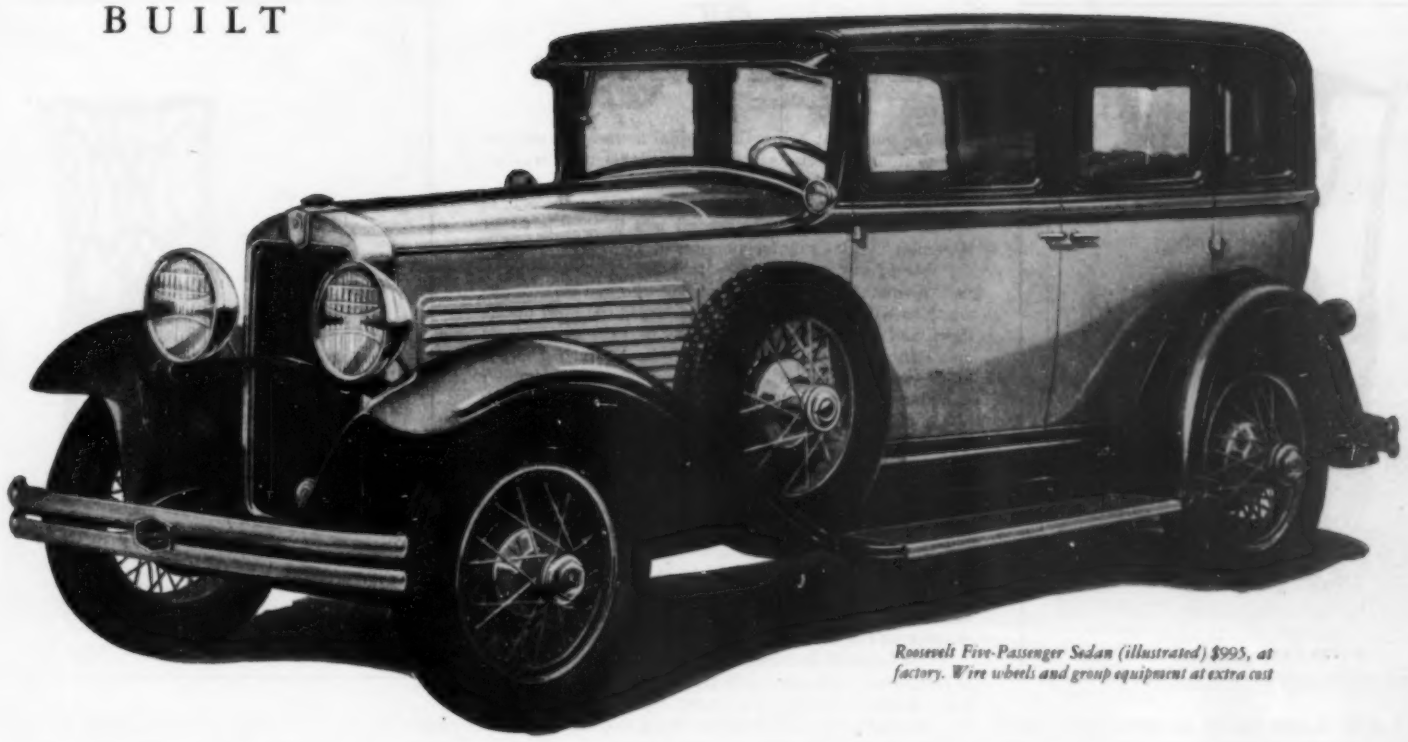
Furthermore, the Roosevelt has back of it ideal manufacturing facilities. There are no old tools. Everything in the Marmon-Roosevelt plant is new and modern. Every known device contributing to economical and efficient production has been thought out and applied.

Were the Roosevelt the first straight-eight Marmon had ever built, it most assuredly would not be possible at this price. But, as pointed out before, Marmon has had the experience—that's the important thing.

There can be no doubt but that the Roosevelt will establish a new and higher standard of value. Nowhere else in the world has so fine an automobile been offered at or near the $1000 figure.

In order to place the full details before you, we publish herewith some of the specific features. After reading, if you are interested, you are invited to drive the Roosevelt —which is now on display at all Marmon establishments.

MARMON BUILT



Roosevelt Five-Passenger Sedan (illustrated) $995, at factory. Wire wheels and group equipment at extra cost

INTERESTING ROOSEVELT FEATURES

STRAIGHT EIGHT MOTOR — 70 HORSEPOWER

TYPICAL MARMON EASY RIDING QUALITY

"HIGH FREQUENCY" MODULATOR

"SINGLE BUTTON" CONTROL

THERMOSTATIC COOLING — FORCE FEED LUBRICATION

LOW, SWEEPING, MODERN LINES

A NEW CAR FOR ALL

70 Horsepower Straight-Eight Engine of the simple, dependable L-head type, incorporating many proved advancements. It develops maximum power (in excess of 70) with unbelievable smoothness and without wear and tear on the bearings because of the lightness of the individual impulses. This means extremely long life. The bore and stroke is 2¾ x 4¼ inches. The displacement is 201.9 cubic inches. The S. A. E. rating (for licence purposes) is 24.2.

Unusually Easy Riding—Marmon engineers have long had the reputation of producing cars of unusual riding ease. This new Roosevelt is no exception. The spring suspension is of the semi-elliptic type with extra-long springs (80 per cent of the wheelbase) with self-adjusting tapered spring shackles which remain permanently quiet.

Enclosed Four-Wheel Brakes of the positive, dependable mechanical type.

Cam and Lever Steering which provides extreme ease of steering with great steadiness at high speeds. The steering wheel is of large circumference (18-inch diameter), with small grip of the most modern construction.

Adjustable Steering Column—To suit the comfort and convenience of the individual driver.

A Vibrationless Motor—The slightest trace of vibration is eliminated by means of a "high frequency" modulator. This device, developed and patented by Marmon engineers, stops crankshaft vibration at its source and produces a previously unattained smoothness.

Full Pressure Lubrication of the type commonly found only in cars of much higher price. This system, which forces oil to every rotating part, makes possible high sustained speed with much less chance of injury to the motor.

Thermostatic Cooling—A thermostat between the engine and radiator permits the engine quickly to reach its most efficient operating temperature. Ample cooling for the long, hard grind or for desert driving is provided by an extra large radiating surface and a five-gallon cooling capacity. The cylinder block is water jacketed the full length of piston travel.

Clean, Even Firing—The Roosevelt engine is equipped with the famous Marmon duplex down-draft manifold by means of which the gas is fed to each of the eight cylinders with all the simplicity of a four-cylinder engine. This results in quick, easy starting, minimum back-firing, instantaneous throttle response and a constant, even flow of power.

Shimless Bearings—An example of superior construction and a factor of long life made possible by Marmon precision methods.

Permite Pistons—Combining the long-wearing qualities of cast iron and the lightness of aluminum. They resist carbon deposit and dissipate heat rapidly.

Double Roller Chain—The camshaft drive is by double roller chain, a new advancement in quietness, durability and freedom from adjustment.

4-Point Engine Mounting adds to the rigidity of body and hood and prevents radiator shimmy.

Three-Unit Electrical System—The starter, generator and distributor are separate units, each operating independently of the other. Experienced motorists prefer this system because any possible generator trouble does not prevent the car from functioning.

"Single Button" Control—A single button at the top of the steering column controls starting and lighting (bright, dim or parking) as well as serving as a horn button. This new device, as easily operated as the dial on a radio, is one of the most appreciated refinements in motor car operation in recent years.

Complete Instruments—Speedometer, gas gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter and new type coil lock are symmetrically arranged in a beautifully designed group on the instrument board and provided with indirect lighting.

New Coil Type Lock—The coil is located on the back side of the instrument board in unit with the ignition lock rather than on the cylinder block. This arrangement, which prevents re-wiring, deprives the automobile thief of his one most effective method.

Luxurious Interiors—Davenport cushion springs, broadcloth upholstery, unusual two-tone hardware, curtains in both rear and rear quarter windows, arm rests, robe rail, foot rest and garnish mouldings of refreshing design contribute to luxurious comfort and good taste.

Chromium Plating—Radiator, lamps and other bright metal parts are chromium plated instead of nickel, which prevents tarnish or spotting.

Steel Running Boards—The running boards are of heavy steel rather than wood (an important safety feature).

Double Cowl Ventilators placed on top of the cowl, one on either side—a new note in design as well as a highly appreciated factor in driver-comfort.

Four Body Styles—Five-Passenger Four-Door Sedan (illustrated above), Victoria Coupe for four passengers, Two-Passenger Coupe with rumble seat, and Two-Passenger Collapsible Coupe, with rumble seat.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Roosevelt Division
INDIANAPOLIS • INDIANA

ANTIQUES IN LONDON

By
Edwin Lefèvre

LOANED TO THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM BY MISS ELLA PARSONS
A 1770 Chippendale Chair
PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA

THE English dealers are not above improving pieces to enhance their commercial value—which is a common practice in America. I happened to be speaking about this bad habit with an English friend who is a famous collector.

"Oh, yes. It is done. A short time ago an American friend brought me a photograph of a very fine Chippendale commode which had been offered to him for £2500. The dealer told him that it had actually cost him more than £4000, but that he had had the piece a long time and so much money was locked up in it that he preferred to sell it at a considerable loss rather than keep it any longer.

"I at once recognized the piece as having been sold at a well-known sale about six months before. I could corroborate the price given for it, but at the same time I knew that the original commode was at that moment in the States in a private collection. It could not be in London. What then? I made careful inquiry and I was not surprised to find that the piece offered to my friend was also a fine Chippendale commode, but it had been carved up by a London carver, well-known to the trade, to make it identical with the still more valuable piece which it represented itself to be—the piece for which £4000 had indeed been paid. Needless to say, my friend did not buy it, as it was not worth much more than half what was asked for it. This was not a case of making a good piece out of a poor one, but of making a very good piece into a costlier one."

King James' Wassail Bowl

THOUGH as a rule I found the English dealers generally to be better informed than ours, I heard enough stories of their mistakes to convince me that antiques, like other diseases, must have specialists. A well-known London collector saw in the galleries of one of the leading firms in London what he was told was a wassail bowl and cover. The price was £250, but before deciding to buy, the collector decided to seek advice. I don't know whether he sought it from more than one person, but he asked Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig, the author of Armorial Porcelain of the Eighteenth Century, whose knowledge of heraldry is well-known. The silver collector described the piece in detail—it was heavily mounted around the rim with silver and had a solid silver base. He said that the dealer thought it was probably Georgian. Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig pointed out that wassail bowls were older. From the description he thought that the piece should be of an earlier date, but without actually seeing it, no opinion of any value could be given.

That ended the matter so far as seeking expert advice went. The collector a few days later sailed for New York. While there, he could not help thinking about his wassail bowl, regretting that he had not bought it, and working himself up to such a pitch that he cabled the London dealer an offer somewhat below the original figure. He suffered the penitent collector's tortures until his offer was accepted, also by cable.

The first thing he did on his return to London was to get his wassail bowl. The second was to take it to Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig for an opinion.

"When I saw it," the expert told me, "I at once identified the maker's mark as that of one who had been silversmith to King James II. We then turned the bowl upside down and on the base found a very beautifully engraved and elaborate royal coat of arms. As the arms bore a label—which is the mark of difference of an eldest son—I was able to identify the bowl as having been the property of the eldest son of James II, who subsequently became the Old Pretender.

"Again, it had a coronet over the arms, which was that of a royal duke and not of a Prince of Wales. Now, the eldest son of the King of England is born Duke of Cornwall, but he is not created Prince of Wales until some time afterward. It therefore proved that the bowl was engraved during the first six months of the Old Pretender's existence, which made it a reasonable conclusion that it was either a baptismal gift or even perhaps his actual christening bowl.

"Now James II fled from England on the twenty-second of December, 1688, leaving Whitehall by means of a small boat, in which he carried as many valuables as possible. This wassail bowl—which stands about two feet six inches high and is about two feet in circumference—was probably much too heavy to take and consequently must have been left behind. It was probably looted, along with other things, by the people who remained at the palace. On looking at it one day in a good light, I saw a kind of painted or faded inscription round the side which I was able to decipher as follows: Ex dono Roberti Mynors 1693. I hunted up this gentleman through my books of reference and found that he was a brother-in-law of the auditor to James II, and that, curiously enough, his own eldest son was baptized in that year. This may merely have been a coincidence, but, on the other hand, it might suggest that the bowl also served as a christening bowl for his son."

Engraved by Mary Queen of Scots

IF THE dealer who owned the bowl had known this, he would not have sold a Georgian (?) wassail bowl (?) for £200. And to show what expert knowledge of heraldry can do for a lover of antiques, a well-known London dealer told me that a few months ago he bought in Sotheby's Rooms an old window about three feet high by eighteen inches wide, on which Mary Queen of Scots was supposed to have engraved her name and a date with her diamond ring. As it bore some coat of arms, he was wise enough also to seek Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig and asked him to try to prove its history. Tudor-Craig did so, and the result was one of the romances of the trade that year.

In the top half there was a piece of stained glass representing a knight on horseback, with a small coat of arms in the corner. The expert was able to identify the arms as those of the Benedictine Abbey of Burton, in Herefordshire, which was founded in the twelfth century by Wulfric Spot, a well-known knight of that period. It was therefore evident that the knight on horseback represented that person and that this particular piece of glass formed a part of the original glass of the abbey. At the base of the window were three little diamond panes, the center one being that which was engraved by the queen's ring, the one on the left bearing a crest and the one on the right a coat of arms. These Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig identified as the armorial bearings of Thomas Lord Paget. When he hunted up Thomas, he found Burton Abbey had been granted to the first Lord Paget on its dissolution by Henry VIII. Further, that Thomas, the third Lord Paget, had been found to be in secret communication with Mary Queen of Scots, on account of which he fled the country and his estates were forfeited to Queen Elizabeth. They were then given to her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, and it is recorded that on her way to Fotheringay Castle, where she spent the last hours of her life, Queen Mary stayed for three days at Burton Manor. It was evident that during that time she must have engraved the small pane of glass. This occurred in 1586, which was the date shown on the window. Thomas, the fourth Lord Paget, was restored to his estates in 1600 and it is probable that he then added the two small panes of glass bearing his arms, on each side of the pane engraved by the queen.

FROM THE JOHN G. JOHNSON COLLECTION
A Mahogany Chair, English, Circa 1755

These facts, brought to light by a specialist, not only greatly enhanced the commercial value of the window but imparted to it an interest it had not possessed before. It pays to know.

Of course there is the other side. Twenty-five years ago one of the best-known art dealers in London was on very friendly terms with a great American painter. One day the world-famous artist decided to do a portrait of his friend. He did and the portrait had a sensational success. Everywhere it was acclaimed as a marvelous exhibition of technical dexterity as well as a masterpiece of psychological insight. This work is the property of the British nation and hangs in the National Gallery in London. The painter was anxious to do justice to his friend and to himself, but with the best intentions in the world the sitter made the work very difficult, because he was so devoted to the great painter that all the artist could see was the loyal friend and not the shrewd dealer, the man of imagination, boldness and financial sagacity. He could not get a really characteristic likeness. One day when the artist was almost ready to admit defeat, he had a flash of inspiration.

"I say, old chap," he said, his eyes on his sitter's face, "I have just come into some money from a relative and I don't know how to invest it. What do you think I ought to do with my legacy?"

The Dealer Passes By

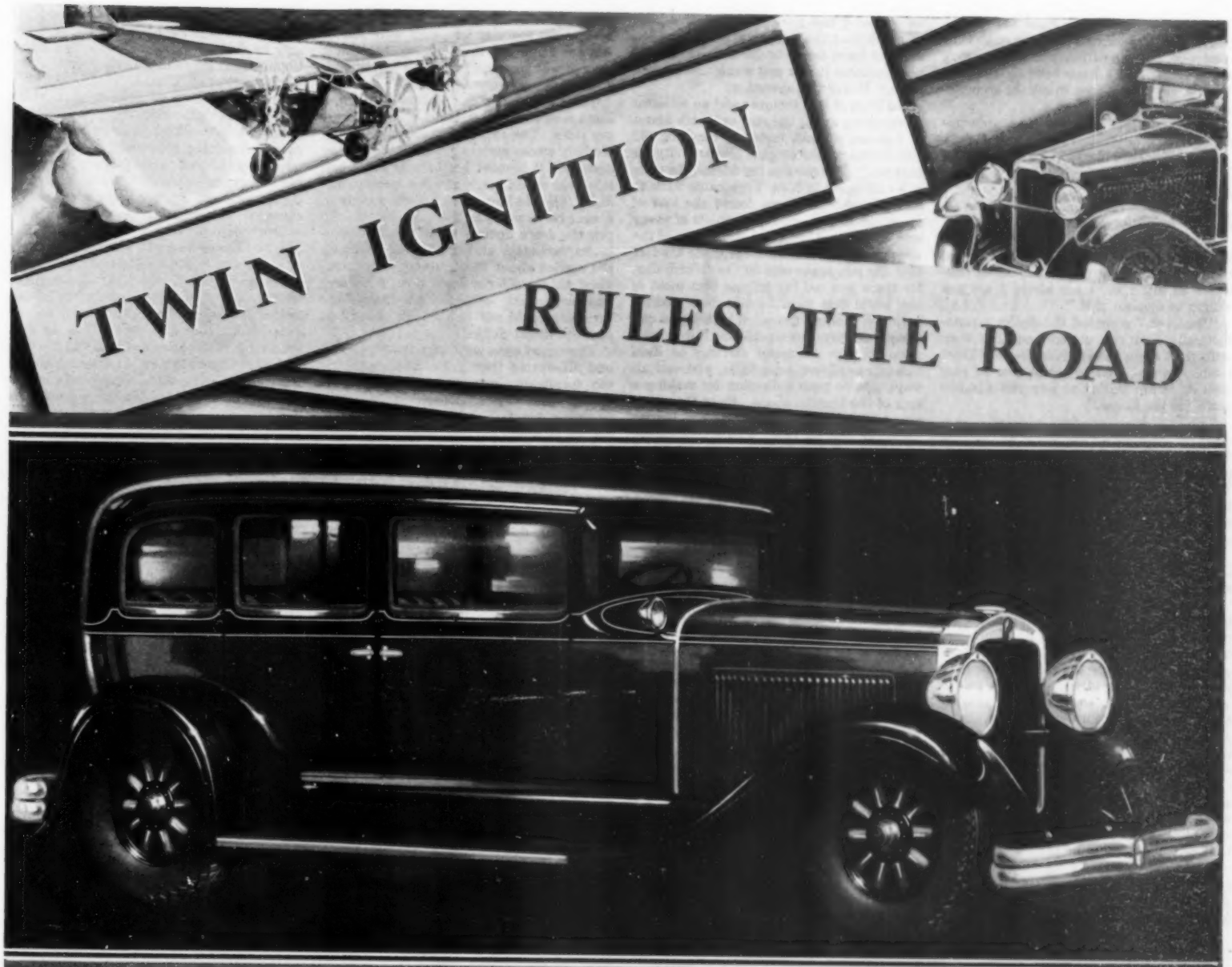
IT WORKED! The dealer's face ceased to be the face of a friend and took on the more habitual look of the keen-eyed descendant of a line of money experts, the look of the great art dealer when he was all dealer. It was the look the painter wished to see. The rest was easy. The result was one of the world's masterpieces of portraiture. The story I heard concerned this dealer. It was told me by a friend who had it from Dr. J. J. Howard Maltravers, Herald Extraordinary, some years ago.

The great London dealer was walking through Brunswick Square in Brighton, the famous resort. In the window of one of the houses he saw a vase in which there was an ordinary aspidistra plant. Remember, one look at the window as he passed by.

He stopped, rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, asked to see the owner. Presently an old gentleman, evidently more than seventy years old, made his appearance.

"I must apologize, sir," the dealer said with great deference, "for my intrusion; but I should like to explain to

(Continued on Page 50)

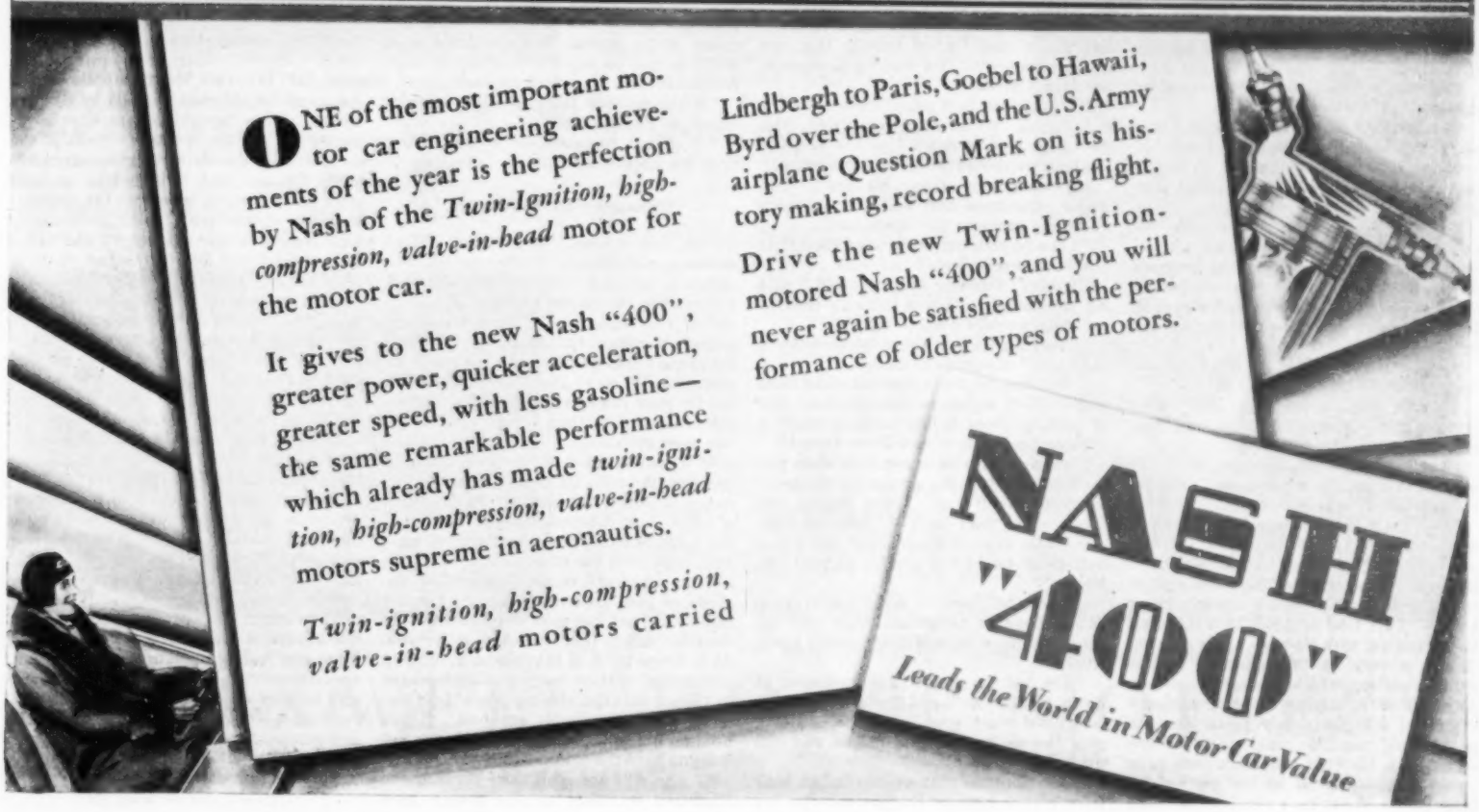


ONE of the most important motor car engineering achievements of the year is the perfection by Nash of the *Twin-Ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head* motor for the motor car.

It gives to the new Nash "400", greater power, quicker acceleration, greater speed, with less gasoline—the same remarkable performance which already has made *twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head* motors supreme in aeronautics.

Twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head motors carried Lindbergh to Paris, Goebel to Hawaii, Byrd over the Pole, and the U.S. Army airplane Question Mark on its history making, record breaking flight.

Drive the new Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", and you will never again be satisfied with the performance of older types of motors.



(Continued from Page 48)

you that I have taken a great fancy to your residence. The position and the outlook are exactly what I have been looking for. That is why I ventured to ask for an interview with you."

"Oh, yes?" said the old man noncommittally.

"Yes. I should like to know if you would be willing to sell the freehold—at your own price, of course."

The old gentleman had by this time recovered from his astonishment.

"My dear sir," he told his visitor, "I have lived here for the past forty years and I am not prepared to be transplanted elsewhere at my age. I am afraid I am not willing to dispose of it."

"Quite so," assented the dealer sympathetically. "I can understand that very well. But when I saw this residence I knew I must be prepared to tempt you to part with it. I am willing to pay you £10,000 down for the house."

"Eh?"

"Yes; £10,000 for the house, on the condition that everything in it except your personal belongings is included in the sale." The house was not worth £5000 and the owner knew it. But being English, he had made up his mind that no man of his age should be asked to change abode.

"I think you offer more than the value of my residence, but I am not in need of the money and I must decline to sell."

"Quite so," acquiesced the dealer, who understood. "Yes." He then produced his check book and said, with an apologetic air: "Do you know, sir, I have really such a fancy to your house that I am prepared to increase my offer. It is too much to ask you, at your age, to change to another house. Knowing your objection, I will pay £15,000—£1500 down and the remainder on the signing of a simple undertaking to make over the house and its contents."

The old gentleman stared at his visitor in astonishment. It was nearly four times what the house was worth. He couldn't speak. The visitor went on so deferentially that no offense could be taken:

"Perhaps, sir, you would like a day to consider my offer? If agreeable to you I shall return tomorrow morning for your answer."

Buying a House to Get a Vase

With that the dealer bowed and left the house, while the old man stared blankly after him.

The next morning the dealer turned up punctually.

"I hope, sir," he said to the owner, "that you have decided to accept my offer."

"Yes, I have thought about it, and in justice to my children I must accept your offer."

"Thanks," said the dealer. He instantly produced from his pocket a typewritten agreement which he had prepared for the owner's signature. The old gentleman read it carefully twice, and signed it. Immediately the dealer handed him a check for £15,000.

"Will you allow me to see what the contents of the house consist of, sir?"

The old man escorted the new owner through the house. When he had seen everything in it the dealer said:

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir." He walked over to the window and removed the aspidistra from the vase.

"Sir," he said to the owner, "I hope you will not leave for a week or two. If you find you are greatly attached to this residence I shall be glad to sell you the house and its contents for £2000. This is the only thing I want. I am very happy to have it." And he walked out with the vase under his arm. It was a very fine specimen of ancient Roman pottery which the dealer—a man with a trained eye and accurate knowledge—afterward sold for nearly twice what he paid the old man. He could not have made an offer for the vase without arousing the owner's suspicion. If he had offered too little he would not have obtained it. Had he offered a fair price it would have been so much that the owner would have taken steps to learn from outside sources exactly how valuable it was and would have asked more. Hence the operation.

No lover of fine antiques and no collector of anything under the sun can walk about in London without instantly recalling old Blücher's articulate sigh: "What a city for plunder." The phrases my friend, the glass collector, used in New York came back to me. Here, indeed, one found the loot of every conquered nation, the spoils of every war, the pick of the great collections of the wide world. The shops megaphone the fact that the sun never sets on the British flag, for there you see the tribute that most of the world has paid to the first creditor nation of modern times. Whether you collect period furniture or china or Babylonian antiquities or Etruscan earrings or Zulu assagais or Greek sculptures, you can always add to your collection by making a tour of the London shops. Even the greatest of all collectors in history, the British Museum, can do this. England collected colonies, and Englishmen collected whatever the world had that was worth possessing. The Roman Cæsars or Napoleon's marshals never gathered up so much treasure as the English collectors have since they discovered how much can be done with the pound sterling.

Enough to Pay Death Duties

On our first stroll out of our hotel on our first day in London, I saw on a news stand a copy of an English magazine devoted to old furniture. I bought it, opened it and saw a picture of a magnificent Queen Anne armchair in richly figured walnut—one of a set of six singles and two arms that, at a recent auction sale, had established a new high-record price.

We decided to go at once to the shop where the eight chairs were. We saw them. They were of exceptional beauty, the finest I had ever seen.

"How much?" I naturally asked.

"Seven thousand pounds," answered the dealer, his eyes hopefully fixed on me. All Americans abroad are really stage Yankees—curious folk capable of any eccentricity of dress, behavior, speech and taste, so that no European is able to tell which of them is not rich enough to pay any price for anything he sets his heart on having.

The price—$35,000 for eight chairs—left me so undisturbed facially that the dealer perked up. Not wishing to discourage him, I asked:

"Is that your best price?"

"Oh, yes. We have only one price. You see, those cost so much that the profit is less than we should get on our investment."

My companion shook his head. The dealer, who knew him well from previous visits and previous purchases, said:

"I assure you, our profit is so small that it would surprise you."

"I wasn't thinking of your profit," said my companion. "I was thinking that no set of eight chairs is worth $35,000."

"There isn't a finer set of Queen Anne in existence," objected the dealer.

"That may be, but it does not make them worth £7000 any more than the finest pair of walking shoes in the world is worth a thousand guineas. Who will buy them?"

"Oh, sir, the price is not high when you consider quality! We always sell whatever is exceptionally fine. I was hoping you would take them back to America with you. You have so many other fine pieces that these would add greatly to your collection."

"I have no place for eight Queen Anne chairs, however exceptional they may be. You may have to hold these chairs a bit, what?"

"Yes, but the price will go up instead of down, because we'll add the interest on the cost price every year." At the end of a year the chairs were still unsold and still quoted at $35,000.

It so happened that we lunched an hour later with a famous English expert. We naturally spoke about the chairs, and then he told the story of how they were found. His narrative was illuminating, because it showed what can easily happen in England, and less easily everywhere else.

They were found in a cathedral town, a short motor ride from London, as we measure rides. The expert was called on by an old lady whose manner plainly revealed her distress. It seemed her brother, who had inherited an old house and its contents, had died. The old lady, who lived modestly in a near-by town, was the sole heiress. To pay the death duties—what we call the inheritance taxes—and some small charities, she needed about £600. She had been advised to consult the local firm of valuers and auctioneers. She wished to know if the furniture could not be sold for enough to pay the death duties.

The expert went with her to the old house and discovered that it was filled with fine old furniture; among other things, the Queen Anne chairs. The old woman was studying his face with evident anxiety, fearing he would say the value of the household goods would not be sufficient for her needs. One reason was that time after time the expert gasped and shook his head incredulously. At length, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she asked:

"Oh, sir, do you think they might fetch £600?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the expert.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Six hundred pounds?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Who will give £600 for the furniture?"

"I would be willing to pay that," he said.

"You will buy it?"

"No. I didn't say I would buy it. I said I would be willing to pay that much. It should be sold at auction."

"But if you will give £600, what is the need of an auction? Give me the £600 and take the furniture."

"Oh, no!" he said decisively. Her face dropped.

"I could give you £600, but I won't," said the expert.

She looked more distressed than ever.

"I won't," he went on, "because I know you will get many times £600 at auction."

She did not quite believe it, but she left it to him to do as he thought best. She could not help herself. It was just as well that she was dealing with a reputable expert, for at the sale the contents of the house of the woman who could not raise $3000 in cash to pay the inheritance taxes fetched several times that amount.

"What do you think of that story?" asked our English friend.

"It sounds too good to be true. That does not happen often."

Unsuspected Treasures

"Oh, but it does," he retorted. "Two weeks ago at Totton, in Hampshire, two portraits were put up for sale from a poor residence in the neighborhood. It was expected that these would fetch about ten pounds sterling. But what do you think happened? The paintings turned out to be portraits of George and Martha Washington by your Rembrandt Peale, and at the sale brought more than £2000. The money was most welcome."

In London, much more easily than in America, the collector is quite likely to find pieces of historic interest, the authenticity of which cannot be questioned. The country is full of old homes where records have been kept with the utmost care. You can pick up what you require yourself, in the shops, or you can order it, for the London dealers will get you anything you wish. If they haven't it they will find it for you. Each keeps track of rare pieces in his own line, and all of them carry on their books or in their minds the abiding place of no end of all sorts of valuable antiques. If you need an unusual piece you can always get it if you have the price. Many private persons who will not send their furniture to Christie's or other auction rooms have quietly informed reputable dealers that their prized possessions are for sale—preferably to rich Americans. And as an educational center for collectors there isn't a city in the world like it.

In the opinion of collectors, nothing ranks much higher than fine china, and in china it is difficult to conceive of anything more interesting to collect than what is popularly known as Chinese Armorial. No one can see it without being impressed by its inherent aristocracy, not alone because of the armorial bearings, which of course connote aristocratic lineage, but also because of its great beauty. Speaking of a London friend's collection, Sir Henry Farnham Burke, Garter King of Arms, has written that "to be personally conducted among his armorial porcelain is an unique experience. Not a piece but has its own special claim to notice—old tales of prowess in battle illustrated by Augmentations to Arms; specimens of the services of three or four generations of one family; old scandals recalled; old memories of noted men revived by racily narrated anecdotes; odd coincidences in matching up various items of one service—all combine to convince one that of all forms of china collecting, this particular branch is one of the most fascinating."

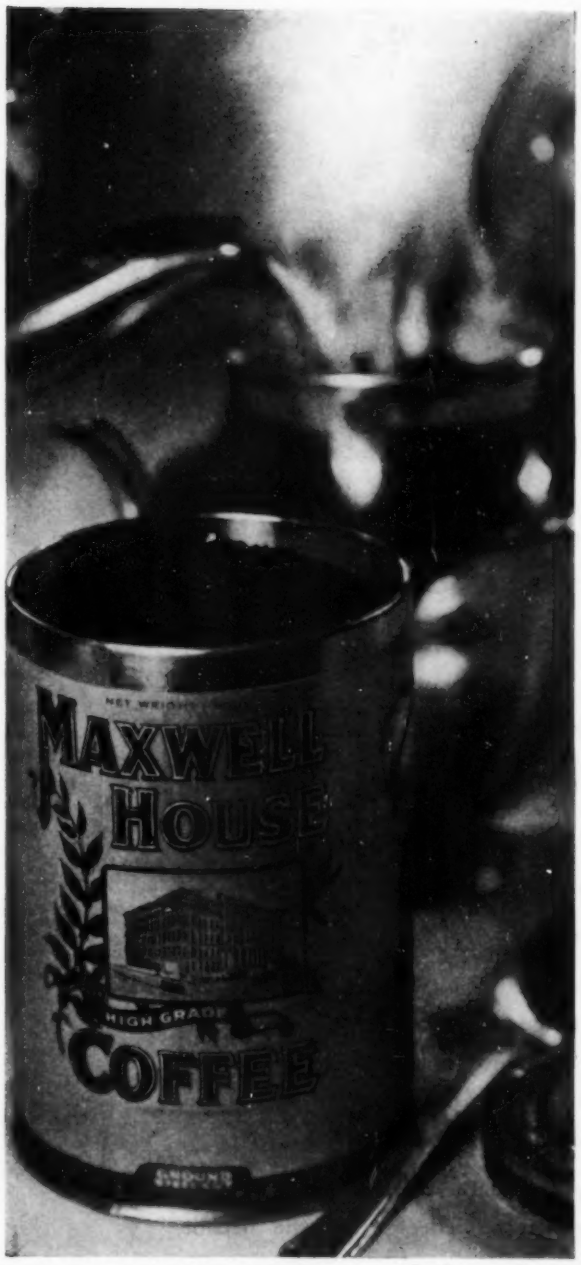
China Made in China

That it will never become a vulgar fad, in the sense that it will be collected by the ignorant, is certain. It is too beautiful and too high in price. But in the United States men who have collected other and less attractive things are turning to it. Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig, the authority, asserts that "even to this day many people believe armorial china to have been the product of the Lowestoft factory which flourished from 1757 to 1803, and many dealers in London and elsewhere still describe this ware as Lowestoft. But that these were popular fallacies is sufficiently proved by the armorial bearings themselves on the earlier pieces, indicating a date nearly fifty years antecedent to the foundation of the Lowestoft factory. Further than this, the Chinese porcelain is of hard paste, whereas the Lowestoft ware was of the usual English soft paste till 1777, when the Suffolk factory introduced a so-called invention of English hard paste."

In his work on Armorial Porcelain of the Eighteenth Century, Sir Algernon asserts that "the manufacture was almost exclusively Chinese, though the armorial designs, at any rate, were supplied from European countries and copied by Chinese artists, whose ingenuity generally is remarkable. All the ordinary details of the decoration in the earlier services are manifestly Chinese, but it is curious to note what peculiar errors creep into the armorial bearings themselves; more particularly with regard to the coloring of the arms. This is doubtless due to the fact that, as often as not, all the Chinese artist had to go on was an engraved bookplate, the tinctures being shown in the usual heraldic way by vertical, horizontal, or other lines, and perhaps also to the fact that the owner's knowledge of his own coat of arms was as hazy as that of the artist.

"There are several amusing instances of Chinese thoroughness; notably a particular service on every piece of which, under the arms, is the legend, These Are the Arms of Myself and My Wife, in a neat script, evidently an exact copy of the original drawing. Another service is said to bear the motto Stink and Stank, instead of the more correct Think and Thank; perhaps entirely due to the bad handwriting of the original artist. One can imagine the joy of the owners of these services on unpacking them and finding these unique inscriptions on every piece! The Bridgeman service is still another example of this kind, in that each piece is inscribed under the shield The Bridgeman Arms, suggestive of its manufacture for a public house rather than the noble one of Bradford.

(Continued on Page 60)



FOR A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE, *certain fundamental rules must be followed. It should* always be freshly made—*and served at once!* Have the pot very clean. *Nothing so spoils the exquisite flavor of coffee as a few stale grounds. Scrub the pot with clean, soapy water and a stiff brush, rinse,—scald and dry it thoroughly. Then with Maxwell House Coffee make the ideal drink for any occasion.*

There is a reason why it pleases so many DIFFERENT *people*

PEOPLE who live well are more exacting about their coffee, probably, than about any other one thing in the entire menu.

For this reason experienced hostesses give the coffee particular attention. For they know that poor coffee will not be overlooked—whereas, if the coffee is very good, it induces the genial mood in which a whole entertainment moves to success.

Eminent hostesses throughout the United States have found Maxwell House Coffee a "general favorite," pleasing men and women alike—coming to the most critical palate as an ever new and deeply satisfying experience.

For Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a rich, sparkling, mellow *blend.*

Years ago, down in Dixie, a gentleman bred in the South's traditions of good living, undertook to find the ideal coffee flavor. He was familiar with all the different kinds and grades of coffee grown, yet no one of them alone seemed to him quite perfect. So by patient testing, combining several types of coffee each selected for its special excellence, he created the *blend* which has become the most popular coffee in America.

The old Maxwell House in Nashville where this coffee got its first fame, was a celebrated rendezvous of the Old South. Here the beaux and belles of the South gathered at brilliant banquets and balls; here they entertained their most illustrious guests. "Good to the last drop," these guests pronounced the coffee, and wanted it to serve on their own tables at home.

Today throughout the length and breadth of the United States, Maxwell House Coffee is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. Your own grocer has it, attractively sealed in tin to preserve all its goodness and flavor.

"THE OLD COLONEL" *has lived to see the blend he created years ago become America's best liked coffee. Its rich mellow flavor, its life and sparkle, are appreciated by men and women alike. It is equally good served "black" or with milk or cream.*

TUNE IN ON "THE OLD COLONEL'S" CONCERT

Every Thursday evening the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra's brilliant program of music is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. "The Old Colonel" invites you to tune in on the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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Unique in the world's business history . . .

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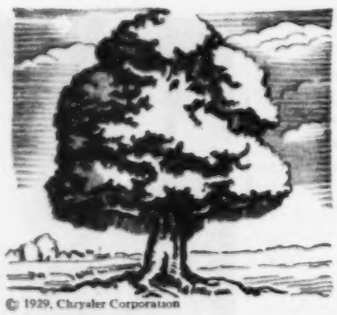

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All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

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EVERY fine thing you have ever associated with the dependability of Dodge Brothers and the genius of Walter P. Chrysler is incorporated in the Dodge Brothers Senior: ultra-modern style—charming new color themes—inviting interiors—unforgetable performance. It is an unprecedented automobile—first in fashion, foremost in quality, and rich in fine-car value. Those who know custom cars best are sincerest in their praise of the Dodge Brothers Senior. It is the largest, handsomest and most luxurious of all Dodge Brothers cars—and it is priced surprisingly low.

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THE LANDAU SEDAN *(wire wheels extra)*

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

HIRING THE NEW HELP

By Edward G. Lowry

THE first thing that any new head of a large concern has to do when he takes office is to look about him and determine how many of the old help he will retain and how many he will let go and replace with others. This is particularly true with a new President when he takes over the business of the Government of the United States. The office seeker as a pest and a burden and an intolerable trial to every new President has become a tradition in the United States.

The notion, as put into words in the days of Andrew Jackson, that "To the victor belong the spoils" became deeply rooted. It has not been wholly exterminated yet. The sentiment, however, and the belief do not obtain nearly so widely today as they did in the past. The believers in an organized Civil Service have gone a great way toward remedying that old situation. All the books on government and politics from the time of Washington to the time of Coolidge are filled with incidents and accounts of the trials every new President has had with office seekers.

When a friend made a personal appeal to George Washington to appoint a man whom Washington did not believe to be competent, the first President said to him: "My personal feelings have nothing to do with the case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington I would do this man any favor in my power. As President of the United States I can do nothing."

George William Curtis, one of the early and great Civil Service reformers, thought these words should blaze in gold over the doors of the White House. All the Presidents since Washington have met this pressure from the job hunters. President Jefferson, looking for vacancies to meet the demands of the hungry horde that confronted him, said of the men in government employ, "Few die and none resign."

Lincoln said to a visitor who came to the White House during the Civil War and commiserated with him on his trials and his burdens: "It isn't the war that is burdening me and killing me; it is your plagued Pepperton post office." I have found this remark quoted in a score of books on politics and government. Jackson and Lincoln, from all accounts, were more besought by office seekers than any other men who have been President of the United States. They were before the days of Civil Service reform. When the Administration passes from one political party to another the onrush of placemen is always heavier than when one Administration succeeds another of the same political faith. In recent years Cleveland and Wilson found this to be true.

Good Enough for Any Place

IN THE old days George III, a notable spoilsman himself, declared his conviction that "Every man is good enough for any place he can get." That belief is held now by a small minority.

Cleveland and Wilson, as Democratic Presidents, after long series of Republican Administrations, both went on strike against the harrying throngs that descended upon them in Washington. Both of them, early in their Administrations, locked their doors against and declined to see office seekers. Mr. Cleveland wrote a reverberating and sonorous letter about his burdens. He put his resentment against the trials inflicted upon him in these terms:

> It has become apparent, after two months' experience, that the rules heretofore promulgated regulating interviews with the President have wholly failed in their operation. The time which, under these rules, was set apart for the reception of senators and representatives has been almost entirely spent in listening to applications for office which have been bewildering in volume, perplexing and exhausting in their iteration, and impossible of remembrance. A due regard for public duty, which must be neglected if present conditions continue, and an observance of the limitations placed upon human endurance, oblige me to decline, from and after this date, all personal interviews with those seeking appointment to office, except as I, on my own motion, may especially invite them.

Mr. Wilson, who came into the White House with an avowed open-door policy, was compelled to announce soon after he came to Washington that he would not see office seekers. All applications for jobs were referred to the various departments of the Government under which the jobs fell. If a man wanted to be a consul or a minister or an ambassador, his papers were sent to the State Department. If he wanted to be an Indian agent, or go into a public-lands office, he was turned over to the Interior Department. If he wanted a customhouse job he was sent to the Treasury.

I have been about Washington since Roosevelt's day, observing the processes of Government and commenting upon them. I have seen Presidents dealing with office seekers for the past twenty-five years. My present purpose is to put a piece in the paper to tell how Herbert Hoover is preparing and is meeting the first wave of office seekers; but to understand the novelty, the freshness and the significance of his attitude, let us go back and see how some of his immediate predecessors faced the task.

Roosevelt, in the phrase made famous by Frank Munsey, "combined the best features of both"—that is, he made both political and personal appointments. The Republican state organizations named many officeholders under him. He named about as many more of his personal choice. The political appointments were scrutinized, and few conspicuously unfit men served under Roosevelt. He did bring new blood and some excellent men to Washington.

Mr. Taft was just about completely bowled over by the job hunters. They were too much for him. He detested them. He agreed with Cleveland that the applications for office were "bewildering in volume, perplexing and exhausting in their iteration, and impossible of remembrance." He sought in every way to rid himself of their importunities.

The Penalty of Public Office

WILSON shut his door in the face of the mob and declined to see them. He had no patience with them. He not only detested them but had a contempt for them. He sought personally to find good men to occupy the chief offices of his Administration. The level of his Administration was a high one, in so far as the character and integrity of its personnel were concerned. There were no scandals in the Wilson Administration.

Mr. Harding had a weakness for giving his personal friends and old neighbors important positions without any great regard for their qualifications. Brigadier-General Sawyer, Charles R. Forbes, D. C. Crissinger and Harry M. Daugherty are cases in point; although Daugherty was as much a political as a personal appointment. He was indicated as a part of the Harding Administration from the day of the nomination in Chicago.

About Mr. Coolidge's methods of appointment to office I know nothing. I was out of the country during the greater part of his Administration; but even if I had been in Washington during the whole of his time I probably would have had little or no knowledge about his method derived from first-hand and inside information. When Mr. Coolidge named Dwight W. Morrow to be Ambassador to Mexico he showed a penetrating sense of selection in choosing the right man for the right place that, contrasted with many of his other appointments, amounted to a flash of political genius.

Mr. Morrow's selection had a political and a social significance on another score. Mr. Coolidge disclosed by his act for the first time that under the new political dispensation in the United States a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. has now become eligible to public office. Nobody sensed—not even the keenest political minds—that such was the case until Mr. Morrow was named, and his choice was received with every evidence of widespread public and popular approval. Even as late as four years ago one of the things urged most strongly against John W. Davis, the admirable Democratic candidate for the presidency, was that he was "a Morgan lawyer." Apparently those days are gone now, for not only is Mr. Morrow in Mexico but Mr. Morgan himself is abroad on the reparations and war-debt business in the public interest.

Mr. Coolidge, through Mr. Morrow, has strikingly shown that big business is now eligible for public office and political management. In a sense, perhaps it is fair to say that the disclosure of the public mind about Mr. Morrow made it possible for the Democrats to choose John J. Raskob as their national chairman and campaign manager.

And now, after Coolidge comes Hoover. What will he do with and about the office seekers who began to form their serried ranks the morning after election last November? I can tell you.

The man who applies to Hoover for a job or who organizes a drive for a job won't have a Chinaman's chance. A thousand night telegrams virtually identical in phraseology saying that John J. Whosis is the greatest patriot and the most admirably qualified man to be Assistant Deputy Fish Commissioner since the days of Izaak Walton are just dividend earners for the telegraph companies and a chore for the charwoman in the Executive Offices. They mean nothing to Mr. Hoover. They give him no concern. He isn't interested in the office seekers. He doesn't intend to bother with them or have anything to do with them. His problem is to look for and find qualified men to fill the chief offices of the Government and it will never occur to him to look for them among the pressing and clamorous throng at the outer gates who are advertising their claims and their desires. Mr. Hoover's job is to find the right men and not to make a choice among the seekers. It isn't an easy job. Mr. Wilson found that out as long ago as March, 1911. He was writing:

> Misrepresentation is the penalty which men in public life most expect in the course of their efforts to render service. . . . The unfortunate fact is that there are probably hundreds of men in America of first-rate intellectual force, of genuine public spirit and broad patriotism, who would be of unmeasured value to public service, who are deterred from entering it because they shrink from this particular penalty.

This same condition exists today, perhaps even more strongly and more generally than when Woodrow Wilson was elected President. I have in mind, as I write, one man I have known in my long residence in Washington whose life was completely destroyed by taking public office, and to this day I don't know whether he was rightly or wrongly sacrificed. I don't know whether he received his just dues in the social punishment that was meted out to him, or whether he was made a goat. He was a man who had grown up in his community. He was widely respected. He was in the truest and widest sense of the term a leading citizen. He took a foremost share in all civic and state matters looking to the general betterment. His services were drafted in every public enterprise of any moment. He gave freely of his services in all public matters without compensation and without reward. It was inevitable that sooner or later such a man should be called into the national service. He was.

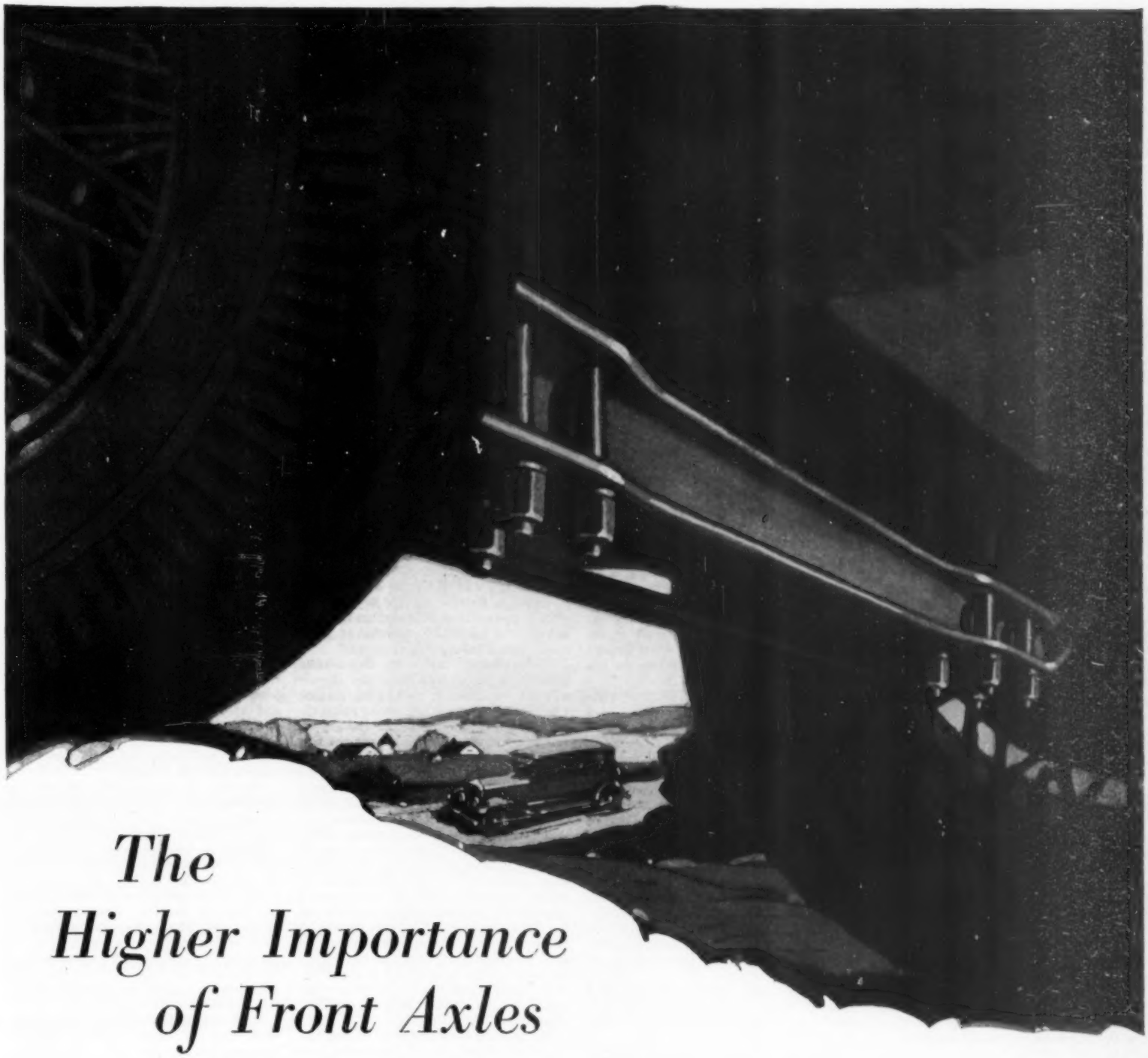
Presently, in the course of events, things went on about him that he should have known about, or, at any rate, public opinion decided that he should have known about, and he didn't know about. He was caught up in a whirl of events in which he disclosed himself as a bewildered figure. He became the object of a sort of public hue and cry. He went home. As a national figure he utterly ceased. He evaporated. Once he had disappeared from the national scene he was forgotten. He was out and he was through. At home in his own community, where he had been known and looked up to and respected for years, he set about taking up the threads of his old life, but somehow it didn't come off. He was not called upon to head or take part in civic movements. He wasn't invited to take his old place or any place in the community life. Today one hears that he is a negligible figure in his own place. Public sentiment in his home has not condemned him. It has done even worse; it has disregarded and neglected him.

A Position With Few Attractions

HIS story, though it is years old now, is known to a great many men of his own type and kind; men who are powers for good in their own states and in their own communities, and who hesitate to take a part under the fierce glare of the white lights that beat upon the Washington scene. Specifically, most of them are afraid of the Senate. Through recent years the Senate has been possessed with a desire to investigate things. Some of its investigations have been in the public interest and some of them have not. A man of rectitude and sensitive honor hesitates to place himself in a position where his motives may be impugned and where charges may be made without responsibility against his integrity and good faith.

This is not an imagined situation. It is an actual condition and it lies within my knowledge derived from the men sought, that it has confronted Mr. Hoover since he began his search for first-rate men of proved capacity to take positions of responsibility in his Administration. This reluctance of many of the very best men in the country to give themselves to a period of public service is a matter that concerns all of us. Even under the best of conditions it is not easy to persuade a man who is happily situated in the industrial or business world and receiving a salary of

(Continued on Page 56)



The Higher Importance of Front Axles

A few years ago the chief reason for the front axle was to carry just about so much car weight.

Now road speeds up near a mile-a-minute beat against the front axle; there are the stresses from front wheel brakes; easy steering must be designed in; all the factors entering into "wheel shimmy" must be considered; and car weight is still there.

Alive to the higher importance of modern front axles, Timken builds them as only Timken does build any axles. Whether it be front axles, bevel-gear axles or worm-drive axles; whether it be axles for cars, trucks or buses, Timken builds for clear eminence in each field.

Manifestly, Timken Axles are not used on every motor vehicle, simply because vehicles cannot all be built of the best. That is why it is so much wiser to choose from among the range of makes which do give you Timken Axles.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, *DETROIT, MICHIGAN*

TIMKEN AXLES

(Continued from Page 54)

$100,000 a year, or $200,000, or $300,000, to leave it and come to Washington in any capacity, no matter how honorable, at a salary of $10,000 or $12,000 a year.

The material rewards of business are greater than the material rewards of public service, leaving out of consideration the possibility of malignant criticism and the limelight's bright glare. It must be faced as a fact that all men in public life do almost daily have to endure misrepresentation, irresponsible and unintelligent criticism and be charged with stupidity or improper motives. Mr. Hoover himself has had his full share of this. He has had to endure as many and as bitter attacks as any forceful personality in our political life. So, when he has asked men to come and serve with him in Washington and they have declined for some of the reasons I have meagerly and briefly outlined here, he has known how to understand their attitude and their hesitancy.

Some of the men who have been approached and who apparently had all the necessary qualifications have by some act of their own made themselves unavailable. I have in mind one man who—so the story goes—according to wide and common gossip in Washington, talked himself out of a very honorable post. He was being considered for an office of great importance under the Administration, and the fact of such consideration was made known to him.

Apparently unable to restrain his bubbling enthusiasm, he talked for publication. Anything that he said at the time in Washington under the circumstances was of interest as betraying, perhaps, the President-elect's mind and what he was talking about in his private conferences. Mr. Hoover was keeping his mouth shut and trying to do his work, concentrating on it, as he does on every important task that he undertakes, but this candidate undertook to throw light on a subject on which he was not fully informed. He was swept out to sea on the next tide. That was the beginning and the end of him. His name has not been mentioned again.

In telling his sad story I am only repeating what I have heard, but I am persuaded that the little tale, in its essence, is true, because I remember, at the time he emitted his observations, some of the men about Mr. Hoover, who know his reticence and his respect for confidential communications, shook their heads and remarked, "Such a pity about poor old Blank."

Fishing for Men

Let us consider for a moment Mr. Hoover's movements since election and see how he has gone about his job of hiring new help to assist him in conducting the affairs of the Government. He was in California when he was elected. Within a brief space of days he departed on his South American trip. That was not only a good-will mission affording an opportunity to come directly into contact with some of the chief figures in South America but it was a plan designed to take care of the low peak that comes to every President-elect after he has been chosen at the polls. The journey also gave Mr. Hoover an opportunity, especially during the long stretches of days when he was at sea, to consider his personnel problem.

He determined then to reverse the office-seeking problem that faces every President. He decided then to let the office seekers cause him no concern. It is the men sought who make his problem. He has gone at the job like a trained employment manager. Returning from South America, he came to Washington and saw and talked with some three hundred political callers. He heard hundreds of men suggested for office. He did not comment on a single suggestion that was made to him. He did not give any indication whether he had received a favorable or unfavorable impression of the recommendations made. He simply wrote down the names that were put before him.

After two weeks of this patient listening to political advice and political suggestions and recommendations, Mr. Hoover went to Florida on a fishing trip. Really it might have been called a digestion trip. He needed to go away somewhere and digest all that he had been told. The President-elect is a real fisherman. He even likes to go fishing whether or not he catches any fish. It has been observed of him for years that when he is engaged on a tough and knotty problem he nearly always takes a day or two off and goes fishing. He makes these expeditions serve a double purpose. The fishing gives him relaxation and recreation. The peace and solitude and quiet and absence of people give him an opportunity to clarify his mind. With a rod in his hands, out under the sun, he can think through his problems. The sort of sea fishing Mr. Hoover did in the Gulf Stream along the Florida Keys served just that purpose. And he is one of the thrice fortunate who do not get seasick in an open launch in a fresh and lively sea.

New Faces in Old Places

One sailfish gives one as much exercise in half an hour as thirty-six holes of golf. The next President likes his recreation that way—an hour or two of trolling, with time to think, and then a half hour's fierce struggle. Then more quiet trolling, with just enough struggle now and then to make the day thoroughly enjoyable.

Mr. Hoover prepares for fishing as he would for an engineering venture. The night before his trips he lays out his tackle carefully, choosing this rod, that reel, a certain line, and the like. He went at his trolling with precision, and when he met with sailfish he had learned how to kill them.

For that matter, there is a bit of technical precision in the very hooking of a sailfish. A sailfish first strikes its prey with its long, sawlike nose, killing or stunning it. Then it drops back, and after a moment rushes up and mouths its kill.

The art of the sailfisher, then, is to meet this peculiarity of attack with the right technic. When the sailfish first strikes the bait it must not by any means be pulled. Instead, Mr. Hoover, as the correctly informed sailfisher, pays off rapidly with his reel, so that the struck bait remains in the same position in the water. When the fish comes back and mouths the bait, and then only, Mr. Hoover jerks his line to embed the hook. So much by way of an aside to fishermen who may not have had a chance to take a sailfish.

In making his selections for the chief places of responsibility Mr. Hoover will have a wider field to choose from than most of his predecessors.

With only a very, very few exceptions, our Presidents have been essentially and fundamentally political men. Their outlook on life has been political. Their friends, their acquaintanceships, their contacts have been with other men whose chief and sometimes only interest was politics. This is distinctly not the case with our new White House occupant. He had his introduction to the world of politics only eight years ago. His interest in that field is not a professional interest. He is not and never has been absorbed in political maneuvering, dickers, strategy—all the rigors of the game as it is played in precincts, wards, counties and the other minor political subdivisions. The game of politics for the sake of the game he has never known. In this he is unlike his immediate predecessors Harding and Coolidge, who were actively in politics all their lives and accustomed to thinking in terms of political considerations in making appointments to public office. This is not to say, by any means, that all purely political appointments are bad appointments. They can be good or bad, fit or unfit; as bad as some of Mr. Harding's, as good as some of Mr. Coolidge's or Mr. Wilson's or Mr. Roosevelt's. It all depends upon the President's character and his sense of discrimination and selection.

As an illustration of what I mean by a purely political appointment, take the case of Mr. Bryan in the Wilson cabinet. That was not only a political appointment but an inevitable appointment. From the day Mr. Wilson was nominated it was as clear as day that, in the event of his election, Mr. Bryan would be at the head of his cabinet. Supporters and opponents of Mr. Bryan recognized that Mr. Wilson had no choice in the matter. Every politician knew, too, that given a free hand it was not conceivable that President Wilson would have selected Mr. Bryan as his chief official adviser. The two men had nothing in common except honesty and high purpose.

Mr. Bryan was not a free personal choice but an inevitable compulsory political choice; yet no man contributed more to the success of the Wilson Administration in its first years than did Mr. Bryan. Not as Secretary of State. That job he never did know anything about. He was not an administrator or executive, and he was as far removed from any tinge or color of diplomacy as any man this broad continent has ever produced. His field of usefulness lay among his personal following in Congress and out of it. From the day of his first nomination in 1896 until his death, Mr. Bryan, in his own right and "in his own proper person," was a political power in this country. Toward the end his power considerably waned, but he was always a factor. Ask Brother Charlie Bryan about what happened at the Manhattan Club the last night of the 1924 Convention at Madison Square Garden. Ask anybody.

I have cited the case of Mr. Bryan as an instance of the sort of thing Mr. Hoover will not encounter in making his choices. I have been struck, in journeying about the country since the election, at the general and widespread expectation that the new President will bring to Washington and put into office elsewhere new faces, new types of men; that he will tap new reservoirs of supply. I suspect that this instinctive belief and expectation will be realized, and that Mr. Hoover will by no means confine his searches for fit men to the political field. It is natural that he should spread a wider net for the sort of men he seeks. He knows the world of business, of the trades and of the professions better than he knows the world of politics. He knows these fields better than any President we have ever had. He has had contacts and has worked with men with a capacity for doing worthwhile things in all these "gainful occupations," as the census tables so explicitly phrase it.

Mr. Hoover is fortunate in having this large field of selection and in knowing from experience men capable of doing special jobs. He can select any type of man he needs. Of course he can get all the politicians and political workers the necessities of the Government may require. Many of them are good men too.

Striking a Balance

I do not mean to intimate that the Government can be run by nonpolitical men or on a nonpolitical basis. The Government is essentially and primarily a political institution. It is also a great big business. There is no conflict or contradiction involved in believing, as so many people do believe, that Mr. Hoover will run this political institution on business lines and employ business methods. And business methods imply business men, trained men with special capacities to solve intricate and difficult problems.

While he was Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was notably successful in finding such men to do workmanlike and businesslike jobs under the direction of a political agency of Government. I find a general popular belief that he will apply the same system to the other departments of the Government. After all, the number of presidential appointees whose duties are chiefly political or affected by political considerations is comparatively small. It is for the President to strike a true balance between the politics of Government and the business of the Government. It is his task to find the men who can best help him in striking that balance. It is a difficult task, but not an impossible one. The first point of attack in making the selections is choosing a cabinet. If a President is fortunate enough to get the right men about him as heads of the several executive departments, the backbone of his task is broken. The cabinet can take much of the further burden off their chief's shoulders.

Certain political considerations Mr. Hoover will have to observe in naming his cabinet. He will have to consider geography in naming his department heads. It is traditional, it is necessary, and it is the part of wisdom to have every major section of the country represented in the cabinet. The Atlantic seaboard, the Pacific seaboard, the Middle West, the Northwest can always take it for granted that each of them will have a representative in the President's official family.

But in naming his cabinet chiefs and his other important associates in the Government there are no political debts to be paid. There were no trades entered into prior to the nomination and prior to the election that have to be carried out.

Unfettered by Bartering

Simon Cameron, according to the history books, became Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet in deference to the terms of a piece of political barter, Lincoln knowing and saying that Cameron was an unfit man. Nevertheless he felt he had to appoint him. Political morals have become so much more elevated today that such cases would cause a political scandal.

Certainly Mr. Hoover does not face any such possibility. He has no political trades to carry through. He is, perhaps, freer of political obligations of any sort than any President we have had since George Washington. He can name any man he chooses for any post he chooses. The manner in which he was nominated and elected makes this freedom possible. Broadly speaking, he was nominated and elected without the effective or potent or decisive help of any politicians. Certainly his nomination was brought about in defiance of and in the face of the strong opposition of virtually all the major politicians of his party.

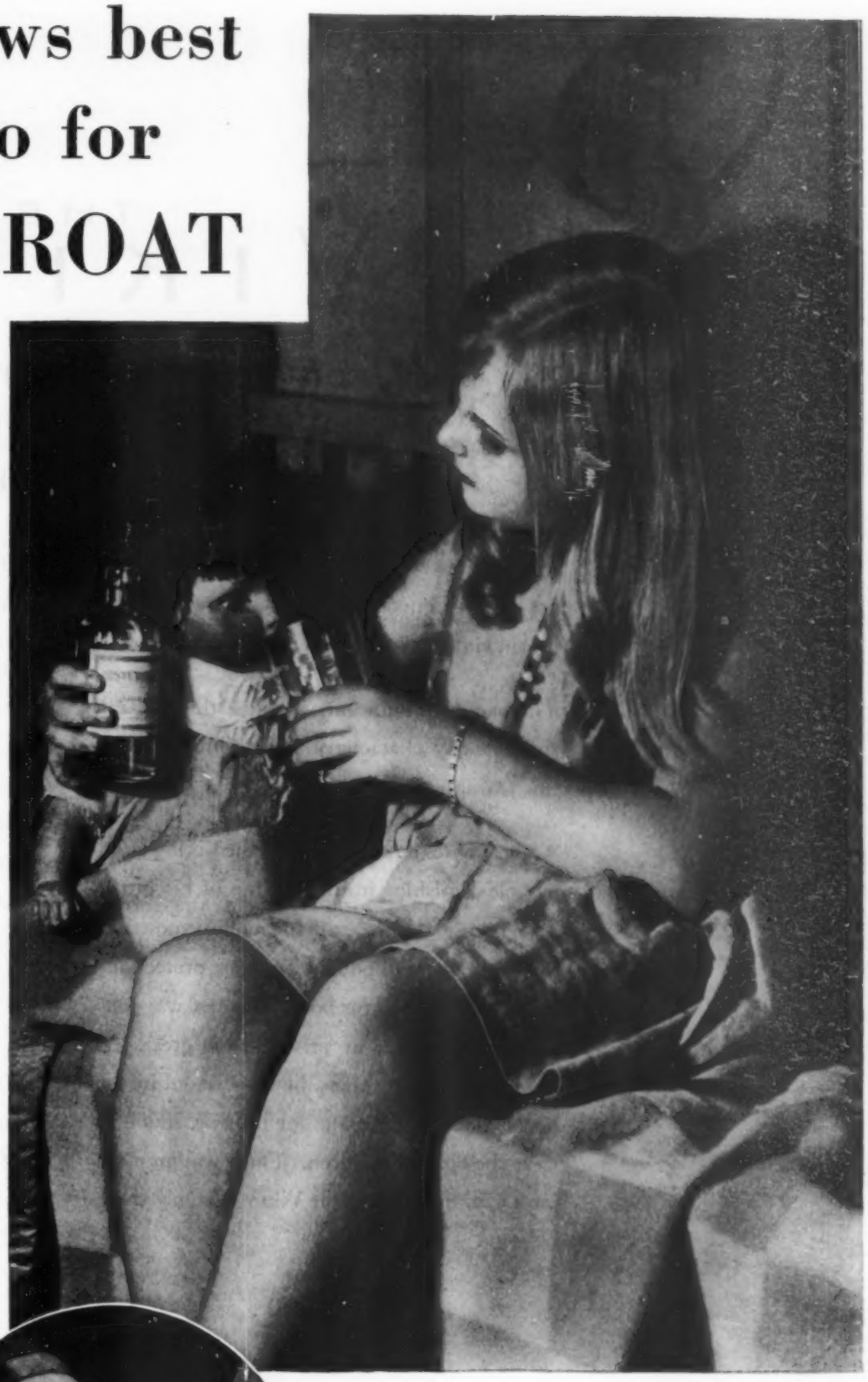
It has always been noted of Mr. Hoover that when he attacks a big problem he furiously concentrates on it. He will work twelve, fifteen, eighteen hours a day. He has done this on his hunt for the right men for the right jobs. A score or more men know the pains he has taken to go over the whole country in his search and the thorough canvass he has made of the men he has taken into consideration. Naturally he has met many disillusions. No President has ever been able to get all the men he tried to get and wanted to get.

The authentic accounts that have been published recently of Mr. Wilson's search for a cabinet are revealing. These accounts disclose the difficulty any President has in forming a ministry of all the talents. Business calls and holds the best men in a tenacious grasp. The anomaly is presented of the biggest business in the world—the National Government—being unable to attract to it, in every instance, the very best men. The public service is not so attractive to men of acknowledged repute as it must be made.

As this is written in February, before Mr. Hoover has taken up his residence in the White House, his acid test is yet to come. At the moment he does not know that the office seekers exist. They have not penetrated beyond the outer barriers he has set

(Continued on Page 190)

Mother knows best what to do for SORE THROAT



WHEN your throat tickles, when it feels raw or irritated—gargle with Listerine full strength at once. Keep it up. Note how quickly you improve.

Sore throat is usually a sequel to a cold, and is caused by germs. And full strength Listerine, as you know, is powerful against germs. Its early and frequent use will often check cold and sore throat before they become serious. When it doesn't, call your doctor.

Wise mothers insist that members of their families gargle with Listerine systematically night and morning during Winter and early Spring weather.

Once you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs within 15 seconds, you can understand its effectiveness against lesser germ infections. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

JOINED YET?
Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Get the jump on a cold

Before every meal rinse the hands with a little full strength Listerine. Listerine attacks cold germs picked up by your hands during the day, rendering them harmless when, on food, they enter the body through the mouth.

Ordinary soap and water help destroy germs. But they are not enough. Listerine completes the job. It's a precaution worth taking.

THE VIKING

A MEDIUM-PRICED EIGHT-CYLINDER CAR WILL SOON BE INTRODUCED BY OLDSMOBILE

Within a few weeks, Oldsmobile will introduce the newest General Motors product, a medium-priced eight-cylinder car . . . the VIKING.

The name is significant. Because this new car shares many characteristics in common with this strong and courageous people.

According to the ancient sagas, the Viking faced terrible hardships from the time of his birth. The Viking youth was deliberately exposed to the elements, without the slightest protection, in order to harden his body. No test was considered too severe; no privation too great. At the first sign of weakness, he was cast out by his people and left to forage for himself, much as were the Spartan children. There was no place for a weakling among the Vikings. Only those best fitted for leadership survived to contribute to the strength and superiorities of the race.

From childhood, the Viking youth was taught to be brave and unflinching in the face of trying tests. He was reared to become a leader. Fleetness, strength, and endurance were developed through his rigorous training in games and athletic contests. Courage, will power, strength of character and physical stamina were all essential to his qualifying to the standards of leadership established by his people.

The development of the Viking car closely parallels the development of the Viking youth in attaining manhood. The same unyielding process of elimination that made him fit for leadership was applied in developing the Viking car.

Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers worked hand in hand with but one definite aim—to build the finest eight-cylinder automobile in the medium-price field.

They approached the task with an open mind. They literally started from scratch. They investigated every type of eight-cylinder car, past and present. They built new cars; designed new engines; tried out new engineering principles.

Fleets of all types were put to work to prove their merits. All were subjected to the same racking strains and prolonged road work on the General Motors Proving Ground.

Over every type of road and grade, and over a period covering both extremes of the thermometer, these fact-finding fleets were given the most gruelling of tests. Accurate records of results were kept and constantly compared.

One of these fleets demonstrated unquestioned superiority over its rivals in this contest. It won the right to the name of Viking. And an even larger fleet of this winning type was again put on the Proving Ground—not to be matched against others, but to be matched against the cherished ambition to build the best car in its field.

At the General Motors Proving Ground, where in the short space of a month a car can duplicate the normal usage of more than two years—hour after hour, day after day, month after month, this car confirmed its right to leadership. It proved itself in every way a real Viking.

The Viking will bring to the medium-price field the advantages of the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine. It will introduce a new order of beauty, luxury and comfort. And it will establish a new standard of value for cars of its price.

You will have an opportunity to see and drive the new Viking within the next few weeks, when it will be on display in the showrooms of Oldsmobile-Viking dealers in the larger cities.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
LANSING, MICHIGAN

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Danger

Spring Colds Lurking!

Here is a new kind of Underwear that will protect you from treacherous, changeable Spring Days

IF you want to dodge your annual Spring cold, here is a simple precaution your doctor will recommend: Don't subject your body to extreme temperatures.

Winter underwear may feel great these chilly mornings, but it is too warm for the middle of the day. And while summer underwear may keep you comfortable during the middle of the day, it doesn't offer enough protection mornings and evenings.

Here is a new Allen-A garment especially made for changeable Spring temperatures. Just right whether it's 70° or 30°.

This garment has enough weight to keep you warm when it's as cold as 30°
Yet it is so absorbent it keeps the skin dry and cool when it's as warm as 70°

We developed a new material for this garment. Knit of long fibre on *patented* spring needle machines into a very elastic fabric. It has just enough weight to ward off the cold. Yet it is so absorbent that it keeps your body dry and cool when you're indoors. And because it is so elastic, it gives easily when you stretch, but always springs back to shape. *Hence it always fits perfectly.*

No other garment you have ever worn is like this Allen-A special. Ask for it by style number—610—if you prefer white; 614—if you prefer écru. Only $1.50 the suit. If your dealer can't supply you, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

NEW HOSIERY STYLES FOR SPRING

New Allen-A Hosiery styles for Men are now being shown in smart Men's Shops everywhere. In solid and fancy patterns. Priced 50c to $1.00 the pair.

Allen-A FOR MEN — AND BOYS **Underwear**

ANTIQUES IN LONDON

(Continued from Page 50)

"Auctioneers' catalogues are a frequent source of amusement in their various descriptions. The Lovett service has above the arms the three letters S P E in block letters; meaning, of course, their motto, Hope. A pair of plates of this service were catalogued, however, as 'bearing the arms of the family of Spe'! And a leading firm of auctioneers in London recently catalogued a grandfather clock as being by *Tempus Fugit!*

"On the whole, however, it must be conceded that the reproduction of the arms on the china is beautifully carried out, enabling the collector with the requisite heraldic knowledge to identify, in the large majority of cases, the name of the original family concerned."

A study of any collection of Chinese Armorial or a perusal of Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig's book will make plain the reason why these beautiful porcelains fascinate everybody. Perfectly sane, unimaginative people often wonder why some of their friends collect certain things. But no one can wonder why anyone collects Chinese armorial. It is grateful to the eye but—think of it!—the collector knows exactly what he is getting, which is common sense. He knows where it was made, and when, and for whom, and sometimes he is even able to get with his piece the original bill from the agents of the Chinese makers.

Disappointed Pessimism

We had looked forward to seeing what the great London dealers had to offer in this line. My friend, who collects it, had been as eager as I, at home.

But in London, on the way to the galleries of an old friend, he said pessimistically: "We won't find anything."

"You always find something in London."

"Not Chinese armorial. Too many people are after the fine pieces. We won't get a thing!"

I thought this was merely the collector's artificial pessimism, intended to thwart the hoodoo, so I said: "What makes you think so?"

"Well, he cables me every time he finds a piece he thinks ought to be in my collection, and I cable back whether I want it or not."

"Do you ever cable back that you don't want it?"

"No, because he knows what I want. That is why I have no hopes of finding anything in the place today. It is not over three months since I bought some wonderful Kien Lung octagonal plates, and he hasn't cabled since. You don't pick up rare pieces every day."

I felt sorry for him. To come more than 3000 miles, hoping to make his collection better, and then find nothing, was certainly tough luck.

We arrived at the galleries and went in. It was an old residence remodeled, full of beautiful things—porcelains, paintings, some furniture—and everywhere, taste, knowledge and an exquisite sense of selection. It was a pleasure to be there, whether one bought or not.

I happened to look toward my companion and saw his eyes fixed on a small table in a corner. I know the look, from hunting. He had flushed something! But all I could see was a table on which was a large punch bowl.

Now he happens to have some of the most beautiful sideboards in America, and any punch bowl that he sets on them has to be worthy of the furniture. I may remark that numerous as his sideboards are, his rare punch bowls are still more numerous.

The owner, summoned by a polite clerk, came toward us. We were very glad to see him.

"I see you have a rather large punch bowl over there," observed my friend without visible enthusiasm, and walked over to examine it. So did I. It looked to me to be well over two feet in diameter at the widest part. There were some beautifully executed armorial bearings and an inscription in Greek.

My companion asked the price and promptly bought it—on its merits, because it was only after it was safely his that we heard the story which greatly enhanced the interest of the piece, at least, for me.

The bowl had been made for Doctor Agnew, the famous English Greek scholar, in the eighteenth century. He sent to China not only his arms to be copied but an inscription in Attic Greek:

ΜΙΣΩ ΜΝΗΜΟΝΑ
ΣΥΜΠΟΤΗΝ

"Anything else in Chinese armorial?" asked my friend. He had secured the most remarkable punch bowl I had ever seen. But this was London.

"Yes, I have here a wonderful service bearing the arms of Samuel Chase, of Maryland, of which you already have the six salt cellars. This is generally regarded as one of the finest specimens of Chinese services in Great Britain."

My friend saw the service and bought it. One look was enough.

We then looked about the galleries and we found some Chinese porcelains, two fascinating figures, a most pleasing portrait by Hoppner, some extremely rare Wedgwood medallions and other objects.

Months later, in my friend's home in a room where that Agnew punch bowl looked down on me from the top of a highboy, I was reading a book and I unexpectedly came across the same wise Greek proverb. Doctor Agnew took it from Plutarch, for the author of the Lives uses it as a sort of text for his Symposiacs—a very amusing essay, by the way. The proverb may be rendered: "I hate a drinker who remembers." Plutarch writes at some length, citing the divers interpretations that have been given to it. He regards it as an admonition to guests to forget everything that is spoken or done at a banquet. Plutarch then proceeds to discuss ten questions in connection with stag parties. Is it allowable to philosophize at table? No, for a man has no more right to talk philosophy there than he has to allow his wife to be present. Another question that puzzled Plutarch and his friends was whether the host should seat the guests or let every man take his own seat. And whether the so-called head of the table—the consular seat—made the occupant the real head, and so on. Quite accidentally I found the proverb elsewhere. Martial in Epigram 37, Book I, reproaches Procillus in this wise: "Last night after I had too many glasses, I invited you to dine with me. You thought I meant what I said when I was lit up. Dangerous precedent! I hate a drinker who remembers, Procillus."

The Call of the Pack

In the back room of the galleries where my companion bought the finest punch bowl in punchless America, we sat looking out on the Old World garden—trees and paved paths and mossy retaining walls and sylvan peace, in the very heart of London. The conversation turned not to antiques or to antique buying, but to antique hunting.

"That is what keeps me in this business, just as you keep on collecting. There are many and varied interests to make my work pleasing, but the element of chance, the uncertainty as to when or where or how he is going to be pleasantly surprised—for he is certain to be that, sooner or later—that is the dealer's chief joy. And I wish to tell you that this has been a great help to me in keeping me from despair during the past two or three years. You don't know how trying the times have been for England and how much we all have needed what you Americans call bracers, now and then.

"Not very long ago I saw at a private view in a country house in the home counties a very fine seventeenth-century bed, with a beautifully carved canopy, and an elaborate coat of arms at the foot. I was so interested in it that, on going home, I tried to hunt up the arms, and was surprised to find that they were those of La Vallière, quartered with those of well-known French families, and by the side of them a device consisting of a large sun, moon and stars on an azure field, evidently intended to represent Le Roi Soleil.

"From this it was evident that the bed must have been the property of Louise de la Vallière, the first *Maitresse en titre of* Louis XIV. Luckily I was able, after purchasing the bed, to find out its history from the time it became the possession of La Vallière's granddaughter, the Duchesse d'Uzes, and I finally disposed of it to an American customer, in whose possession it still remains."

What is becoming a serious problem in America has long been a condition in England. In the United States good antiques are becoming so scarce that the dealers are worried about the future supply. The increase in foreign importations on the market is in large measure due to the decrease in the supply of purely American pieces. The time will come when we must do as the English do—depend on the sales of collections.

"Do you have much trouble in finding antiques?" I asked my host. I may say that he is one of the principal dealers in London, in his own line second to none.

Working Up Competition

"Oh, yes. That is our great difficulty—how to replace our stocks. Genuine and interesting pieces of antique furniture are getting rarer every day, and it is only by attendance at the big London sales and at large country-house sales that there is much chance of finding salable stuff. Luckily the British Antique Dealers' Association furnish their subscribers, two or three times a week, with a list of sales in different parts of the country, giving the name of the auctioneer and a short résumé of the contents of the catalogue, so that a dealer in that way is kept informed of what is being sold all over the country.

"Another source of supply is by means of the dealers' runners—you call them pickers—who comb the country through and through in their motor cars and bring to the notice of the London dealers any interesting pieces which they may see. Unfortunately the provincial antique dealers generally have an exaggerated idea of the value of their goods, which, in my experience, are more expensive in the country than in London, so that it is not an easy matter to buy goods as cheaply in the provinces as in London itself."

He was surprised when I told him that in America the country dealers also were apt to have an exaggerated idea of the value of antiques and it was only their ignorance of what was exceptionally good that enabled the city dealers to buy from them.

"That also is true in England. The runners do not work on a salary or commission, unless, of course, they act as agents at sales. If they have any money at all they pick up pieces in private homes or from country dealers and are content to make a small quick profit from the bigger dealers. Many merely report their finds to the dealers, leaving it to the latter to pay them something for their trouble. They are not, as a rule, well informed as regards values when dealing with fine pieces.

"Let me tell you a runner's story. I was told not long ago about a poor widow whose few possessions were being put up for sale at Willis' Auction Rooms. The auctioneer filled a tray with several odd pieces of china. He expected to get two or three pounds at the outside for the entire lot.

"On view day, on the eve of the sale, the auctioneer happened to be standing in the salesroom when he saw one of the biggest London dealers come in and stroll about. The auctioneer wondered what on earth could be the attraction that so important a buyer found in so unimportant a sale. He watched the dealer go about the room picking up trifles here and there and examining them. He paid particular attention to two small vases of the odd lot on the tray.

"A few minutes after the dealer left, another equally well-known dealer came in and went through the same performance. He lingered longest over the assorted lot on the tray. Still a third London dealer came in. The same thing happened. The auctioneer's suspicions were aroused and he concluded that the dealers had been told something by runners. He concluded that the only thing that they could be interested in was the pair of vases on the tray. He thereupon made a separate lot out of the two vases.

"At the sale the next day all the well-known china dealers in London turned up, one by one. It was plain to see that each thought that he alone knew about the vases. Presently, every time a fresh dealer came in, the others would laugh and ask, 'Have you come to see our pair of vases?' The same runner had notified them.

"It happened that the vases were a pair of very rare Famille Jaune Chinese porcelain and fetched 375 guineas, greatly to the joy of the poor widow."

"Treasure-trove that came high," I said.

"Yes," he admitted, "but we all come across unexpected finds. I mean, when one gets more than he paid for or that he knew he was buying. A year ago, at a London sale, a small oak chest of nine drawers was placed by my side. Each drawer had a glass top, with several divisions, lined with green baize. On pulling one out I was interested to see in each division a number of tiny cardboard boxes containing fine impressions, in red wax, of old armorial seals. Thinking it would amuse me in my spare time to identify the arms on these seals—of which there were about eight or nine hundred—I purchased the case for a comparatively small sum.

"On getting it home and on taking out one of the drawers, I heard something rattle, and what was my astonishment to find in the back partition of each drawer the original unmounted seals from which the impressions had been made. I, of course, drew the attention of the auctioneers to this, and was informed that they were aware of the presence of the seals but considered them, being unmounted, of little value."

Scraps of Paper

"I spent some weeks in identifying the families to which all these seals belonged, and was enabled to compile a most interesting catalogue from them. Most of the seals were what are called Tassie gems, owing to their having been made by James Tassie, who died in 1799 and was a well-known modeler and engraver of gems, in a paste the secret of which died with him. They are particularly noted for their wonderful coloring and were so sought after in his day that Catherine II of Russia commissioned him to model a collection of more than 20,000 of them, copied from antique Roman gems."

I was much interested in the typically British views he expressed as to the value of dealers' guaranties. All that a customer can ask is that if the goods are not as represented he should be able to get his money back with the least possible trouble. A dealer's guaranty of authenticity cannot often be made absolute, and the best protection for the customer still remains the integrity of the dealer. Pick your man!

"A guaranty of authenticity," said this London dealer, "unless accompanied by the original bill from the maker, is, except in the case of silver and porcelain, of little value in my opinion. After all, a dealer cannot have seen a period piece of furniture made. He can only guarantee 'to the best of his knowledge and belief.'

"With silver, on the other hand, one has the hall mark, which it is a criminal offense to forge, and it is quite impossible to

A woman *solves a problem that has burdened* millions of men

"HAVE *you ever lain awake night after night, half awake and half asleep, listening to the clock tick away the age-long hours? Then, in the morning, have you dragged yourself from your bed and forced yourself, a big bundle of nerves, to move through another exhausting day?*

"That's what I did for five months and I don't exaggerate when I say another three months of it would have driven me insane. Fortunately, about this time, a friend suggested Postum with my meals, in place of caffein.

"That was four weeks ago. Now I sleep from the moment I hit the pillow; I eat heartily; I haven't been cross for days; I'm 100% happier. Even my casual acquaintances have noticed the change!"

Miss Irene Anders,
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YOU may have charged your sleepless hours to overwork, or worries. Don't be too sure! Caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals, has probably caused more hours of wakefulness than any other one thing in the world. This "innocent" habit may be *your* trouble.

You can find out easily—this way! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how soundly you sleep!

For Postum contains no caffein—nothing to repel sleep, to attack nerves and heart, or affect digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer!

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

I AM profoundly serious in my belief that Universal's production of "*Show Boat*" should be seen in every movie-theatre in the land. —*C. L.*

For the following excellent reasons:
First, *Edna Ferber's* best-selling novel "Show Boat."
Second, *Florenz Ziegfeld's* musical stage production of "Show Boat."
Third, *Jerome Kern's* exquisite music.
Fourth, *Oscar Hammerstein's* heart-touching lyrics.
Fifth, *Harry Pollard's* direction.
Sixth, a cast headed by *Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, and Otis Harlan.*
Seventh, *Helen Morgan,* famous Ziegfeld star, singing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "Bill."
Eighth, *Jules Bledsoe,* another Ziegfeld star, singing "Ol' Man River."
Ninth, *Ziegfeld's Plantation Singers.*

Miss Ferber is one of the most popular American authors. Every book she writes is a best seller. "*Show Boat*" topped them all in sales and the royalties from it still pour in upon this gifted young woman.

Otis Harlan as "Captain Andy" in "Show Boat"

Florenz Ziegfeld is easily the foremost producer of brilliant musical shows. Paying as high as $25 per seat to see one of his productions is nothing startling to New York. And now, for the first time, the cream of his best is sent out to the whole world to be enjoyed at popular prices within the reach of all.

Mr. Kern is the most successful living composer of music for musical comedies. He is a multi-millionaire as the results of royalties from his well-known music hits.

Mr. Hammerstein, 2nd, a member of one of the most illustrious stage families in America, adapted Miss Ferber's book for Mr. Ziegfeld, wrote the lyrics and produced the London engagement of "*Show Boat.*"

Joseph Schildkraut as "Ravenal" in "Show Boat"

Mr. Pollard directed the "*Cohens & Kellys*", "*Uncle Tom's Cabin,*" "*Sporting Youth,*" "*California Straight Ahead,*" and other successful pictures.

These names speak for themselves. Miss La Plante, Mr. Schildkraut and Mr. Harlan have always been associated with successful pictures.

Miss Morgan leads the entertainment world as a singer of crooning love songs. She has "it" and she puts it into her work.

Helen Morgan, the famous singer in "Show Boat"

Mr. Bledsoe is the greatest living negro singer. He is now singing in concerts. I don't suppose any one thing contributed more to the success of Mr. Ziegfeld's show than Bledsoe's rendition of "Ol' Man River."

The Plantation Singers will delight you with their rich, mellow voices. They are a hit on the stage. They will sing for you in "*Show Boat.*"

First the novel. Then the play. Now the picture combining the cream of both! Where can you match it?

Carl Laemmle, President

Send 10 cents each for photographs of LAURA LA PLANTE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and OTIS HARLAN in "SHOW BOAT"

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

produce fake porcelain nowadays which would deceive any but the merest tyro.

"At the same time, if a dealer does describe his goods as Queen Anne, Chippendale or Hepplewhite, he must be prepared to take the things back, should expert opinion decide that the goods are not antique. In this connection it must be remembered that to describe a thing as Chippendale does not imply that it was made by Thomas Chippendale, any more than Queen Anne made the furniture styled Queen Anne. These descriptions refer only to a period, except in those rare cases where an original bill can be produced.

"I am sorry to say that several recent law cases in our courts have revealed the fact that even those who are regarded as the greatest experts on furniture have differed widely in their views as to the genuineness or otherwise of period pieces which have been submitted to them as expert witnesses.

"At the same time I am convinced that any reputable dealer is prepared to refund any payment made to him for goods about which there may be doubt. In addition, there is always the possibility of an appeal by the buyer or the seller to the British Antique Dealers' Association, which endeavors to keep the trade as clean as possible."

Truth Behind Fiction

The last story we heard from him interested me, because I recognized in it the germ of the idea on which were based the plots of at least six magazine stories that I had read within a year.

"A very well-known collector of coins, the Reverend Thomas Hugo, turned up one day at the British Museum and sent in his card to the then keeper, Sir Wollaston Franks, to whom he was personally well known. On being shown up, he asked for permission to inspect an ancient Greek gold coin, which was understood to be the only one in existence.

"'Certainly, Mr. Hugo,' said the keeper. 'I will send an attendant up with you with the key of the case, so that you can handle and thoroughly examine it.'

"Mr. Hugo then proceeded to the coin room, where the attendant unlocked the case and removed the drawer containing the coin, among others, for examination. Knowing that Mr. Hugo was a collector who took his time, he moved away and left him at this work.

"A few minutes afterward Mr. Hugo called the attendant and thanked him for his courtesy, pointing out at the same time that he had replaced the drawer in the cabinet. Before locking it, the attendant, in accordance with a strict rule of the museum, pulled out the drawer to make sure that all the coins were in their little round beds. He was surprised to find that the circle usually occupied by the one which Mr. Hugo had called to see was vacant.

"Turning to him, the attendant said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I am afraid you have omitted to replace that gold coin.'

"'Nonsense,' replied Mr. Hugo. 'I put it in its place before I shut the drawer.'

"'Well, sir, you see it's not there; perhaps you dropped it or inadvertently placed it in your pocket.' He knew full well how absent minded collectors can be, and was anxious to give this one a chance of replacing the coin.

"'I tell you, my good man,' said Hugo, 'that I have put the coin back, and it's no use looking at me like that, because I have not got it.'

"'In that case,' said the attendant, 'I must call the keeper.' And locking the case, he went off and fetched Sir Wollaston.

"The latter, on arrival, again removed the drawer and, finding the coin missing, turned to Hugo and said, 'This is an odd business, Hugo. The coin must be found. Now, do you think, by any chance, that you can have mislaid it anywhere? Or what do you think can have happened to it?'

"Hugo, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable, said at once, 'I can't have mislaid it, as I hardly moved from this spot. I can only tell you very definitely that I put it back in its place when I had finished with it.'

"Sir Wollaston then said, 'Well, I am very sorry, but obviously the coin is not there. I am afraid that, by the museum regulations, you must submit to be searched.'

"'That,' said Hugo, 'I flatly refuse to do.'

"Then I much regret that, old friend though you are, I shall have to call in the police.'

"Somewhat staggered, Hugo then said, 'Look here, Franks; if I undertake to pay for a new case, will you pull that one to pieces?'

"Anxious to save his friend, the keeper of the museum agreed. A workman was called up, and on removing all the drawers, found the coin in the bottom of the case right at the back. The fact was that Mr. Hugo had not placed the coin exactly in its circle, and when the assistant pulled out the drawer the first time, a projection on the shelf above had caught the edge of the coin and forced it to the back of the case, where it had slipped down behind the lower drawers.

"Greatly relieved, Mr. Hugo then placed his hand in his waistcoat pocket and produced an identical gold coin, saying at the same time: 'You now understand what a fright I was in and why I declined to be searched. I bought this coin last week in Crete, and hurried back to London to compare it with yours, which, until now, has been considered to be unique. Had this been found on me, you would have considered me to be a convicted thief.'

"Of course no one was more pleased than the keeper of the museum himself, who was thus kept from doing so great an injury to a numismatist of international reputation."

The fortnight we spent in London strengthened my belief that it is the most profitable place in the world to hunt rare items in. There is no set rule for unearthing bargains. One may find a Rembrandt in a Bowery pawnshop or a Della Robbia plaque in a Cadiz bakery—such things have happened—but to expect them to happen to you is like picking out the exact spot on your lawn for the lightning to hit. There is not a collector, whatever his specialty may be, that cannot tell you at least one story of incredible luck. But the veteran knows better, and what he looks for is a good hunting ground. That is what London is. If you are willing to pay good prices for good pieces you can do well always in New York, often in Boston and in Philadelphia, but London is all-the-year territory for every known variety of collectible objects. The world's experts have preceded you and it is in their preserves that the American with a high-power purse should do his hunting. The beaters are well trained.

At the Table

In London the business of buying, selling and collecting antiques of all sorts long ago reached a state that we in this country are rapidly approaching. The supply is not subject to substantial increases. Collectors and dealers, therefore, have come to depend on the auction sales and the dispersing of collections. In the United States the reason why choice pieces of American antique furniture are so high priced today is because they are scarce, and they are scarce because they have gone into collections from which they will not emerge until the collector succumbs either to death or to the mounting profit.

Auction sales mean much more in England than in the United States. Collectors and dealers in London attend them with the same assiduity and for the same reason that a stock broker seeks the floor of the stock exchange. The regulars are indeed so regular in their attendance that they are referred to as "the table"—meaning the auctioneer's table, where the goods are auctioned off.

They are known—these experts and dealers—to the public as well as to the auctioneer, and to keep the curious outsider from knowing that such and such an expert is bidding on a particular piece, which therefore must be desirable, the veterans have a system of undetectable signals, known to the auctioneer. A dealer may rub his cheek meditatively while looking at the ceiling and the auctioneer hoists the bid another ten guineas; a hard bunch for an outsider to beat, for these people know the auction game and the limits—yes, even in England unrestricted sales are restricted.

An American collector, unacquainted in London and bearing in mind only the legendary reputation of auction rooms, might easily find himself the victim of a practice and of a gang that are doing much harm to legitimate auction sales in England. I refer to the knock-out ring. It consists of a coterie of dealers who insist that they merely have put an end to senseless, cutthroat competition. When an article is put up and a member of the ring bids on it, the other members hold off. That makes the bidding member compete only against private outsiders or dealers who are not of the ring. It narrows competition and often means low prices. Often, if a rash outsider bids for something the ring wants they run up the price on him. The ring does not, of course, always win out, but it has done great harm.

An Expensive Knock-Out

After the sale and after the piece is knocked down to a member, the ring meets and another auction sale of the same piece is held, with only members of the ring as bidders. That is the knock-out. The difference between what the first successful bidder paid and what the piece fetched at the knock-out, is the ring's profit, and it is divided pro rata.

Say that at Christie's a set of chairs was sold to a member of the ring for 1200 guineas and that at the second sale one of the members was willing to pay 2000 guineas. The ring divides the 800 guineas as its profit. You see, the successful member might have a waiting customer or a surer market than the others, and could outbid them. The ring has been under fire for years and I was told a bill would be introduced making their practice illegal. It is difficult to see how the law could prevent that gang from pursuing their methods with some modifications. It might be difficult to prove conspiracy. There are members who have rarely bought a single piece, but have enjoyed annual profits running into the thousands of guineas in the past few years.

Reputable dealers naturally tell you that they are not members of the ring. Once, as I was told this, I smiled at a pompous man across the street who had been bumped by a sandwich man. The dealer thought it incredulity on my part and he assured me earnestly:

"I could not afford to belong to the ring. Suppose a fine settee had gone to one of the ring for 500 guineas and later I bought it at the knock-out for 800. I should have to ask 1000 guineas. Well, my client would remember that it had been sold at Christie's the day before for 500 guineas, and 100 per cent would strike him as being more than a fair profit. There is no sense in belonging to the ring, sir."

"And why," I asked him, "are the bids at Christie's always in guineas?" That is, in twenty-one shillings.

He stared at me. Finally he said: "How else?"

"Pounds," I suggested. That is, twenty shillings.

"It's always been in guineas, you know."

"What is the reason?"

He hesitated. "I had never thought about it. I suppose it is that the auctioneer retains one shilling per guinea for his commission."

"Then the same figure in pounds really gives you the net price to the owner of the goods?" asked my companion.

"Quite so!" he said.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

KNOW YOUR DENTIST and so know more about yourself. For to your dentist's eyes and understanding your mouth and teeth are as a printed page, an index to your future comfort and health.

There, and in the unimpeachable shadows of your X-rays, he can read of conditions or tendencies that should be combated by preventive dentistry. For your dentist is more than a repairman; he is the staunch ally of Nature and Medicine in the crusade against disease and pain.

When your dentist suggests that you consult a physician *do it!* He wants to safeguard you from needless suffering, protect you from troublesome systemic disorders—rheumatism, arthritis, afflictions of heart or kidneys—that can arise from oral defects. Let your dentist know you. Visit him regularly. Accept his dictates and directions implicitly. Accord him the respect and obedience his profession deserves. Do not cause him to waste his energies or time in argument. Sensibly and surely, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

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THE RECOIL

(Continued from Page 15)

same tailor made the two coats and they were exactly alike. The gunman's name was in the coat he left behind. These things happen," said Parr; "which accounts for my hair being less gray than it might be otherwise."

Oliver nodded and waited. He didn't quite see the drift of things yet. This killing was out of Parr's bailiwick, being in Connecticut. The New York police had been called in on the bank end, and Parr, as usual, had begun at the source, in the country. Parr looked at his watch. He was secretly studying Oliver, playing him for some reaction which obviously had not yet appeared.

"Why do you say 'blackest'?" asked Oliver.

"About the pistol recoiling, you mean? Because my pistol expert downtown has a gun like this; and he finds that, with a certain overcharge of black powder, the recoil hurls it twenty or thirty feet. As I say, it is entirely possible that it was hurled into the water by the recoil. That would be good luck for somebody, bad for somebody else. Now, my pet little god of chance, to whom I burn all my joss, interposes. There is fourteen feet of water at low tide. And several feet of mud. But along comes a steam dredge with a clamshell bucket, to open up a sewer that has backed up. The first bucket brings up this gun! Can you beat it? It's like the killer that left his name for us in his overcoat." Parr leaned forward, his beady eyes gleaming. "The mate to this gun, the other one of the pair, is in a case in Culpepper Lea's library," he said. "It was his own gun."

Somehow the clocks in the room—those clocks that had played their part in a murder once, by the way—somehow all the clocks in the room seemed suddenly to tick louder. The scowl that had been forming on Oliver's face now perceptibly deepened. He turned his head, as a gun turret turns, to lay his gaze on Parr. Parr got up, buttoning his ulster.

"Some of the insurance companies think maybe they will refuse to pay, on the basis of that pistol," said he. "There is two hundred thousand involved, spread out thin among several companies. They say it is too much—there is no evidence of any estate. Their theory—and it's rather a pretty one, I admit—is that all his coming and going was to establish a reputation of being rich enough to justify this amount of insurance. They even make a point of his care with that brief case—exhibitionism, they call it—how he never let go of it, held it on his knee while he sat on a stool at the lunch counter. This pistol, of course, is their trump card. That's what sent them into conference. Oliver, I don't believe that man killed himself. If they are right, he wouldn't have used his own pistol. I think he was murdered. I want you to go up there and look it over. Maybe your eyes can see something we have overlooked. Will you?"

"I'd be very glad to," said Oliver. "What kind of a wife is she?"

"Fine," said Parr. "Fine! Does it look like suicide?"

"Yes," said Armiston. He looked oddly at Parr. "You've got a hunch, chief?"

"Yes," said the deputy.

"Does she know?"

"I assume so, yes," replied Parr. "The implication is there; she can't shut her eyes to it. But the underwriters aren't making any false moves. They can't afford to. They could better afford to err the other way—pay it all. So they will take their time about it. You've got plenty of time. I've told you, purposely, the blackest part of it. This stuff hasn't got to the newspapers yet ——"

Parr paused abruptly, staring stupidly at Oliver.

"Wait!" he cried. "There's something else—the blackest part of it! I almost forgot. It's what started the insurance people on the trail. Oliver," he said, sitting down again, "she always went as far as the gate with him when he went away. Just a habit, you know—a mighty nice one! She always looked him over to see if he was all right; then she kissed him good-by. She'd stand there watching him down the street. At the corner he would look back and she'd wave to him again. And then—that morning—to her surprise, he came back and said good-by once more. She said to him, 'Why, you silly-billy, one would think you expected never to see me again.' And he patted her shoulder and started off again, waving to her, as usual, at the corner."

Parr got up and took his hat. He stared at old Buddha, stony confidant of so many tales told in this room. He looked down at Oliver.

"Do you see any holes in it?" he asked, drawing on his gloves.

Oliver nodded.

"Here and there, yes," replied Oliver.

"Will you go up and look it over?"

"I'll run up this afternoon," said Oliver, rising and opening the door to speed the parting guest.

II

THE Vachen School For Boys was at Barhampton. The sight of its colonial brick assembly hall, like a Quaker lady with a snood, gave Oliver a start of satisfaction. He turned in, got down, and entered. The head master would be glad to see him. The place wore the musty smell of learning. Oliver tiptoed across the hall, admonished by a thousand echoes. Behind the silences he caught the treble murmurs of responses. Mind is a function of the brain. But what tricks the brain can play. A breath, a whisper, an odor, or a remembered cadence is all the stimulus needed to touch it off, like a hair trigger. Oliver, as he sat down in the office to wait for Vachen, was a boy of fourteen again. With a sigh he brought himself back to the present.

He could see the whole street from the window. It was really two streets, North and South, as they builded in the old days. It had its double row of elms, with wide parking, and the air was hazy and filled with the incense of the fall burning of leaves. The houses, with a show of antiquarian pride, wore dates instead of numbers. They had picket fences that rose in swift little curves to gateposts.

He wondered which was her gate, where the old man had come back to say good-by a second time.

Vachen was a small man, with a bulging bald brow and dark blue eyes and the shy smile of an ascetic caught thinking of worldly things. Studying him now, after a long separation, Oliver found himself again wondering what was the secret of this man's marvelous success with boys.

"Who is Mrs. Culpepper Lea?" asked Oliver.

All the welcome and vivacity of an unexpectedly renewed friendship faded out of the expressive face of the head master.

"Are you writing again?" he asked.

"No," said Oliver. He explained that he had stopped writing thrillers years ago, at the gentle request of the police; he had grown too realistic, and crooks had plagiarized his fiction, even to the point of murder.

"That poor unfortunate," said Vachen, "is being studied like a bug under a bell jar. What is that dreadful fascination about murder that makes the public so demanding? The appetite must be there, else the editors would not go on soiling white paper. They send experts here to see her. It seems, no savant, no matter how distinguished, can resist their blandishments. They get to her by the most ingenious means. Why? Simply because she is a woman in agony whom they wish to dissect in public. It is like those creatures who slice off a monkey's brain bit by bit, heal up the wound, and study the reactions, the reflexes. Why, even the playwrights come here! Ravel came to me the other day and asked me if I couldn't scheme some way of getting her to luncheon with him, where he could study her as he carved. I said, 'Ravel, can't you invent enough horror for your clientele without getting the real thing to pose for you?' He said, 'There is nothing like the real thing.' And now, you, Oliver, come! What do you want?"

He turned away, somewhat abashed at the heat of his outburst, gazing moodily out of the window.

"There she is now," he said, nodding to indicate a woman passing down the street slowly, with two half-grown children, her arms resting lightly on their shoulders. Something in the composition of the picture suggested to Oliver the line, "She wrought needlework, and kept the house"—the matron deified, in a word.

"Was he a man to shoot himself with his own gun?" he asked.

"The missing pistol, you mean."

"Yes."

"Have they found that?"

"Yes, within ten feet of where they found him," said Oliver.

The woman turned in at a gate below; the children went on, walking backward and still talking and calling to her as long as they were in sight.

"So that's what they are driving at," muttered Vachen. "That's why they keep it alive, day after day! The innuendo has always been there, of course. But they have never dared to come out with it in so many words. I wondered why they clung to it so desperately."

"Drama," said Armiston. "That's why Ravel came here. The public is a child. It likes pictures. Anything that makes pictures. This crime is a picture at every turn—the old man clutching his brief case—he invited attack, by the very means he used to avert it!—his career! His face—he looked like a somebody! The public likes its tragedians to look like somebody! His name—where did he get it? It's too good a name to own without some explanation. His wife—she's beautiful. That's enough. Why, if one of us writers is fortunate enough to pick out some combination of romance, mystery and adventure that has a new twist to it, the reading public rewards us with a fortune. They read through dozens of editions; they visualize it on the screen; they bring it to life on the stage! And when these same rare elements combine in real life, they keep it going as long as they can. That's the real thing—as Ravel says."

"That will be printed—about the gun?"

Oliver let a pause intervene before his answer. Then he said quietly: "Not if we can help it. That's why I am here."

"'We'?" demanded Vachen. "Who are 'we'?"

Oliver told him in detail, painting it at its blackest. There was a pause.

"What's wrong with the picture?" asked Armiston, watching him.

"It's too subtle," said Vachen. "The big scene is founded on a mathematical absurdity. Here, let me show you!"

He took up a stick of chalk, and with a single sweep of his arm drew such a circle as Michelangelo might have drawn. He indicated the center with a cross.

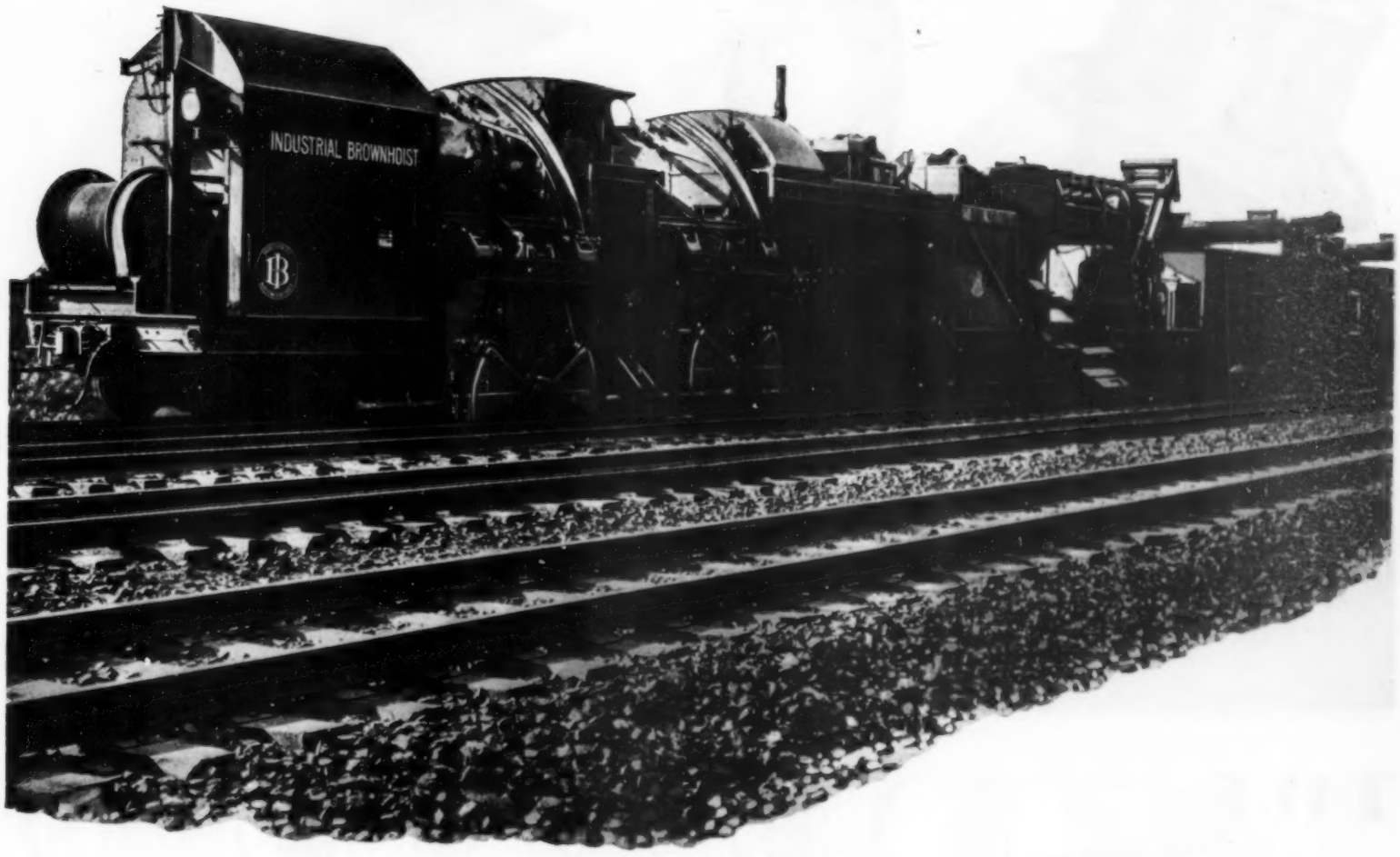
"That's the location of the exploding pistol, on a horizontal plane," he said. "It has 360 degrees of choice—that is, it can fly in any direction from the recoil. If it falls in the water—flies in that direction—it will never be found. So, at least, we will argue for the moment! Well, what chance is there of its falling into the water? About ten degrees of arc, isn't it?" He struck a geometrical chord across a segment of his circle.

"Thirty-five to one against its falling into the water," said Oliver. "That's a little better than one shot at roulette."

"Wait!" said the head master. "That's only as regards the plane. Now, how about

(Continued on Page 69)

THIS IRON MONSTER



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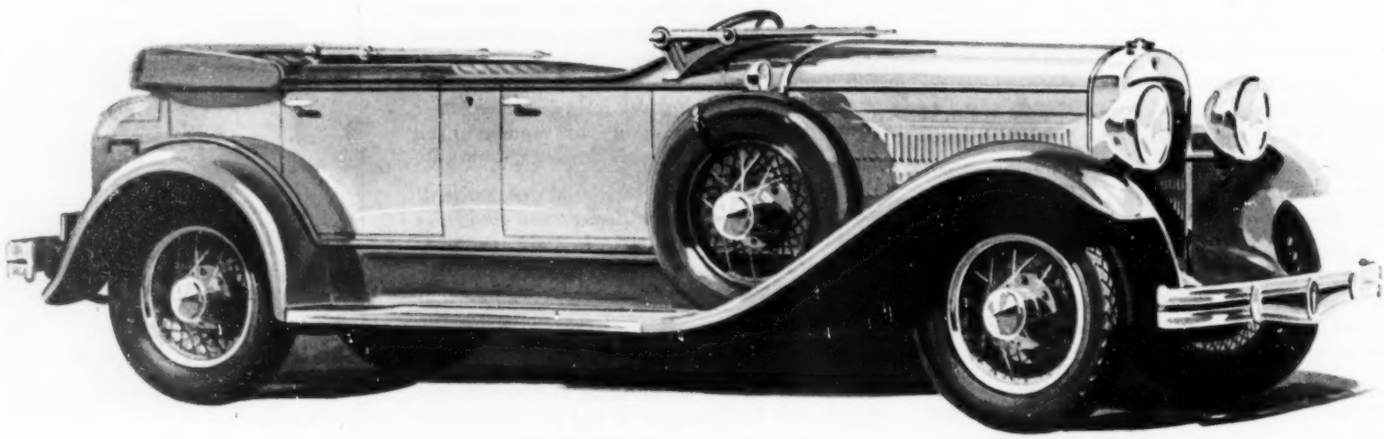

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LEE

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(Continued from Page 64)

the sphere? It must also pick out a vertical arc, to fly between the bottom of the billboard and the ground. Another ten degrees of arc. Imagine a window in a sphere, ten degrees wide and ten high. What proportion does the window bear to the entire surface of the sphere? That's your problem." He made some rapid calculations.

"About one in four hundred," said Vachen. "Does it strike you that a sane man would deliberately plot suicide, to make it look like murder, with that chance against him? The recoil must throw it into the water to make his purpose effective. Thrown in any other direction, it must surely have been found. And it was his gun. There is no doubt about its being his gun! Now, assuming that he was murdered ——"

"Wait just a minute," interposed Oliver. His mind had suddenly taken to leaping forward; it was registering decisions of its own, irrespective of his conscious volition. He stared for some time at Vachen without seeing him. Then he took a package out of his ulster pocket. It was the gun, the dueling pistol, with its muzzle blown away by the same charge that sent Culpepper Lea to his doom.

"There is the whole story!" Oliver said. He almost shouted it. He took up the telephone and called Parr by long-distance.

"Pretty soon, ain't it?" said Parr cheerfully.

"Not for us," said Oliver. "Chief, were there any other wounds on him?"

"No. Only the one. You could pass a hat through that."

"His hands were all right?"

"Yes—y-yes," muttered Parr, beginning to get something.

"Are you sure? Are you sure?" Oliver pressed it home. "Parr!" he cried. "Any charge big enough to blow the muzzle off this gun would blow off the finger that pulled the trigger!" There was a silence. "Do you get me, Parr?"

"Abso——" The deputy's voice trailed off queerly. Oliver recognized the symptom—he had seen the brain of the great man hunter come to with a jolt many a time. "Wait a minute!" rumbled Parr's voice in the telephone. Oliver chuckled. "Morel!" yelled the deputy. The voice came to the phone as if being shouted through a metal tube. Oliver could hear Morel's heel taps as he hurried into the room, a hundred miles away. "Morel," Parr was saying, "we've got the guy that croaked Lea. Part of his gun hand was torn off with the same shot. No man could have fired that gun without losing some skin. Start a rabbit drive! Draw a big circle, taking in Connecticut as far east as New Haven. Canvass every doctor, every hospital, every emergency dressing station. Look for a man with a torn hand on that day. Go to it!"

The heel taps started again, diminished, ceased, the door shut.

"Hello, Oliver! Are you there? What is it? What were you saying? Excuse the interruption."

"That's about it, I guess, Parr," said Oliver.

"Yes! I'm firing my pistol expert! I don't know but I'd better fire myself! How'd it come to you? Just one of your thinks?"

"Yes. Wait just a minute! Hold the wire."

Vachen's hand was on Armiston's arm, two fingers digging in. Oliver leaned toward him, and Vachen whispered for several seconds.

"Parr, he's probably left-handed," said Oliver. "I mean the wound would be on the left hand."

"What's that? Come again on that!"

"The house was robbed two nights previously." Oliver nodded at Vachen as he spoke again into the phone. Vachen trembled with suddenly roused excitement. Oliver was thinking what a queer way murderers have of leaving a broad wake of coincidence trailing along behind. Why did this murderer pick out a town where Oliver Armiston happened to have for a friend a mathematically minded and otherwise involved person such as Arthur Vachen? "The house was robbed two nights previously," said Oliver.

"We knew that," said Parr.

"Well, here's something you didn't know," said Oliver: "Entrance was effected through a high ventilating window in a rear hall leading to the library. This window was accessible to a nimble man on the outside by ascending a drain pipe some eight feet up, and working with his left hand. He took out a pane of glass and reached in to unlock the window. He put the glass back again when he went out. He had to hang on with his right hand, as the drain pipe was two feet to the right of the window. Actually there were boot scratches on the paint below that window and gouges in the frame."

But Parr was not listening. He had summoned Morel again. The telephone at Oliver's elbow was repeating like a loudspeaker.

"Morel, here's the lay: This fellow has been tailing Lea for some time," said Parr, the metallic accents heard in every corner of the office. "He wasn't taking any chance. There wasn't any hurry. He could take his time, think it out. Maybe, like some of the rest of us, he was too wise! First, the question as to the location—where he'd plug him. He was probably a sneak working around a bank. That's where he'd pick up Lea—not much chance to knock him off there. So he takes to tailing him. This vacant lot looks good. He decides on that. He sits and waits for things to break right. They don't come. There are always people going back and forth through that lot at the time Lea comes and goes. This gives him an idea! Remember, he's thought too much already! A flash comes to him! Why not make it sure, with Lea's own gun—if he's got a gun? Then there will be no question, no pursuit! Great! We trail Lea home again. We climb up the drain pipe, take out a pane of glass. . . . We forgot to look at that. That's one on you, Morel. . . . And lo and behold! We find the gun with its twin, the old dueling pistols! Just what we want! We will shoot and leave the gun on the job. Not a chance in the world of its failing. But we make one mistake. We overload the gun, not knowing much about muzzle loaders. It's blown out of our hand, maybe taking a finger or two with it. But it falls in the water, where we can't get it. But we make our get-away with the loot. Of course we had no way of knowing that steam dredge would come along later and dip up the gun the first dip. If we did know it we'd say, 'Fine! That's all right! There's your suicide!' . . . Morel, forget about your hospitals! Whom have we got wise enough to do that job in just that way?"

There was a telephonic pause. Oliver and Vachen waited breathlessly. Morel was mentally going over his catalogue of experts.

"Southpaw Jake, the Crippler, gets wise like that sometimes," said Morel. "And Lefty Steulan ——"

They had forgotten all about Oliver now, left the phones hanging loose. They were now basically policemen going over their lists of crooks who could do this, crooks who could do that, crooks who could do something else. Crooks always left their earmarks on a job. When a big crime broke, Parr would chuckle and send out for Mike this, Jake that, or Bill something else, and say, "This looks like your job! Show me you didn't do it." That's what Parr would be doing in this case—sending out for certain left-handed crafty members of the thieves' fraternity, to count their fingers, to ask them where they were on the afternoon of October eighth, when Culpepper Lea was done in. Police business is very simple with a lead or two to go on. Morel's voice dropped to a lower level of audibility; the metallic echoes became more pronounced. Oliver knew what he was doing. He was going over a rogues'-gallery section that hung against one wall. He suggested one

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"Iron Clad"

after another. Some Parr accepted, some he rejected.

Oliver hung up. He turned to Arthur Vachen with a smile and a little *c'est ça* gesture.

"It's solved," he said.

"I don't follow," said the head master. "You ——"

"Arthur, it was your iteration of that word 'recoil,'" said Oliver. He picked up the gun. "Look at it! The charge that blew off that muzzle blew off a trigger finger too! There isn't a mark on Lea's hands. Arthur, if I should ask you to send me, from among your graduates, a dozen boys who could do a hundred yards in ten seconds, you could do it, couldn't you?"

"Well, say ten and two-fifths, yes," said Vachen.

"That's what Parr is doing right now," said Oliver. "He says, 'Bring in all the crooks slick enough to cover a stickup to make it look like suicide.' There are not many crooks wise enough. Not many of them would take the trouble. You know which of your boys could fill a certain job. Parr knows which of his crooks could have done a certain job. There you are!"

Vachen nodded vaguely.

"Meantime, there is the certainty—we say—of the hand—the left hand—being hurt. At this moment the telegraph typewriter is going in every police station in every city, town and village in Connecticut, asking for a report on all men with injured hands, as of that date. It's not a goose chase. A few days ago a man was killed by a hit-and-run driver. A day later the police, going from garage to garage, found the car over in Long Island City. A button off the dead man's coat was found wedged in the headlight clamp. That's police work."

"You believe they will get him?"

"Knowing this man Parr, yes," said Oliver.

"Lea's coming back that morning a second time"—there was a frightened look in Vachen's eyes—"I must confess ——"

"That was probably what your behaviorist will call a conditioned reflex," said Oliver with a smile. "Maybe she dressed her hair differently that morning, or wore something new, or maybe the sunlight made her seem especially pretty when he looked back. Coming on top of murder, it, of course, started that bright young insurance investigator off on a tangent. It did me!"

"We'll go over to the house," said Arthur Vachen, getting up.

"For just a moment," said Oliver. "Present me merely as an old college mate."

She seemed waiting at the door, and when Vachen got down at the gate she came out.

"This is the man," said Vachen proudly, "the police stopped writing thrillers because he got too good. Don't you recollect how we used to devour him? He's passing through. I just wanted you to see him. He's coming back to talk to my boys."

And that was all of what originally was to have been a momentous interview. Three days later when a score of "wise" crooks—some with bandaged hands—had been led before Parr and rejected, there came the one whom, strangely, Morel had named first—Southpaw Jake—Jake the Crippler! He had disappeared from his usual haunts—not a good sign for Jake. They found him in Albany and brought him in. He had a bad case of infection in his left hand. But he came in jauntily enough—knowing, of course, in his wise way, that he wasn't there to be asked about the Lea killing. Parr chuckled at sight of him. He opened a drawer and took out the gun and slammed it down on the table. Jake the Crippler froze in his tracks. Now he had the eyes of a trapped rat.

"Would you believe it, Jake?" cried Parr, sudden ferocity in his eyes. "A steam shovel came along and dug it out of the mud for us, without even being asked. How do you think we got you?"

Jake the Crippler shook his head. He was coming to again.

"I said," said Parr, "'Bring in the wisest crook in the business! It takes a man with brains to think of that stunt!'"

"It was clever, wasn't it?" cried Jake, beaming. "You know, chief, I laid awake nights thinking it out!"

"The breaks were against you, Jake," said Parr, his eyes perceptibly narrowing.

"Yeah. You can't beat the breaks," said Jake. They led him away. The loot was located, through his confession, in the possession of a notorious fence. Practically all the securities were unregistered and would have been lost. They could easily have been sold, when the furor died down, at market price.

DRAWN BY "MIKE" ANGELO

"Lay Off, Spike! We Can't Rob This Bank; I'm the Heaviest Depositor Here"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

I saw his book the other day, on the parlor table of Mrs. Allyn Smythe. I, too, caressed the tree-calf binding and admired the vermilion and black of the title page and the copper-cut cherubs above the dedication. I did not read the Rev. Cornelius van Steenkirke's message on the Means of Grace and the Hope of Glory. The rest of the book is a receptacle for cigarettes.

"It is the latest Parisian novelty," said Mrs. Allyn Smythe.

GLORY

Fearless François Beaudoin and bold Joe Froissart were the bravest loggers in the North Country. For this reason they were chosen by the great moving-picture corporation to ride logs down the rapids of the Ticotimi River. Shouting and singing, they mounted the log jam, pried the key logs loose and, when the jam broke, waved their hooks with a cheer and let the current take them over the treacherous rapids. The onlookers held their breath at such audacity; the cameras clicked. The wise old sages of the North Country shook their heads with foreboding; and justly, too, for fearless François Beaudoin and bold Joe Froissart, thirsting for glory, took the wildest chances and fell in and were drowned.

Their gallantry was to be embodied in a film entitled Passions of the Snow. Mariette, the lovely half-breed, was wooed by Denis the Dreamer, who had invented a device for abolishing static from the radio. But as Denis is dreaming—a scene of Denis dreaming and playing his accordion under that aurora borealis—Jacot the Bull steals his invention and Marie and makes off. Jacot mocks his captive; most of the rest of the film depicts her futile efforts for revenge, expressed in remarkable contortions of face and figure. At length Denis overtakes them; Jacot mocks Denis and breaks his accordion. In the night Marie steals Jacot's revolver and plants it on his forehead. Jacot wakes and mocks her. The revolver drops from her nerveless hand, for no assassin in cinema history has been able to pull the trigger when his victim is smiling. And all the hate in her heart yields to a greater emotion. I mean love. She falls in his arms.

As the wild ride of fearless François and bold Joe Froissart had not shown up very well, it was omitted. —MORRIS BISHOP.

Nasty Cracks

HOW like our luckless city streets
The absurd lives of men!
We build them up and smooth them down
And make them perfect; then
We seize the pick of restlessness
And tear them up again.

Men give their regard and their deepest respect
To the dignified bird with the big intellect;
But they save up their votes and their heartiest cheers
For the versatile guy who can wiggle his ears.

In olden days an insult
Meant a duel and a death;
Today, if it resulted
In a fight to get insulted,
The haggard undertaker man would sweat himself to death.

Men publish the death of some outlaw notorious
In page upon page of Boloney uproarious;
But should I succumb to some fatal infection,
They'd give me two lines in the Classified Section.

I think, were I a preacher, I would never mention hell;
For if you have to scare a sinner into heaven—well,
Perhaps he'll make the grade
If he gets an awful scare,
But he'll make a rotten angel
when he
does
get
there.
—Lowell Otus Reese.

The Passionate Leopard to His Love

COME live with me and change your spots;
I love you lots and lots and lots;
Together, through the fields we'll skip,
Lippity-lip, lippity-lip.

And I will chase you down the dale,
And we will twist each other's tail—
Why live in single jeopardy?
Let's just be warm and leopardy.

Ah, safe from men and hunters' clubs,
We'd dwell in peace and raise our cubs;
Our only fear would be, I wist,
Some ardent leopardopterist.

Tucked in our cozy jungle lair,
We'd lead a life beyond compare.
I love you long and deep and hard;
Come live with me and be my pard.
—Norman R. Jaffray.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Impression Retained by a Pair of Parents of Their Visit to a Coeducational University

Enjoy your favorite tobacco as never before—

"a sweet smoke through a dry pipe"

HAVE you opened a package of your favorite tobacco and whiffed its aromatic fragrance? It smelled so good because it was so fresh, so *clean*.

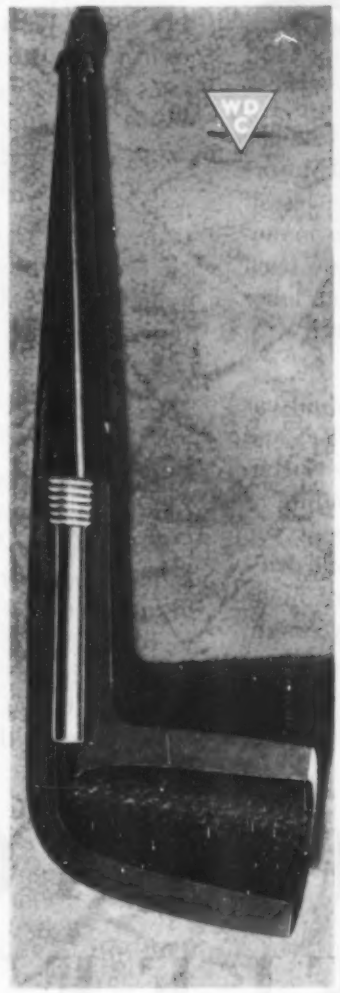
But have you crammed this fresh tobacco into your pipe—and lighted up—and wondered where the fragrance had gone? Your pipe was clogged, dirty, and robbed you of the smoking pleasure the manufacturer had put into your favorite tobacco. Rich aroma, rare fragrance never came through to you. The smoke had lost its cool freshness in the bitter shank.

Enjoy a sweet, fragrant smoke through a clean, dry pipe. Hesson Guard*—exclusive Demuth feature—takes care of that. This pipe is unlike any you have ever smoked—cleaner, sweeter, cooler, handsomer. A treat awaits you. Wm. Demuth & Co. Established 1862. New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

Demuth Milano

with the Hesson Guard $3.50

*Patented 12-22-25



This Pipe Stays Sweet

The patented Hesson Guard—exclusive Demuth feature—prevents fouling of the shank. Its scientific design and precision manufacture guarantee air-tight seating against the shoulder of the bowl. By controlling condensation it eliminates the causes of shank bitterness. The pipe *must* keep sweet and dry.

Ready to Smoke

Gone are the tongue burns, the bad tastes of breaking in the ordinary pipe. Demuth Milano has been mechanically smoked for you with fine tobacco. It has a real cake. It is sweet from the start. And it stays sweet, because of the exclusive Hesson Guard.

A Handsome Pipe

Demuth Milano may be had in highly polished smooth finish or in the popular "ripple" finish. Only finest selected briar is used. There are many shapes and sizes to suit you. All have the exclusive Hesson Guard. Look for the distinctive red and black checker-board box.

THIS ONLY SAYS WHAT NEARLY EVERYONE KNOWS

The blunt, uncompromising truth is that if you want the superlative type of performance which Cadillac and La Salle provide, you cannot get it except in Cadillac and La Salle.

If all the millions which the Cadillac Motor Car Company and General Motors have expended in developing the closest, finest, highest type of precision manufacturing in the world did not show itself in performance—it would be love's labor lost. But it *does* demonstrate itself with immediate emphasis.

All you need do is to drive some car aspiring to compete with Cadillac and La Salle—and then turn to the latter. The contrast will prove so startling as to be unanswerable. The moment you step into a Cadillac or a La Salle and drive away—you *know* that there are hours and days and months and years of supremest satisfaction ahead of you which no other cars can yield.

The difference is perhaps more obvious today than ever before. For there are embodied in the newest Cadillacs, La Salles, and Fleetwoods on these chassis, exclusive features of safety, performance and driving ease that contribute a measure of enjoyment and freedom of mind surpassing any other conceivable motoring experience.

In any driving crisis there is no more vital safety factor than the Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission. It permits quiet, easy, almost instantaneous shifting of gears—at any speed—without pausing in neutral—and without the slightest suggestion of clashing.

The second great safety feature is the Cadillac-La Salle Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes. Cadillac believes that there is no comparable braking protection. These brakes are amazingly powerful in action, but require little effort. They respond to the slightest pressure. Only Cadillac and La Salle are equipped with this new braking system.

A third great element of safety rests in the fact that all windows, doors and windshields are equipped with Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass. This means that the Cadillac or La Salle owner may dismiss from his mind all concern about being injured by flying glass fragments.

Make the comparison yourself. Drive one of those cars seeking to class itself with Cadillac-La Salle. Then drive a Cadillac or a La Salle. The conclusion is inescapable.

In addition to twenty-three refreshingly beautiful Fisher Bodies for the new Cadillac and the new La Salle, there are fifteen exclusive and exquisite custom-built models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built.

+

La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875; Cadillac, from $3295 to $3995; Fleetwood up to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

CADILLAC-LA SALLE FLEETWOOD

The uniqueness of Cadillac results from those characteristics that have the strongest bearing on all phases of motor car satisfaction: performance that is unequaled for brilliance, smoothness and flexibility, because only Cadillac-built cars are powered with the 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine; exclusive features that assure the largest measure of safety and ease obtainable anywhere; and beauty that is beyond compare.

MOST BALDNESS *is* PREVENTABLE

...prove it by using
SYSTEMATIC SCALP MASSAGE AND
GLOVER'S

SCIENCE has found nothing to equal Glover's for falling hair and dandruff. A medical application, not a perfumed lotion. Use it regularly—massage your scalp systematically—and you will win a head of thick lustrous hair.

The right way to massage your scalp and care for your hair is explained in this free book. It tells facts about hair troubles and how to overcome them. Write for a copy today.

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Imperial
HAIR APPLICATION
AND
MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
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40 East 34th Street, New York

A Medical Application—not a perfumed Lotion

THE TAUT STRING

(Continued from Page 21)

"No. But he hates to see things shut up. He'd turn it loose. He's always meddling. Every time anybody catches anything wild he comes nosing around and buys it and lets it go."

"Not," said Doctor Perkins, "an unamiable eccentricity."

He drove up to an open gate in a white picket fence and alighted. "I'll be around back," said the Peddy Orphan. "Whistle or something when you come out."

When Brant emerged from the house he did not whistle, but walked around to the back yard to satisfy his curiosity to see a captive fox. The Peddy Orphan was on her knees before a slatted box exerting her charms of person and of voice on the frightened little creature which cowered inside.

"You don't seem to be making headway," said Brant.

"I betcha she could tame him," said Bert Wiggins. "I betcha she could even teach him tricks."

Brant stooped to regard the lithe, handsome little creature and even essayed some reassuring conversation of his own. But the little fox was not responsive.

"Here comes Mr. Cutcheon now," said the Peddy Orphan, and Brant looked over his shoulder to see approaching a man whose beard was only grizzled, but whose hair was snowy white. This struck him as odd. The man walked with sturdy step and erect shoulders. His face was notable, arresting, and the brown eyes, though melancholy, were lively with kindliness.

"Poor little creature," said Mr. Cutcheon, and then he noticed the doctor. "You are Doctor Perkins, are you not?"

"None other," said Brant; "and you are Mr. Cutcheon."

"It's worse," said Mr. Cutcheon, "than if he were human. He can't be made to understand. At one moment he has the liberty of the whole world; at the next he is shut in a box without room to stir! All the forest and the mountains to run in, and then a few feet of space behind bars! It is a dreadful thing to be shut behind bars, doctor, even if you comprehend the reason for it."

"Dreadful, indeed," said Brant.

"Away from the air and the sunshine, away from the roads and the fields and the hills! To know there are illimitable reaches free to the feet of man or beast, but to be shut in narrow confines by the will of someone or something in authority! To me, doctor, it is unbearable. . . . Bert, the little fellow is frightened and unhappy."

"Cal'late he's scairt, Mr. Cutcheon. But I wouldn't hurt him. I hain't cruel to animals."

Mr. Cutcheon shook his head gravely. "I know, Bert. I know. But there is a suffering that is not of the flesh and a cruelty that is not of the hand. I hope you are going to let me buy him so that I may let him go."

"'Tain't everybuddy ketches a fox," said Bert.

"They're hard to capture, aren't they? Very hard. Because they prize their liberty. It was clever of you to catch him, Bert, and so you're entitled to put quite a price on him. What do you say?"

"I dunno. I kind of want to keep him."

"No, you don't either, Bert Wiggins," said the Peddy Orphan. "How'd you like to be shut in a box? And he'll only die or something. . . . Mr. Cutcheon, Bert'll sell him for ten dollars."

"I dunno," said Bert hesitantly.

"Ten dollars is a heap," said the Peddy Orphan. "Willing to go that high, Mr. Cutcheon?"

"The price is reasonable."

"I guess it's a deal," said Bert, whereupon the transaction was consummated and property passed.

"Oh," said the Peddy Orphan, "I want to see him set free. Doctor, you take the box in your car, and Mr. Cutcheon and I will go along. Where'd you catch him, Bert; so we can set him loose near his home?"

"Jest beyond the fork of the brook," said Bert.

They carried the crate to the car and disposed it in the tonneau. The Peddy Orphan crowded in beside the fox while Mr. Cutcheon sat beside the doctor.

"Keep your fingers out of the cage," counseled Brant.

The Peddy Orphan sniffed. Then, after a moment's silence, she asked, "Who was that policeman-looking man that went into your office this afternoon?"

"You've sharp eyes," said Brant.

"I need them," she said. "Who was he?"

"A policeman," said Brant tantalizingly.

"What did he want with you? What's he doing in Kidder's Dam?"

"He's on business," said Brant.

"What business? You might as well tell me, because I'll find out. I always find out whatever I set my heart on."

Mr. Cutcheon chuckled. "She's right there, doctor. You can't keep things from her."

"He is looking," said Doctor Perkins, "for an escaped convict."

"Here? In our town! When did he escape? What's his name? Why does this policeman think he's here?"

"He escaped," said Brant, "twenty years ago."

Something tinkled to the floor of the car. It was Mr. Cutcheon's spectacles, which he had been wiping upon his handkerchief. But he made no movement to pick them up. Brant glanced at his face. It was very still, even the eyes were still and somehow sightless; staring ahead with a strange fixity. Suddenly he sighed and relaxed.

"Twenty years," he said softly—so softly that Brant believed the words to be spoken to himself and not for other ears to hear. "Twenty years is a very long time."

"And here," said Brant, "is the brook."

They unloaded the crate, knocked off the slats and stepped back a short distance. The little prisoner cowered, hesitated to believe that these human creatures meant him well, could not credit this miracle of liberty. Then there came a flash of red and the woods had received its own again. Mr. Cutcheon smiled, not joyously but tremulously.

"Probably," said the Peddy Orphan, "when he tells Mamma and Papa Fox and the little foxes about this, they won't believe a word of it. He'll go through life with a bad reputation for story-telling."

"And now," Brant said, "I'll drive you home and get back to my whoopers."

"You may let me out at Mr. Cutcheon's," said the Orphan. "I've fish to fry in that vicinity."

Mr. Cutcheon lived in one of those little acute-roofed houses of modified Swiss architecture which testified to the striving after beauty by the early 80's. It faced the river under its huge maples, and gave to the beholder an impression of coolness, of quiet, but most of all, of extreme neatness. As the car stopped at the door, the man who grubbed in a flower bed stood erect and glanced toward them. Brant had to look twice at Mr. Cutcheon in the seat beside him in order to convince himself that his passenger had not escaped by some miracle and reached home before them. It is true the hair of this second Cutcheon was not so white as his brother's, but otherwise they were as alike, by nature and because of a deliberate striving to be alike, as it is possible for two human creatures to be. Their clothing was identical; they must have cut their hair and trimmed their beards at the same time and polished their shoes within seconds of each other. Never had Doctor Perkins encountered elderly twins who were at such pains to maintain a resemblance.

"One can see you and your brother are twins," said Brant.

"But," said Mr. Cutcheon, "we are not. I am a year older than John."

Then why, thought Brant, this meticulous care to maintain identity of appearance? It was to be understood in twins, for it is impressed upon them in babyhood by parents who dress them alike and seem to take pleasure in the inability of outsiders to tell them apart. It was an eccentricity to be noted and pondered over when shared by brothers of different ages.

Brant shook hands with John Cutcheon, said good-by to James and the Orphan, and went back to finish his rounds. As he drove past the post office he saw Detective Pond leaning against the doorway, smoking a placid cigar and basking in the sunshine. Massive and slow and somehow inexorable the man appeared. There was an air of inevitability about him. Brant could imagine him staying in Kidder's Dam, unhurried, patient, for years, for decades, until his mission was accomplished.

II

DETECTIVE POND seemed to have elected the post office as a logical vantage point from which to pursue his investigations. Doctor Perkins never passed that edifice without seeing the broad figure of the officer lounging against the wall, chewing the end of an expired cigar and watching the sparse traffic with disinterested eye. After some ten days of this sort of thing, the doctor stopped as he went in for his mail and approached the detective.

"It's a nice post office," he said.

"I'm getting fond of it," replied Mr. Pond. "Never met a post office was easier to lean against."

"Detective methods interest me. Are you, perhaps, covered with some sticky substance, as fly paper, and will the fugitive presently light on you? Or what is the idea?"

"I never have many ideas," said Mr. Pond. "I just wait."

"It saves wear and tear, but does it get results?"

"It's kept my job for me. Detectives," he said, "don't catch criminals. Nope. Criminals mostly fix it up so detectives will have to catch 'em. Funny that way. Something always cracks. I just stand around kind of public so the criminal 'll know I'm after him, and it worries him a sight. He gets fidgety. Then he does something foolish and I got him. Matter of nerves. He's worried—I ain't. That's all there is to it."

"Then you're making no actual progress?"

"Why you so interested?"

"I've started the story, so I like to know how it comes out."

"Huh. Mebby so; mebby not. But I can tell you this, doctor. I'm eliminating."

"Splendid. And when everybody is eliminated but one man, he's bound to be it."

"That's the idea. So far I've eliminated a heap. It ain't anybody that's come here the last year. I got 'em all checked off. Nor the year before. It ain't anybody under fifty years old. It ain't anybody with blue eyes. It ain't anybody with clubfeet or that's five-foot-two high. In fact, doctor, there ain't upwards of twenty-thirty men in town it can be. Kind of narrowed down."

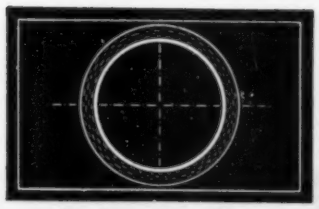
"But," said Brant, "suppose you narrow down to three, or possibly two. It gets hard then, doesn't it? How'll you pick your man, and when you've picked him, how'll you prove it?"

"Mebby by a strawberry mark on his elbow," said Mr. Pond.

"D'ye know," said Brant, "I'm more interested to find out who wrote that anonymous letter and why, than I am in the identity of your escaped convict."

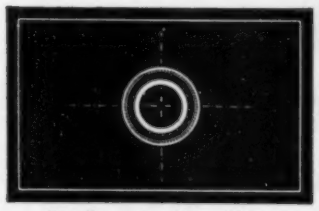
Detective Pond raised his eyes slowly to the doctor's and blinked three times before he replied. "Seems as though I'd rather not know that—if I was an outsider. Detectives have to know such things. Me—you couldn't hire me to know 'em, if it wasn't part of my job. They make me shiver."

(Continued on Page 79)



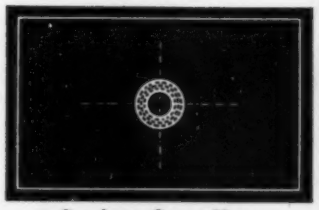
Goodyear Water Hose

Can be run over, dragged over rough floors and sharp edges, banged around corners; built to withstand severe abuse without damage. A superior water hose, strong and flexible. Available in a variety of plies and sizes to withstand all working pressures. Used for innumerable purposes in all industries.



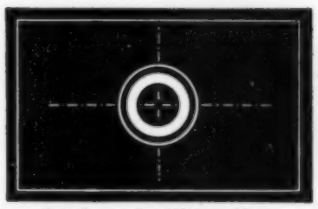
Goodyear Sanitary Hose

A white hose. Built to withstand external action of animal fats, fish oil, fruit acids, and internal effects of hot water and low-pressure steam. Used for washup and sterilizing service in creameries, ice cream plants, packing houses, canneries, bakeries, condenseries, pickle factories, laboratories—standard everywhere in the food industry.



Goodyear Spray Hose

Built of impervious stock to withstand spray chemicals under extremely high pressures. Used to fight injurious insects with copper sulphate, copper carbonate, lead arsenate, and Paris Green. Used in industry to spray lacquers and paints of high turpentine content. Will withstand pressures up to 500 lbs. per square inch.



Goodyear Sandblast Hose

A hose that will last longer than iron pipe. Made of pure gum rubber stocks which will resist destructive action of sand blast materials, angular grit, chilled steel shot, and metallic abrasives. Sufficient plies of fabric to hold all working pressures and externally tough for resistance to wear under blast conditions. Used in all industrial finishing processes.

300 Tons of Impact — and the G. T. M.

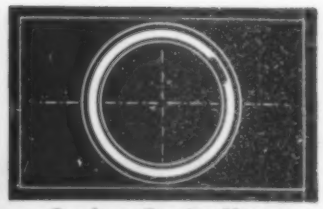
No ordinary dredge sleeve would hold up to the job of the American Aggregates Corporation, Greenville, Ohio. The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—saw that instantly. The rubber joints of the 1300′ pipeline had to take the full impact of 300 tons of powerfully impelled rock per hour. Twelve-inch boulders, smaller and sharper stuff as well, hurtled destructively and constantly at the bending, yielding pipe joints.

Only after thorough analysis of such factors as these, did the G. T. M. make his expert recommendations. Then he specified 12 ply Goodyear Dredge Sleeves, 24″ in length, 16″ diameter, tough, adequately flexible, designed for the job.

"Helped to obtain high economies," writes Mr. Fred. D. Coppock, President of the American Aggregates Corporation. "We are glad to speak a word of praise for Goodyear Dredge Sleeves, because they have helped us to obtain high economies in plant operations . . . The knowledge of the rubber technicians and the experience of the practical production engineer, combined as they are in your G. T. M. service, have been of very tangible value to us."

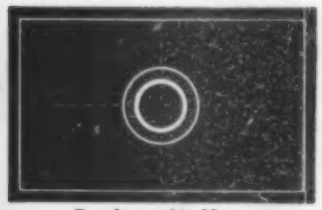
Not only dredge sleeves but the various types of special purpose hose diagrammed in the accompanying blue-prints, as well as belting and molded rubber goods, are positively specified to their work by the G. T. M.

For you, also, G. T. M. service has tangible value. You may have Goodyear hose or other mechanical rubber goods specified to your own needs or receive detailed information about Goodyear's service to others in your industry by writing to Goodyear, Akron, or Los Angeles.



Goodyear Suction Hose

Manufactured with a concealed metal reenforcement for sand, water, acid suction, fire-engine use, oil suction and discharge. This hose is built to withstand hardest internal and external abrasion from sand, grit, rock-chunks, anything that can be moved by suction. Resists long-continued fire-pump pulsation at forced pressures.



Goodyear Air Hose

The standard air hose. Used in mines and quarries, in building and demolition operations, on drills, hammers, riveters. Highly wear-resisting. Built to withstand internal heat, oil, and pressure, and severe external abrasion. Rubber cover is stronger than wire winding. Used in all industries where compressed air has power application.

Goodyear Welding Hose

For oxy-acetylene and oxy-hydrogen welding and cutting processes. Built to withstand all gas pressures and of non-disintegrative materials to prevent clogging of delicate flame orifice. Corrugated for special resistance to metal abrasion. Will not kink and is hard to flatten. Used in all metal welding and cutting operations.

Goodyear Steam Hose

The successful result of the most trying problem in hose manufacture—hose to withstand the supra-vulcanizing effects of steam. Expansion and contraction controlled by special fabric construction. Will not become hard and brittle. Fortified against pulsation, flexion, and severely abrasive wear.

BELTS • MOLDED GOODS HOSE • PACKING

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

878

Every day he looks into a thousand businesses

"TELEVISION" isn't new to the American business man. He has long had a "television" system of his own.

For example . . . every morning a series of reports is placed on the desk of a great chain store executive. He spends thirty minutes looking them over . . . and gets a keener insight into the condition of a thousand scattered businesses than he could by thirty days of traveling.

For these report-sheets cover the activities of a thousand branch stores. The summary of each store's operations is as graphic as a moving picture. It shows the executive what took place yesterday, as vividly as if he had been there himself.

The store's sales for the day, the week, the month and the year to date . . . comparative figures for the same periods a year ago. The exact stock on hand . . . lines that are "long" . . . earnings to date . . . and the "breakdown" of those earnings by lines of merchandise.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

And how does he get these figures? Business machinery and systems of control! Business appliances, methods and controls so sensitized to operations that not the slightest detail of importance can get by without being recorded, in manifold, and reported.

The growth of the chain store system is one of the marvels of American business. But the branch store would not be feasible except for the swift, unerring business machinery that daily registers its operations for the headquarters' executive's eyes.

Increased Business Prosperity

BUT whether it be a thousand stores or one makes little difference. Any business organization, whatever its size, can profit by this closer knowledge of the facts.

Modern business methods and machinery have contributed vitally to the prosperity and the amazing expansion of American business. They have cut costs. Speeded operation. Eliminated waste. Spotlighted opportunities for *new* profits.

The success of any modern business depends upon its executives' control. And "control" means knowing "what's going on"... knowing the facts and figures . . . not once a month but *every* day.

Take advantage of this New Force in Business

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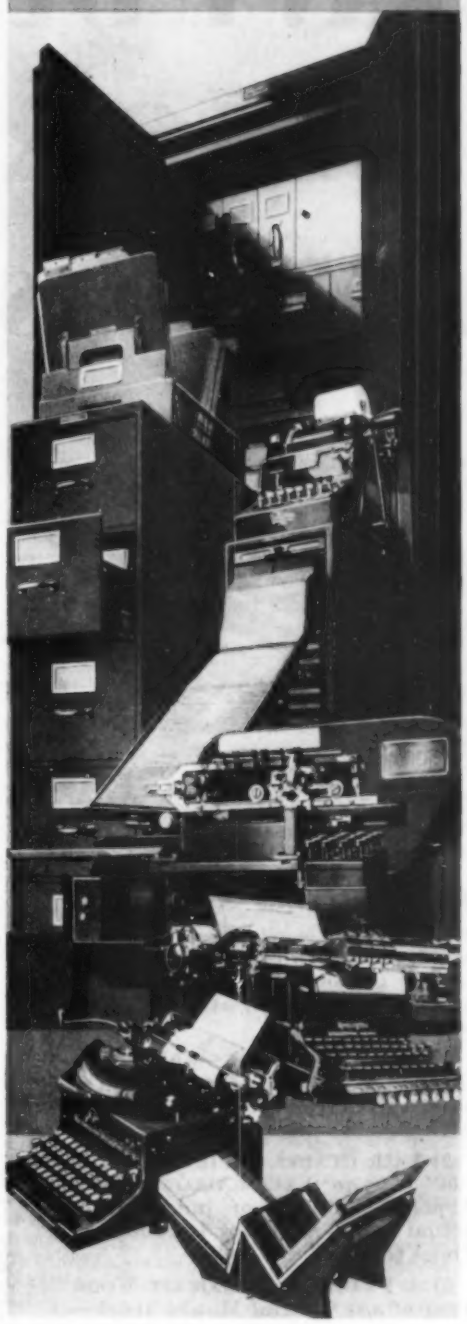

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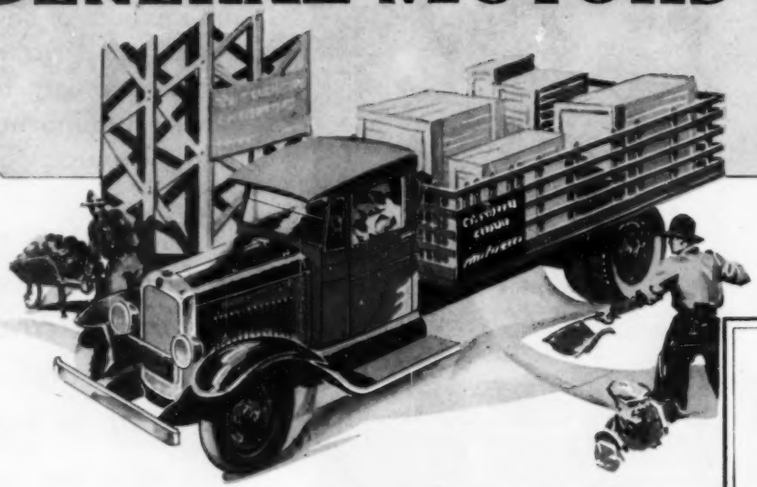

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(Continued from Page 74)

"So a detective may be human after all?"

"Not," said Mr. Pond, "during business hours."

Brant drove back to his office, where he found half a dozen patients awaiting him, among them a wizened old man with extraordinarily white teeth and small, sharp eyes of almost obsidian shade. The doctor did not remember having seen him before since his arrival in Kidder's Dam; a fact which the new patient took for granted.

"Name's Peel," he said. "Rheumatism in the arm."

"Your age, Mr. Peel?"

"Sixty."

Brant would have guessed him to be eight or ten years older, but wise doctors do not disclose such reflections to their patients. He asked such other questions as were pertinent and wrote the replies upon a card for filing.

"What's the detective say?" asked Mr. Peel.

"Very little."

"He came to see you first."

"So I understand."

"Give him any information?"

"I had none to give."

"And wouldn't have given it if you had," said Mr. Peel acutely.

"You seem interested in the detective," said Brant.

"Aren't you?" countered the old man. "Who wouldn't be? Human nature. All the elements. Mystery, anonymous letter—everything."

"I didn't know the anonymous letter was common knowledge," said Brant.

"I find out lots of things that ain't common knowledge," said Mr. Peel.

"Perhaps you've found out who wrote it, then."

Mr. Peel made no direct answer to this, but he did say something which, when Doctor Perkins found time to review the conversation, he considered to be odd. "The convict knows who wrote it," he said through thin lips. "Hate ain't so common. You know the man that hates you—and why. You know the man that's got patience to keep you standing on the edge of a precipice for twenty years, able to push you off at any second."

"I am unable to understand such a man or such a hate."

Mr. Peel's obsidian eyes glowed coldly. "Different with me," he said. "This detective must have it narrowed down. I got it narrowed down myself. Be more fascinating for everybody when it's pared down to two or three. Imagine the feeling of the convict, doctor, when he realizes this detective gets to the point where he knows it's one of a couple, say; and all he's got to do is make his identification. Imagine the hours he sits waiting for that identification to be made." A narrow tongue flicked out to lick thin, pale lips.

"You seem to derive a pleasure from that situation," said Brant.

"It isn't human beings who are interesting," said Mr. Peel. "It's the fixes they get themselves into."

"Perhaps," said Brant, "as a student of human nature, you can tell me why the anonymous letter writer doesn't make himself more definite."

"There are different kinds of artists, doctor. And this man is an artist. He's building toward a climax. It wouldn't suit him to have it over with and the convict sent back to prison. That would leave his revenge hungry. No. He wants to see the noose drawn smaller and smaller and smaller. He wants the suspense. He wants to enjoy those last hours when the detective tries to say it is this man or that man, and finds identification all but impossible. He wants to sit and watch the growing strain on the nerve of his enemy. It's art."

"Inhuman art," said Brant.

Mr. Peel chuckled. "All depends on what seat you sit in," he said. "So this detective hasn't told you anything?"

"Nothing."

"All right, doctor. I'll be coming in with this arm every once in a while. If you hear anything, let me know. Kind of a welcome diversion—this. Takes my mind off the ache."

"You think a man wrote the letter?"

"What woman would employ such art? No. When a woman hates, she is rash. She is not patient. She becomes primitive. You may depend upon it—a man wrote the letter."

He arose and moved to the door, where he paused and eyed Doctor Perkins oddly. "Nobody your age," he said, "can understand hate."

"But," said Doctor Perkins, "we can understand love—and I think there is a splendid love in this matter some place. The love, Mr. Peel, of a man for a man."

III

"THE detective," said the Peddy Orphan—and her eyes were anxious—"has moved."

"Gone away, you mean?"

"Away from the post office," said the girl. "He's leaning against a tree across the road from the Cutcheons."

"And what, do you suppose, does that mean?"

"It means he has narrowed down, until he is sure the convict is either James or John. Oh, doctor, I hope not. They're so quiet and friendly and never disturb anybody or anything. Just two sweet old men."

"In the light of this," said Brant somberly, "Mr. James' eccentricity of setting free imprisoned animals becomes significant."

"Half the time it is Mr. John," said the Orphan.

"Eh?"

"One as much as the other. And, doctor, have you noticed anything about them the last few days?"

"I haven't seen them."

"Mr. James' hair is as white as Mr. John's. I saw them in the yard today and I didn't know which was which."

"But will the patient Mr. Pond?" asked Brant.

"I don't believe either of those old men ever stole a thing," said the Peddy Orphan impetuously.

"If the detective is right, one of them was convicted and sent to prison. Innocent men are not generally found guilty."

"One could be," said the Orphan. She looked down the street as a broad figure rounded the corner. "There comes Mr. Pond now, and I've a notion to give him a piece of my mind."

"Probably," said Brant, "that would spoil his appetite for the day."

But the Peddy Orphan was not to be deterred. As Mr. Pond approached them, she confronted him, bristling.

"You've got your mind all made up who your convict is," she said, "but it isn't."

"Your syntax or something is mixed," said Brant.

Mr. Pond smiled. "The sympathy of the public is always with the criminal," he said.

"So," said Brant, "you have finished your elimination."

"Not quite," said the detective. "One more to go out. And the job is only begun. It was easy to get so far. Anybody could do that, with pains and patience. I know, as certainly as I can know anything, that my man is one of the Cutcheon brothers. But which?"

"Can you prove it is either?" asked Brant.

"I will be able to prove to the satisfaction of any court that one of those brothers was in the penitentiary twenty years ago. I will be able to trace their movements to this town and give you a history of their lives from the moment they came here until today."

"Then why not make an arrest?" asked the doctor.

"I can't arrest both of them. One is innocent. I can't arrest two men for one crime, any more than I could arrest a whole city full of men because I knew a criminal was among them."

"I suppose that is true," Brant said. "What then?"

"More patience," said Mr. Pond stolidly. "Just now I seem to be slipping backward. I could tell James from John, but now I can't. I've an idea they interchange identities. Who would know? Suppose John says he is James today and tomorrow he is John. Suppose I am able to prove that John is my man. Well, who is going to give me proof of which is John? It's pretty neat."

"It's rather more than neat, as I see it," said Brant. "It is pretty fine. We hear often enough of one man giving his life for another. It is done. We accept it as a possibility. We realize that human beings will die for each other. But here is something bigger than that."

"What do you mean?" asked the Orphan.

"Here," said Brant, "is one brother who loves the other so greatly that he lives for him. He gives up his life for him, and all the hopes and possibilities of his life. Think of it. James or John, whichever it is, has given up ambition, love, family, because just this situation may arise. He has given up identity. For twenty years the major business of his life has been to make himself identical with his brother. That's heroism, Mr. Detective."

"It's pretty grand," said Pond, "but it's to protect a criminal."

"Then," asked Doctor Perkins, "where do you go from here? How about the writer of your anonymous letter?"

"He offers a hope," said Pond.

"You know who he is?"

"Naturally," said the detective. "I know who he is, just as you guessed my man was one of the Cutcheons. You did, didn't you?"

"There came a time when I feared it," said Brant.

"And," said the detective, "when Peel left your office the other day with his fake rheumatism, you guessed he was our letter writer."

"He seemed a likely candidate."

"I wonder," said the detective, "if Peel knows."

"If he does," said the doctor, "he won't tell. Not until he is ready. He's gloating."

"Kind of fancies the situation, eh? I told you you wouldn't enjoy it if you found who he was. People can be pretty malignant, doc. Hate like this isn't healthy."

"Why does Peel hate Cutcheon?"

The detective frowned. "Ordinary reasons at the start. Jealousy, girl, the natural exasperation of a small, disagreeable man toward a big, superior man. But not enough there to arouse such a poisonous hatred in the normal mind. There must be something else." He chewed upon his unlighted cigar. "It's almost as if Cutcheon had done him a big favor."

Brant chuckled. "You do not think highly of human nature," he said.

"Don't you resent anyone being able to do you a favor? I do. Everybody does. To do a favor, especially a big one, suggests superiority. We all hate to be inferior."

"Why," suggested Doctor Perkins, "don't you confront them?"

"Considering it. Time's about ripe."

"Was there," asked Brant, "any doubt of Cutcheon's guilt at the time?"

"Dead open and shut."

"Was the money recovered?"

"Never."

"Then," said the Orphan, "it wasn't either of the brothers. Even if one of them had done it—for some awful reason—he would have sent it back or given it up. His brother would have made him."

"Um," grunted Mr. Pond.

"That raises a point," said Brant. "Would a man capable of such self-sacrifice as the innocent brother be capable of profiting by a crime? I doubt it. Pond, somehow I'm veering to the Orphan's notion."

"Nonsense. If a decent man—which this Cutcheon was—absconded with money, then it was for a reason. He had to use it. And he did use it. There wasn't any left to give back."

"A possibility," said Brant.

(Continued on Page 83)

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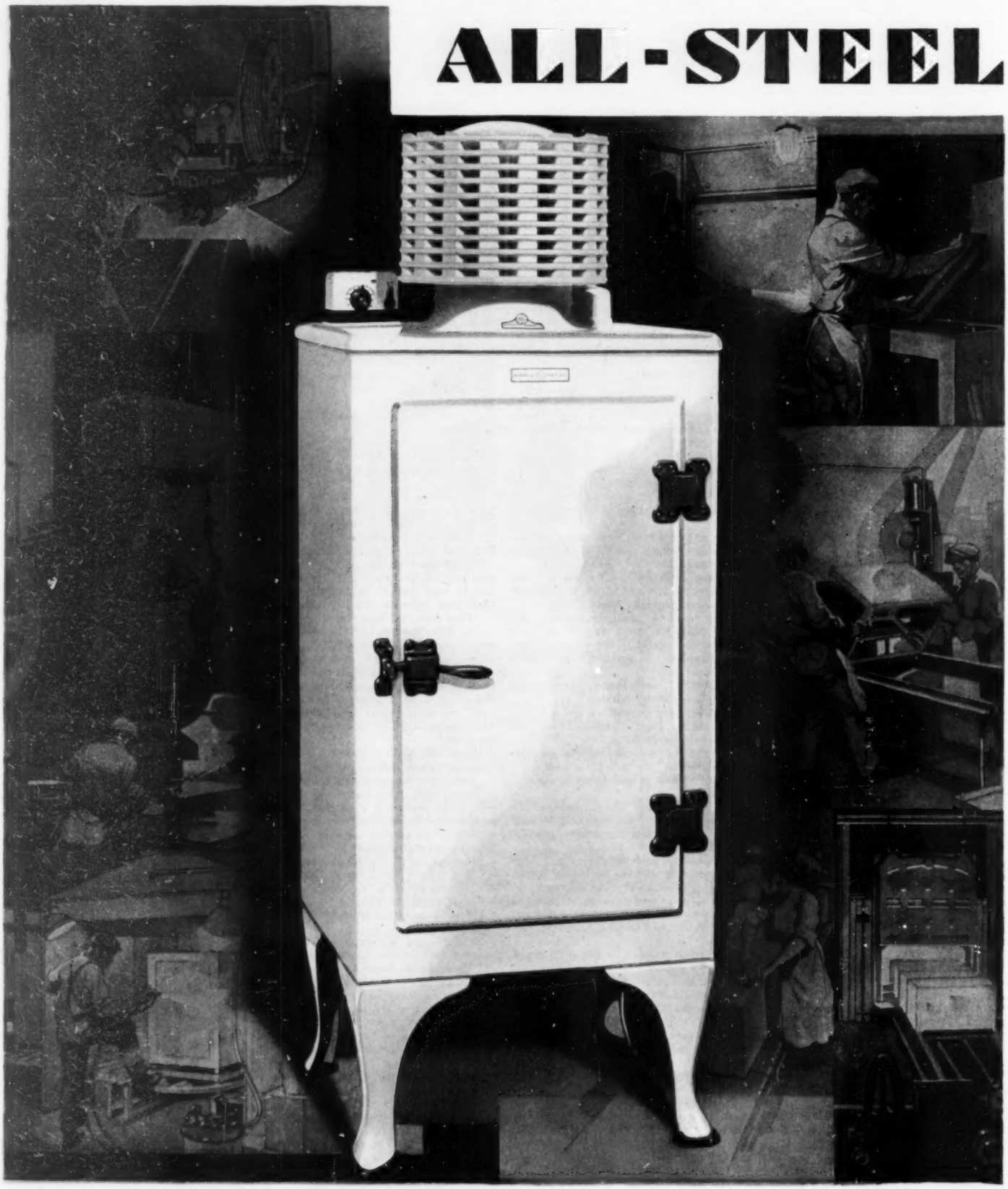

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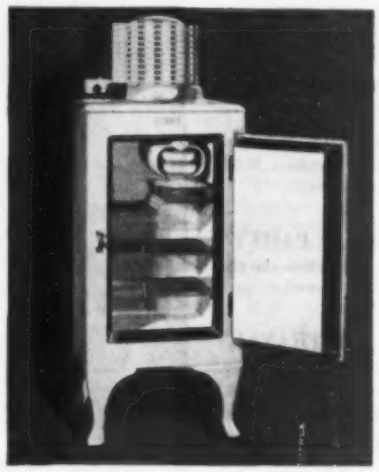

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(Continued from Page 79)

"I'll need a witness," said the detective.

"For what?"

"When I confront Peel and the Cutcheons. You'll do."

"Curiosity," said Doctor Perkins, "is something diet will not reduce. I've got to read the last chapter. When?"

"I'll let you know," said Mr. Pond.

"On one condition," said Brant.

"And that?"

"Your permission to investigate, and, if possible, verify, certain cock-eyed theories of human nature which I have collected. I bristle with them."

The detective eyed the doctor, blinking mildly. "I'll go you once," he said, "if it loses me my job."

IV

FIVE men occupied the office of the justice of the peace of Kidder's Dam, the room having been borrowed for the occasion. There sat the Cutcheon brothers and Mr. Peel and Detective Pond and Doctor Perkins, and each of them was grim and self-controlled and silent. The doctor had been last to arrive, and as soon as he took his seat, Detective Pond spoke.

"Mr. Peel," he said, "you wrote the authorities an anonymous letter stating that Amos French, an escaped convict, was to be found in Kidder's Dam."

"I neither admit nor deny," said Mr. Peel.

"Your name," said Pond, "is Arthur Whitby. You came to this town within six months of the arrival of the Cutcheon brothers—one of whom is Amos French."

"You are thorough," said Mr. Peel.

"The purpose of this meeting is to confront you three and to ask you to identify the fugitive. Twenty years have passed. You alone have observed these two men during that time. I take it, you have watched them jealously. They have taken infinite pains to confuse their identities and to cause a similarity of appearance. I ask you now, which man is Amos French?"

"I confess," said Mr. Peel, "that I cannot do so."

"Or will not," said the detective.

"Or will not," agreed Mr. Peel.

Neither of the Cutcheons had spoken since their arrival; they sat motionless, with eyes fixed upon the wrinkled face of the man who had sought to betray the one of them who had worn the stripes of prison. Now they did not exhibit relief.

"You venture," said the detective to Mr. Peel, "to frustrate the claims of justice."

"I have my own ideas of justice."

"Why do you hate Amos French?" asked the detective.

At this point Doctor Perkins spoke for the first time. "He doesn't hate Amos," he said quietly.

"No?"

"He fears him," said Doctor Perkins.

Peel's obsidian eyes fixed themselves on the doctor and glowed somberly, calculatingly.

"Why?" asked the detective.

"With ample reason. By the way, Pond, your chronology is wrong."

"In what respect?"

"Mr. Peel was the first arrival in our village. The Cutcheon brothers arrived some months later."

"You are wrong."

"I am right. . . . Am I not, Mr. Peel?"

"I am answering no questions."

"Will you answer that question, Mr. Cutcheon?"

"We will," said one of the brothers. "Mr. Peel arrived before us."

"Because," said Doctor Perkins, "it required some time for you to trace him, after Amos French escaped.

"If," asked Brant, "Mr. Peel had moved on from here, what would you have done?"

"We would have followed."

"Did Mr. Peel know this?"

"He knew it."

"Hence," said Brant, "the fear. . . . Do you regard this point as significant, Mr. Pond?"

"It proves nothing. Indeed it is not proved itself."

Mr. Peel shrugged his shoulders. "If you are through with me," he said, "I have business elsewhere."

"You have, indeed," said Doctor Perkins, "but it can wait. Your theory of the detection of crime, Pond, is that the detective should wait patiently for the criminal to do some foolish act which calls attention to himself."

"In my experience it is a proved theory."

"But has Amos French called attention to himself?"

"No."

"But someone has called attention to himself?"

"I don't follow you."

"By writing an anonymous letter," said Doctor Perkins.

"Um."

"These foolish acts of the criminal," Doctor Perkins said, "are, I take it, the result of worry. He tries to cover his trail, when no trail is apparent. He reaches a point when he feels he must do something to help himself."

"That is the idea."

"I wonder why," Doctor Perkins said musingly, "it suddenly seemed imperative, after twenty years, for Mr. Peel to write a letter."

"You're off on a tangent," said Pond. "Peel is not the escaped convict."

"That is true. But for the sake of argument, suppose we adopt a far-fetched hypothesis—namely, that the escaped convict was innocent, and that his business in life became the search for proof against the guilty. Suppose he ran to earth the man he suspected, and watched that man for twenty years. There would be some little strain, would there not? And worry? And suppose that, in the end, it began to seem to the real criminal that his pursuer was nearing his goal! That the escaped convict was growing warm, as the children say in their game? What then? It would account for the foolish act, eh?"

"In the supposititious case—yes," said Pond.

"That was the way I reasoned," said Doctor Perkins. "It argued the existence of a damning fact."

"Good logic from a hypothetical basis," said the detective.

"Very well, then, we have this supposititious damning fact, and we have, secondarily, the possibility that Amos French was approaching the spot where this damning fact is hidden. Hence the letter. If French goes back to prison he is disposed of and the hunt is off."

"Your argument breaks down. If this were true, would Peel decline to make identification?"

"He would have made it in his letter, had he been able to do so. Mr. Peel, as the rest of us, does not know which is which."

"Possibly. As an exercise in logic you have shown a heap of adroitness, doctor. But the result is nothing but mental gymnastics. The law deals in facts which can be proved to twelve good men and true."

"But my mental gymnastics have made you think. They have made even Mr. Peel think. Twenty years of constant strain wears the self-control very thin. I fancy Mr. Peel's self-control is near to the snapping point. Sitting on a trapdoor waiting for it to open under him! Is it hard to keep a grip on yourself, Mr. Peel?"

"Nonsense!" said the old man huskily, but his obsidian eyes burned with hot fires and his hands gripped together until the knuckles were white.

Doctor Perkins sat quietly for a minute, two minutes, by actual ticking of the clock. And two minutes of silence seems as if it were an hour. Nobody spoke. Only silence. Then the doctor got to his feet.

"On July tenth," he said, "you wrote the letter. Amos French was drawing close to his proof. He was about here." The doctor advanced a step as if to illustrate the fact of nearness. "That was on July tenth." He advanced another step. "On the twelfth he drew nearer. Did you know that, Mr. Peel? A step nearer? Slow but sure—after twenty years! But always nearer and nearer." The doctor advanced slowly by half steps. "Two weeks later he had reached this point—almost within reach. So close, Mr. Peel, that the thing was almost in reach of his hand. Are you following me? Are you realizing his inexorable progress—his progress which nothing could stop; now that he was in sight of the goal! Then only by inches and half inches." Brant moved closer and closer to Peel, by degrees almost imperceptible. "Nearer," he said grimly, "and nearer and nearer and nearer." Then his voice lifted, almost exploded. "Until, yesterday, he arrived!" Now he stood towering over Peel, his finger thrust in the man's face. "He arrived. His goal was reached. He stretched out his hand and touched and lifted your secret, and it was his. He clutched and held the damning fact."

Peel leaped upward and backward, so that his chair crashed to the floor. He was shaking—a man in pieces. The banjo string had snapped after twenty years of sustained tension and one last, final, sudden turn of the key.

"You lie!" he said, fumbling at his throat. "He couldn't get it! Nobody could get it! You lie! You lie! He couldn't get into my deposit box!"

"Hush, Mr. Peel," said Brant. "You're unstrung. But the law can get into your deposit box, I think. . . . How about it, Pond?"

"You win," said the detective, and then: "Gosh, I'm in a tremble myself." He moved his shoulders as if to ease himself of something pressingly uncomfortable. "Peel," he said, "I'm taking you into custody, pending the opening of that box. We'll be going now."

Doctor Perkins sat down and wiped his forehead. "I'm tired," he said to the Cutcheon brothers.

"We don't understand," one of them said. "What has happened?"

"The shadow has lifted," said the doctor and then he chuckled. "And if either of you has a preference for a smooth face, he can shave off his whiskers."

"But, doctor, we have discovered no damning fact. We've searched and searched and kept him under our eyes, but we've never found ——"

"No," said the doctor. "But for twenty years he feared you would. Nerves are strange things, but they wear. The proof existed. He knew it. Its possession and your watching ground him day after day, until his foot slipped and he laid himself open to attack at his vulnerable point. I visualized your approach for him. He could see it, feel it. The whole thing was impossible under any other hypothesis. Nothing else would make Peel act as he acted; hence, the pyramids. Two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; a chain is as strong as its weakest link; and human nature is the drollest achievement of Omnipotence."

"But we—my brother and I—must express our gratitude."

"Sorry," said the doctor, "but whooping-cough patients are calling me. Listen to their happy, childish voices." He went hastily to the door. "Tell it to the Peddy Orphan," he said. "She's hanging around outside for news."

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Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

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The new

. . . You'll find a foot stool

. . . a fine new pair of Goodrich Heels that add much to your appearance and comfort . . .

824

You can't be up on your toes when you are down at the heels! Now shops like these New York shoe service stations are found all over the country . . . convenient, modern, up-to-the-minute establishments where you rest a minute in comfortable surroundings . . . and walk out with smart, comfortable, new rubber heels on your shoes. Look for the shop that says "Goodrich Rubber Heels".

. . . old ones taken off—new ones attached . . in just 5 minutes

5-minute way

To have these smart Goodrich Rubber Heels attached

At Modern Shoe Service Stations Everywhere

It's a great step forward!

These modern Shoe Service Stations. Where you can have rubber heels attached in five minutes.

No delay. No long waits. No inconvenience whatsoever.

These new Shoe Service Stations are just as efficient as the modern barber shop or beauty parlor--comfortable and inviting, clean and sanitary.

When you walk in these modern stores a courteous manager ushers you to a comfortable chair. You remove your shoes behind a private enclosure.

You usually find a foot stool or paper slippers there if you want them. A magazine to read if you wish.

And always courtesy, attention, consideration of your comfort, even in the smallest shops.

Then in five minutes your shoes are ready. Smart looking again. With a fine new pair of Goodrich Heels that add much to your appearance and comfort.

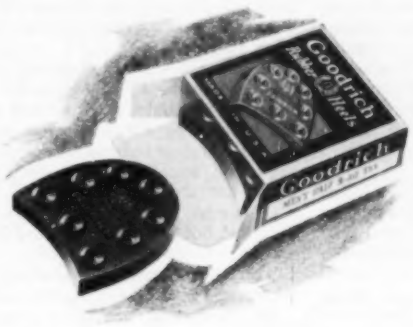
This new Shoe Service Station idea has been endorsed by The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, to bring quick rubber heel service within everybody's reach. You'll find repair shops, displaying the Goodrich sign, modern and up-to-date.

Now Heels That Are Easy to Attach

And the new Goodrich Heels they recommend have been especially designed to make attaching quick and easy. Live . . . tough . . . long wearing. Made by the same company that makes the famous Zippers and Silvertown Tires.

Super resilient. Made from a special rubber compound. These heels are long wearing and most comfortable.

Surely there's no excuse now to be down at the heel, when shoe-repair service is so quick and convenient. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.



. . a comfortable chair behind a private enclosure . .

. . . in 5 minutes . . . your shoes are ready . . .

Goodrich *Rubber Heels*

WARNING HILL

(Continued from Page 5)

"I wonder," he said at length, "exactly how you think it helps things to say that. Can't you ever be fair to her? Can't you ever?"

Aunt Sarah seemed very much pleased. She hummed softly and gave the strings of her lace cap a little tug.

"Ho-ho!" said Aunt Sarah. "All I can say is that if I had married—and I had my chances, though I suppose you won't believe it—my husband wouldn't have been ashamed to have me meet people."

"You don't understand, Aunt Sarah." Alfred Michael moved toward the door as he spoke. "No one wants to know us now."

Aunt Sarah sat up straighter in her chair and looked as though she did not understand.

"Not want to know us?" she said. "Alfred, are you crazy?"

It all was very strange to Tommy. For no reason he could see, his father began to laugh.

"It isn't your fault if I'm sane. I'll be up again for tea."

Of course his father was very brave. Tommy's heart was warm. Standing right in Aunt Sarah's room, his father had spoken back to her and had looked her in the eye.

"That proves it," said Aunt Sarah. "There's a curse upon the house."

Alfred Michael was at the door and gently propelled Tommy through it, but as Tommy went he had a final glimpse of Aunt Sarah, seemingly cheered by the interview, reaching for her sewing.

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah, "there's a curse upon the house. Alfred, haven't you forgotten something? Come back and kiss me, Alfred."

Once outside Aunt Sarah's door, it almost seemed to Tommy that his father had forgotten him.

"Confound the women!" Something must have been hurting his father from the way he spoke. "I wish there was a man. Lord, I wish there was a man!"

"Daddy," said Tommy, "there's me."

Suddenly Alfred Michael was on his knees beside him, holding him very tight.

"God bless my soul! Of course there is," he said.

II

NOW why Tommy felt it he could not tell, but he knew it was a time of change. There was a restiveness in the very air about him, and the noises of the trees. It set him to thinking of strange things, of sad things. As they walked past the granite posts of the drive, past which the white macadam road went by to town, his father drew his pipe from his pocket—a grimy curved pipe carved in the shape of a negro's head. He drew a deep breath and puffed a heavy cloud of his tobacco smoke, which went racing into nothing.

"Ah," he said, "upon my word, look at all the carriages. They must be coming from the city train. Now there's a fine turnout for you, though personally I wouldn't check the horses quite as high."

It always seemed to Tommy that the road past their house led to an unknown land. Even as early as that, Michael's Harbor was becoming fashionable—not the town itself, but points beyond.

"Look out, Tom!" Tommy's father drew him to the side of the road as he spoke. "By Jove, those horses are drunk on oats!"

A carriage was coming toward them—a marvelous carriage. It was a four-in-hand, though Tommy did not know its name till later. It stood high up from the road. Its body was yellow, with red paneling upon it, and the spokes of the wheels made a shining blur. Four bay horses were drawing it, and their harness shimmered and glittered with silver mountings upon their shining coats. Out of the white dust cloud eddying about them they lifted their forefeet as though they heard music. On the seat in front a small gentleman in a mouse-gray suit was driving. The reins he had gathered in a hand which seemed too small to grasp them all, and he was reaching forward to flick the nigh leader with his whip. Yet all the while, despite the rattling of the wheels and the pounding of the hoofs, he had an air of not being interested. You would have thought that he might have done a dozen things besides drive those four horses. Beside him sat a lady dressed in clouds of white, with a filmy veil tied about her hat and streaming cloudily. On the seat behind these sat another lady in black, with a child on either side of her. One was a boy of Tommy's age in a blue sailor suit with red anchors sewn upon the sleeves. The other, near enough for Tommy to see more plainly, was a little girl. Behind them were two men, stiff as soldiers, in high shining boots and silk hats to make them finer still.

"Oh, daddy!" cried Tommy. "Look!" His father was already looking. His father had lifted his derby hat. The gentleman in gray nodded jerkily and gave his whip another flick. Then Tommy saw the little girl watching him. Her hair was down her back like Alice's in Wonderland. She had a tiny hat with ruffles on it. Suddenly she leaned forward, touching the lady on the seat before her.

"Mamma"—Tommy heard her above the slapping hoof beats and the rattling of the wheels—"look, mamma, at the common little boy!"

The lady in black snatched quickly at her hand. "Marianne!" she said. "Why, Marianne!"

Then they were gone. The horses, the carriage, everything was only a cloud of dust.

"Daddy," said Tommy, "what did she mean, calling me a common little boy?"

His father had evidently heard, for he stared after the carriage very strangely.

"The young lady was mistaken, Tom," he said—"very much mistaken—but she probably meant the old order is changing. Well, so it is."

There was something in the way he spoke that made Tommy look at him quickly. "You know them?" said Tommy. "You know them, don't you, daddy?"

"Yes," said Alfred Michael—"yes, of course."

"I guess everybody doesn't know them. Do you even know their name?"

"Yes." His father seemed to be thinking of something else. "Their name's Jellett—and it isn't such a fine name either."

"Daddy, where do they live? Daddy, aren't you listening?" Tommy's mind still was full of the glory of that carriage.

"Don't be a toady, Tom," his father said. "They live on Warning Hill."

Tommy turned and looked as he had often looked before. Before you reached the ocean from Michael's Harbor, there jutted out a rocky piece of land, guarding the harbor mouth like a sheltering arm. Tommy could see it, looming in the distance, soft in the haze of that summer morning, mysterious and high, with houses upon it, like the palaces in books. It was strange how great distances seemed then. Warning Hill was as far away as the rainbow's end.

"Daddy," said Tommy, "everyone who lives there is rich, aren't they—very rich?"

"Yes," said Alfred Michael.

"Richer than we are?"

"Yes."

They crossed the bridge of Welcome River, where you could see the tide playing with the eelgrass beneath, and then they were in the town, upon its brick sidewalk. Here and there a horse was tied at a hitching post, stamping and whisking his tail to keep away the flies. Some men were on the steps by the post office, waiting for the mail. Tommy's father knew them all, and spoke to them every one.

"Hello, Jim! . . . Hello, Moses! . . . Good morning, Leon." They liked to have him speak to them. You could see they liked it, every one.

"Mornin', Alfred!" they said. "Mornin', Alfred!" And one of them, a very old and shriveled man with a short white beard that was golden brown near his mouth, used an expression which Tommy had never heard.

"Mornin', squire!" he said.

A thin man with a brown face walked slowly down the post-office steps.

"Going to take the boy gunning in the fall?" he asked. Tommy's father laughed.

"If he held a gun," he said, "you know it would kick him in the water."

"He could watch you, though," the thin man said, "and that'd teach him something. Now, I want to know, what's that coming down the street?"

Everyone had turned. All along the main street of Michael's Harbor everyone was staring. The horses at the hitching posts were pulling backward, snorting in sudden fright at an unfamiliar noise. Down the street of Michael's Harbor a buggy was moving without a horse at all. Its driver was seated stiffly upon its single seat, staring over the dashboard into an empty road. He was holding a rod in his hand, not unlike the tiller of a sailboat. Beneath him, some hidden mechanism was panting mysteriously and exploding.

Tommy's father turned with the rest, though not so quickly. "Mark it well, gentlemen," he said, "there's the period which marks the ending of an epoch." He gave his walking stick a little swirl. "The quiet days are over."

His father's office was in the building of the Summer County Bank. It was a brown wooden building with shingles set in a wavy pattern along the front. A door to the side led up a steep flight of wooden stairs to a hall lighted by ground-glass windows in doors set along it. Upon one door a name was printed, T. JEFFERSON MICHAEL. It was his grandfather's old office. It was very dusty inside. Even the panes of the window looking out upon the street were thick with dust. Near the window was a desk of dark wood, of the same wood as the furniture in Aunt Sarah's room at home, and there were two chairs—one before the desk, which you could turn around like a piano stool, and another of yellow wood with a leather cushion on the seat.

Tommy perched himself upon the yellow wooden chair. His father sat down before the desk.

"There's no mail," he said—"no mail after all."

"Daddy," said Tommy. In those days he thought of the strangest things. "Daddy," said Tommy, "did there use to be a time when things weren't so old?"

You could see his father did not understand. He looked at Tommy and fumbled with his watch chain. "What things, Tom?"

"All sorts of things," said Tom. "Our house and everything."

His father nodded. "Yes," said he, "there was a time, but why?"

"I was wondering," said Tommy and then he saw that his father was no longer looking at him as though he was a little boy.

"Are there any things that don't look old when they get old?"

"That don't look old when they get old?" his father repeated. But he was not making fun. "Yes, but not the kind that you can touch and see. Those all grow devilishly shabby. Only standards stay bright. You can't soil standards with dirty fingers, Tom—not in a thousand years."

Of course, Tommy did not exactly understand, but there were so many things he did not.

"I'll tell you some things that stay bright. Would you like to have me tell you?"

Oh, there was no one so fine as his father. Surely no one could speak so well as he, for it seemed to Tommy that his words were like the wind playing in the Michael's Harbor elms, and they lingered like that wind in Tommy's memory. And somehow all the events of that day grouped themselves around them like a pattern.

"A good name's one of them. We've got a good name. A Michael has always lived in Michael's Harbor and no one has had much fault to find with any of them. They may have been foolish, but they've never been unkind. That's something—more than you may think until you've lived much longer."

All the while his father was speaking Tommy's mind moved on. He seemed to be back on the road again, and there were rumbling wheels and slapping hoofs.

"Lord help me!" His father was laughing softly. "I never thought I'd be a sanctimonious prig. It's your fault, Tom. It's the way all fathers are. But there's another thing I've noticed doesn't tarnish—just one more and the sermon will be over."

Just then there was a knock on the door. It was opened before the knock was finished by a flushed and genial gentleman in a blue serge suit. Tommy knew who he was because he had been often lately at their house. It was Mr. Cooper, the president of the bank downstairs.

"Excuse me, Alfred," said Mr. Cooper, "I didn't know you had a business caller."

Alfred Michael rose from his swivel chair. As he stood before Mr. Cooper he seemed to Tommy as different from Mr. Cooper as—as what? Tommy never exactly knew.

"You're sure I'm not interrupting?" Mr. Cooper said again.

"I was preaching," said Alfred Michael, "but it can wait."

For some reason Mr. Cooper thought this was very funny. "Preaching!" he cried. "Don't you believe a word he says, Tommy. You ask him about the scrapes his daddy used to pull him out of, and I'll bet he wishes he had a daddy still."

"For heaven's sakes, Joe!" Tommy's father shrugged his shoulders. "Can't we avoid the ant-and-the-grasshopper motif? Do you want to see me about something, or what is it?"

Mr. Cooper did not seem as pleasant as he had before. "There's a telegram, Alf," he said. "It came early and they left it at the bank. When they told me you'd come in I thought I'd bring it myself."

Alfred Michael took the envelope without opening it.

"Very kind of you, Joe!" he said. "Especially when it would have been so easy to send someone else."

"Oh, it's no trouble, Alf," said Cooper. "I've always liked to do little things—always have."

"Get to the point, Joe," said Tommy's father suddenly, "and say you came to see what's in the telegram."

Of course it was all grown-up talk which Tommy could understand only in snatches. Yet he could feel that something was happening. His father was holding the telegraph envelope, turning it softly, but Mr. Cooper's fingers moved in curious jerks.

"Considering everything," Mr. Cooper's voice had grown thick, "you've got a nerve to speak to me like that. You may be smarter than I am, but what good has it done you, I want to know? Gad, if you'd only had to work when you were young, you might be something now instead of—of ——"

"Instead of what?" said Alfred Michael.

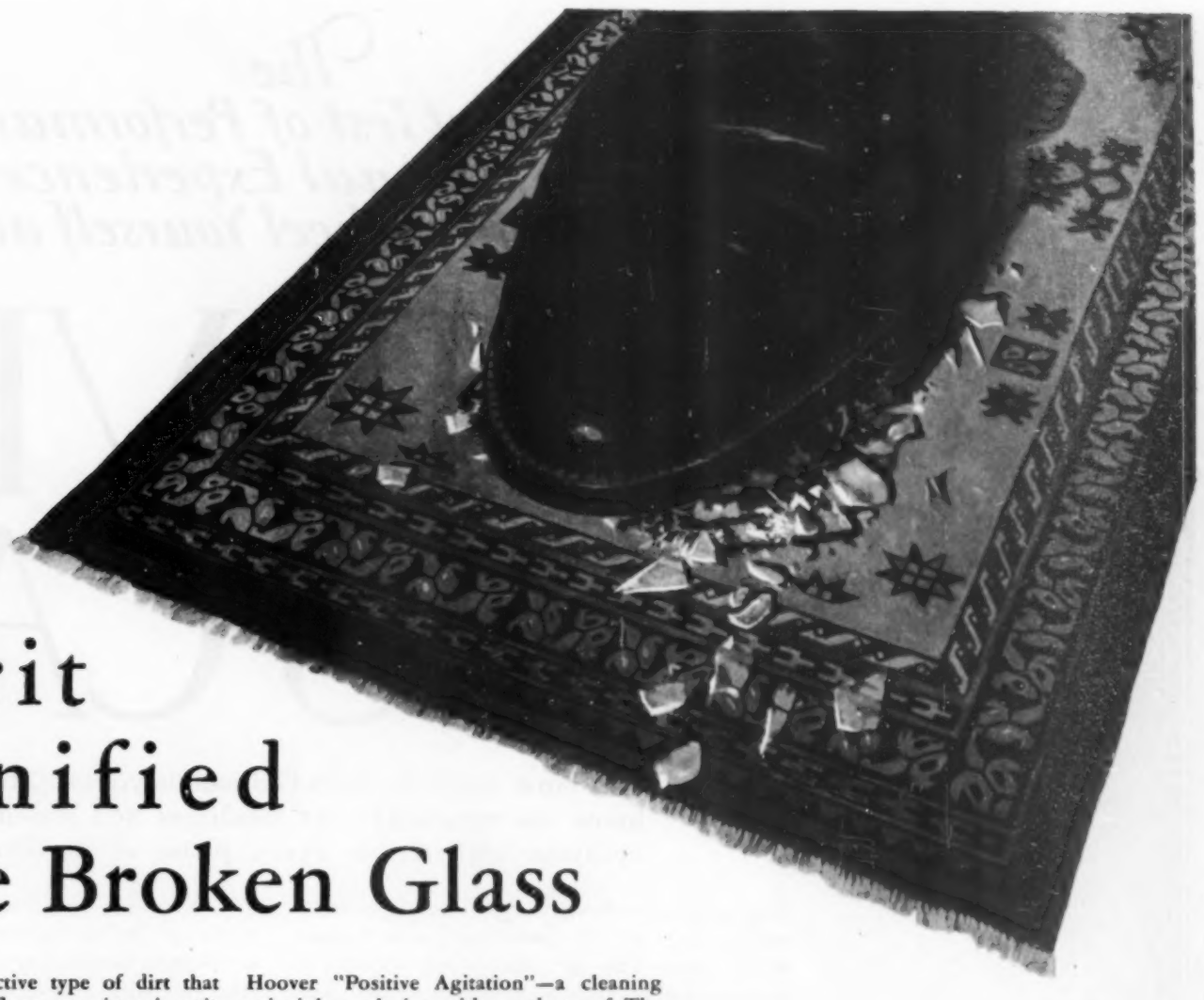
"Instead of an unsuccessful gambler, if you want to know."

Alfred Michael took a penknife from his pocket and slit open the envelope in his hand.

"All right," he said; "it doesn't make me mad. I'm under no illusions about myself—under none at all."

Alfred Michael pulled the telegram delicately from the envelope, stepped closer to the window and leaned his elbow on the dark top of the desk. Tommy always remembered one thing. His father read the telegram carefully and folded it again. Then he looked out of the window for a moment at the elms across the street. Then he handed the telegram to Mr. Cooper, just as though it was an amusing letter.

(Continued on Page 90)



Grit Magnified is like Broken Glass

THE most destructive type of dirt that lodges in your floor coverings is *grit.* Magnify it and you will see its sharp, cutting, glass-like edges. These grind and saw away at the rug fibers, or cut sharply through them. Every passing foot, every piece of furniture moved, sets these sharp edges at work destroying your rug.

If this grit lodged on the surface of the rug, ordinary cleaning would remove it and prevent this destructive action.

But grit is heavy and sinks deep into the pile. It lodges in the minute pockets between the threads, it packs into caked masses at the bottom of the rug.

SUCTION alone does not remove it. *Beating* is required, to shake it out of the pockets into which it is wedged and to dance it to the surface.

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To the beating action of "Positive Agitation" is added sweeping to gather up the thread and lint, and suction to remove the surface dust, the swept-up lint and the fluttered-loose grit.

BECAUSE of the combined action of beating, sweeping and suction, The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than is possible with other cleaning methods; to clean more thoroughly; to clean more quickly; and to clean with less effort.

Could you ask more of any electric cleaner? Can you obtain elsewhere as much?

ANY Hoover dealer will gladly give you a demonstration of "Positive Agitation." Telephone him.

Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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ON A CUSHION OF AIR

On The Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Network. Tune in!

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Only Real Test of Performance
is Personal Experience
Take the Wheel Yourself and

DRIVE THIS CAR

You must drive the 1929 Oldsmobile yourself, to really know its versatility—its steadiness and stamina—its brilliant abilities in every phase of performance.

Engineers and automotive critics look upon Oldsmobile as a work of engineering genius, because of the many fine car engineering practices it incorporates at such a moderate price. For example, only twelve other cars listed in the annual issue of *Motor* offer pressure lubrication of the piston pins—a feature formerly associated with high priced cars. And only one of these is within $500 of Oldsmobile's low price.

You will find results of this progressive engineering the moment you take the wheel. The easy action of the spring-cushioned clutch—the noiseless, effortless gear-shift—the comfortable driving position afforded by Oldsmobile's new Fisher adjustable front seat and adjustable steering wheel—all are characteristic of fine car quality.

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Try Oldsmobile's performance on boulevard and highway. Its big high-compression engine now develops 62 horsepower. There is greater speed than you will ever use—and ample power reserve for steep hills, deep mud and sand—swift acceleration to get away from other cars as the signal changes, or to pass them on the road.

And Oldsmobile is easy to drive. You can steer with your finger tips and park without effort, even in small spaces. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure restful riding comfort, even on the roughest roads. And Oldsmobile's low center of gravity and perfect balance provide matchless roadability.

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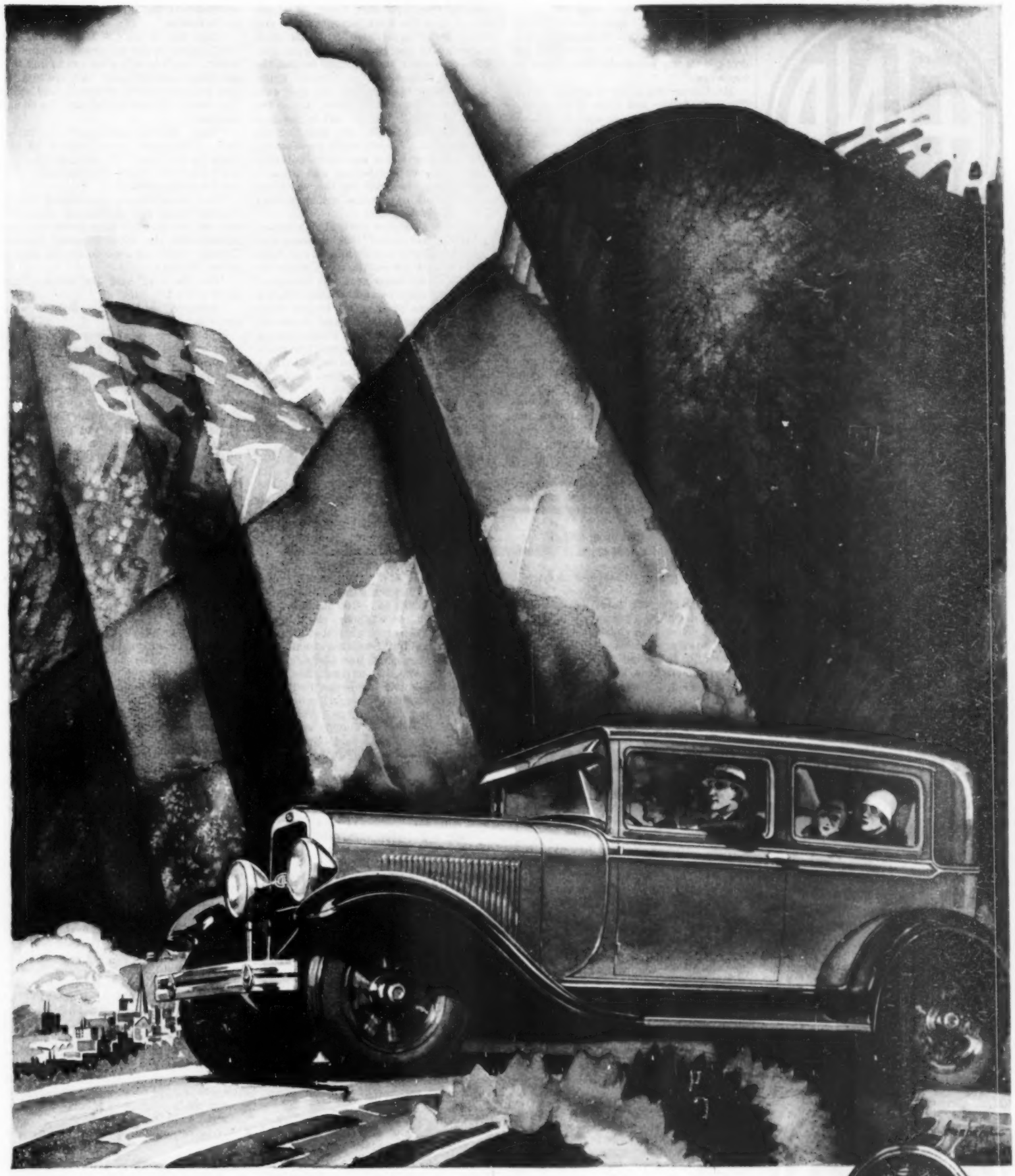

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Winter's come," said Alfred Michael. "The grasshopper has finished dancing. Look it over, Joe. The whole list has dropped twenty points and they sell me out tomorrow."

Mr. Cooper stared for a second, first at Tommy's father and then at the paper. Alfred Michael looked straight at him and his eyes were no longer weary. His face had lines upon it, too—crinkly little lines about the eyes.

"Alf, what are you going to do now? Don't you understand?"

"Do?" Tommy's father asked as he played gently with his watch chain.

Mr. Cooper drew a handkerchief from his coat pocket and mopped his forehead. "You don't know how this hurts me," he began.

"Thanks," answered Alfred Michael. "I'm not asking you for anything."

"I know you're not. Of course not, Alf."

"You didn't," said Alfred Michael, "but you know it now."

For a while when they were alone, Tommy's father stood very still and stared out of the window. When Tommy spoke he gave a start, though Tommy did not speak loudly. Tommy looked at him, round-eyed, with his hands upon the arms of that yellow wooden chair. Something had happened, Tommy knew, though of course he could not tell what.

"Daddy?"

Alfred Michael coughed and gave a tug at his cravat. There still were those wrinkles about his eyes, deeper than they had ever been before.

"Daddy, what's that other thing?"

"Eh?" said Alfred Michael. "What's that?"

"The other thing—the one that doesn't tarnish."

"God bless my soul!" said Alfred Michael. The wrinkles around his eyes were not so deep. "I'd forgotten about that." He sat himself down again in his swivel chair, pulling carefully at the creases in his trousers. "How you take a licking is the other thing," he said. "Do you follow me, Tom? It isn't like a chair or a house, because it's an idea, but the paint never comes off you altogether if you take your licking like a gentleman. Remember that. Try to, will you, Tom?"

Of course Tommy remembered, for it all seemed so very strange. Even when everything shimmered in a white, remorseless light, Tommy remembered still—his father leaning forward in his swivel chair by the dark old desk in that dusty office.

"Tom"—Alfred Michael hesitated and drew a deep breath as though he was very tired, though, of course, he was not tired at all—"that boy—Spurius—that make-believe boy? Was he Spurius Lartius? Do you know the poem?"

Of course Tommy knew it—every one of the rolling verses that sounded like the waves of the beach by the summerhouse when the harbor was running high.

"Say it; can you, Tom?"

Tommy was glad to say it. Although, of course, there was no one else in the room, you might almost have thought there was when he began the lines. You might almost have thought, if you set your mind on it, that someone else was speaking who had come from a long way off.

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee!'"

"Daddy?" Tommy paused and stared. "What's the matter, daddy?"

And he had a reason for asking, for Alfred Michael had leaned his elbows on the desk. His face was buried in his hands, and, though he said nothing was the matter, of course there must have been.

III

AS ALFRED MICHAEL walked home with Tommy trotting at his side no one could have guessed that anything was wrong. The sun glanced from his shoes and twinkled from his watch chain. His heels clicked upon the brick walks sharply, and like a period after each click, his stick descended to the ground. He even contrived to hum a tune as they neared the bridge by Welcome River. Tommy stumbled now and then, because his eyes were not in the direction of his toes. Across the bridge of Welcome River, soft in the haze of the morning, like an arm guarding the harbor mouth, Tommy could see Warning Hill, somehow larger and more beautiful than it had ever been before; and nearer—much nearer—he could see the weathered cupola of his own house, rising solitary above the fields around it.

Before they reached the bridge, however, Alfred Michael paused, still humming that same tune over and over, and turned down a narrow walk toward the river, where the houses were no longer neat. At the end of the path he came to another stop before a battered frame house with a broken chimney. There was a pile of wood beside the house, over which a lank brown-skinned man was bending. Walking past him was a dignified row of drab-colored ducks, led by a drake with a magnificent green head and neck, who exhorted his flock in a monotonous singing whisper. "Whisper, whisper," went the drake; "whisper, whisper." Two corpulent water spaniels sprang barking from behind a stack of eelpots.

As the man with the ax looked up, Tommy knew who he was. It was Jim Street, who sometimes appeared at the house in the gunning season, clad in high rubber boots.

There was a cloud about Mr. Street as early as Tommy could recollect. Mr. Street was a carpenter when he chose to work, but Tommy had heard his Aunt Sarah say that Mr. Street never chose. Mr. Street was handsome then, bright-eyed, with straight dark hair—too handsome for his own good, or anybody else's, Aunt Sarah often said; and what that girl had seen in Jim, his Aunt Sarah never could see, nor Tommy's mother, nor anybody else. She could have married anyone. She probably wished she had before she died. She must have seen that you could get nowhere by flying in the face of things. What "the face of things" meant, Tommy could not tell, but he sometimes could think of her flying on soft whispering wings toward those banks of clouds that looked like faces now and then, when the sun went down.

"Hi, Alf!" said Jim Street. . . . "You, Spot, you, Spy, lay off that noise before I bust a lath acrost you."

"Come over to the barn, Jim," said Alfred Michael. "I want to talk."

They left Tommy standing near the woodpile. For a minute or two he watched them as they stood by the door of a rickety building whose opened door showed lofts filled deep with hay. Mr. Street was so tall that Tommy's father was obliged to look up at him as he talked. Mr. Street was dressed in a pair of black trousers and a blue shirt opened at the neck. Now and then he would raise his hand and scratch his head. From where Tommy stood he could hear what they were saying in snatches carried on the wind—strange, unrelated strings of words. First it would be like the green-headed drake, who was walking slowly toward the river—whisper, whisper—and then a string of words.

"Whisper, whisper," went Jim Street, "whisper, if you say so, Alf."

"Whisper. whisper," replied his father, flicking at a hay wisp with his stick, "whisper—and damn the consequences."

He pulled some money from his pocket—for of course he was very rich—and handed it to Mr. Street.

"Put the jot on Jessica's nose," Tommy's father said.

"Whisper," said Mr. Street; "you don't want to whisper the whole pile?"

"Daddy," called Tommy, "who is Jessica?"

His father raised a hand to his hat, to which the wind had given an unexpected tilt.

"Go down to the river, Tom," his father said, "and watch the ducks. I'm talking business with Mr. Street. That's not meant for little boys."

"You bet it ain't," Mr. Street said. "Alf, ain't you got no sense? Go and see Jellett. Ain't he still after you to buy that gun shack and the acre? Alf, see him before he hears you're strapped, and shake him down! Go and see Jellett! Go on and see him!"

"Tom, did you hear me?" his father said. "Nonsense! Joe Cooper's let him know by this time. I'm bottoms up. You don't know the world, Jim, because you're much too near Arcadia."

They were saying something which Tommy could not understand about the man in the carriage who drove the four horses with the silver-trimmed harness. Tommy could still seem to see the way he jerked his head.

"But the boy," said Jim Street—"you gotta give a try, Alf!"

"Whisper," said Tommy's father, "whisper, whisper."

From the rear of the house the land fell away into tufts of marsh grass and a leaden expanse of tidal mud toward which the ducks were moving. Nevertheless, it was pleasant behind the house, because there were so many things to see—a skiff anchored in the mud where the tide had left it, its mast and sail spread on the shore where mats of dead eelgrass showed the tidal mark. Farther up the shore lay a pile of wooden decoy ducks, just like children's toys, and not far away were two small canvas-covered boats lying bottom upward. They were sneak floats, used for sculling in among the duck flocks in the autumn. All these, Tommy knew, were the tools of Mr. Street's other trade, for Mr. Street, besides being a carpenter, was a professional gunner in season. He knew the coast in any weather, and knew—it was not until much later that Tommy knew how little or how much.

The two spaniels sat on their haunches, looking at Tommy and lolling their tongues, like two old gentlemen who knew the world. Four Canada geese with clipped wings came out of the marsh grass to stare at Tommy and to crane their necks. Tommy watched them. They lowered their necks and bent them, like snakes almost, into the summer breeze.

"Hello, geese," Tommy said. "Do you want to fly away?"

In those days it almost seemed that animals understood. The geese eyed Tommy unhappily and craned their necks again. Then Tommy heard steps behind him, and turned to see two other children, a boy and a girl, on the shore beside him. They were very dirty children, with smeared faces and muddy bare toes, not at all like that other boy and girl in the high seat with the lady in black between them. Surely those had never gone with bare feet into the mud. Their hair had never been untidy or their clothes in rags. This girl's hair was not brushed smooth and straight. It was black and fell in snarls over her brown face, so that now and then she had to brush it aside quickly with her grubby little hand. The sharpness of her nose and the brightness of her eyes made her look like another wild thing wanting to fly away. The boy had the same thin face, the same dark, restless eyes. Indeed, it would have been hard to tell the one from the other, except that his hair was clipped short above his ears, evidently made even by a mixing bowl held inverted on his head.

"Who're you talkin' to?" inquired the boy.

"The geese," said Tommy.

"Hey, Mary," said the boy, "he's talkin' to the geese! Gee! He's talkin' to 'em!"

"That's nothing, Mal." The voice of the little girl whose name was Mary seemed far away. "I talk to 'em myself—a whole lot some days."

"Then he's a sissy," said the boy named Mal. "Hey, ain't you a sissy?"

"What's a sissy?" inquired Tommy. You might have thought the boy named Mal would answer, but instead he scowled.

(Continued on Page 94)

IF YOU WOULD HOLD ON TO YOUTH, REMEMBER . . .

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

IT'S a fast life we're leading these days. Lots of work. Lots of play. "Step lively" is the pace.

Suddenly, we have a "case of nerves." Don't be too sure. Often "nerves" are only *tired feet*. Feet exhausted from makeshift support—limp from ill-fitting shoes, trying to tell you the truth: "It is the only part of your body that must be fitted perfectly."

Don't wait until your feet ache and burn. Read about Footsavers now — before it is too late.

All most feet ask for, and need, is correct, normal fit—modern shoes like Footsavers that *prevent* troubles. Chances are you have good feet. Why not save them—with Footsavers?

WE BEGAN WITH THE "LAST"

It's the right place to begin—for the "last" is the foundation of a shoe. As carefully as a custom shoemaker measures a single foot, we studied thousands; noted their needs, weaknesses, peculiarities. "Ready-made" lasts wouldn't do for Footsavers. So we created our own. *And here is the result.*

A NEW, RIGHT IDEA IN HEELS

Notice the difference. The Footsaver last curves in, then out, then in again—just the way heels curve. Footsavers are built to fit feet. They have

to have natural, foot-shaped heels. It costs us more to make lasts this way—but how much it adds to Footsavers' comfort and looks!

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT ARCHES?

The *outside* edge of your "arch" comes down to the ground, treads almost flat. The *inside* edge makes no print at all.

That's why the arches of Footsaver *lasts* are shaped exactly like the normal arch. Down, along the outer edge. Up, curving to give Footsaver shoes correct form along the inner edge. *Their* arch conforms to the shape of *your* arch. No wonder Footsavers *fit* so perfectly.

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Most shoes have forgotten all about it—yet, it's there—a small depression across the front of your foot—just back of the ball. Your "little arch" demands support.

Nature supported it with soft earth. Footsavers duplicate Nature with built-in layers of soft leather. They give your "little arch" the exact fit and support it deserves—and you, comfort you've never had.

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FOOT SAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Dept. S-1, Whitman, Massachusetts

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(Left) Solid colors with openwork clocks will be very smart this Spring and Summer. This fancy sock, in tan, carries out the new note in the best of taste. Our Representatives are showing it now

(Left) The ultra-smart thing in men's socks—silk embroidered clocks! Hitherto offered only in the most expensive socks—now available to you at a popular price in this beautiful Realsilk creation

(Right) Rich in color, beautiful in design. This distinctive pattern in deep maroon and silver-gray with semi-open pattern will be a popular choice among carefully dressed men this Spring and Summer

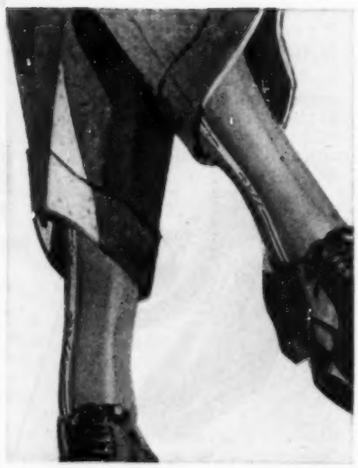
(Right) A distinctive silver-gray and black color combination, with a beautiful design. An up-to-the-minute sock that reflects the newest trend toward subdued, vertical patterns and rich but conservative color

(Left) Reflecting the very latest style developments—this pleasing sock in two-tone blue, with openwork clock! It combines the smartness and conservatism which are now characteristic of authentic style in hose

(Left) The latest styles include many vertical designs—modified stripes that arrange themselves in simple but distinctive patterns. This exclusive design is a beautiful expression of the new trend by Realsilk

(Right) Quiet—yet distinctive, this satisfying combination of subdued color and an unobtrusive stripe design. A combination sock that may be worn smartly with suit and shoes of almost any color. And up-to-the-minute style!

(Right) Different, novel, yet in perfect taste—this unusual stripe-and-clock design. The color combination is tan, black and silver-gray. A sock that is sure to prove widely popular with well dressed men everywhere



The new Spring patterns in REALSILK'S new Super-Service Socks for Men

Again—style leadership!

Far in advance, Realsilk presents herewith the first nation-wide showing of authentic patterns, designs, colors in men's socks for Spring and Summer.

Styles approved by smart dressers in the recognized style centers—London, New York and Palm Beach . . Yale, Princeton and the other leading universities.

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Each sole is doubly reinforced. Toes and heels are doubly strengthened with special processed lisle. There are *two* thicknesses of garter band.

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IMPORTANT!

Realsilk Super-Service Socks are never sold in stores. If you are not being called on regularly by one of our Representatives, we suggest that you telephone the Realsilk Office in your town for an appointment—without obligation on your part.

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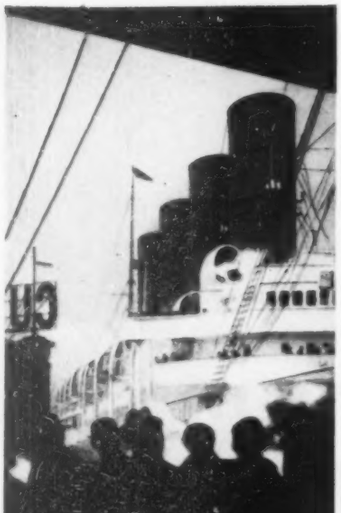

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Cripes! Don't you know nothin'? Don't you never play with kids?"

"Not often," said Tommy. "I'd like to, though."

"Well, you're a sissy all right. Say, do you wanna fight?"

"No," said Tommy.

"Well, you gotta anyways. When a new kid meets a new kid they always gotta fight, ain't they?"

"Why?" said Tommy. "I don't see."

As Tommy spoke there was a sinking feeling deep down in his stomach; he did not want to fight; he never had before.

"Well, you're gonna; see?" Mal edged closer to him and spat on a grimy fist. Then the little girl spoke in that same far-away voice.

"You leave him be, Mal. You're bigger."

"You shut up!" said Mal, and moved nearer Tommy. "My pa's better'n yours."

"He's not!" Tommy's voice was sharp. He was angry then, and his slim little body began to tremble; he wanted very much to cry. Tommy Michael felt very small and very far from everything he knew. He looked wildly about him, but his father was not in sight. Only the two water spaniels were there, looking at him with their wide brown eyes, and the very place where Tommy stood seemed changed into an unkind world. The wind, which had been so friendly that morning as it rustled through the bushes of the Michael shore, was harsh upon his face. The sunlight, which not so long ago had made patterns through the trees, was pitilessly bright. And Tommy was all alone, out in that sun and wind, without even a make-believe to stay by his right hand, facing something ugly which he had never known. Young Mal Street, lean-faced and bright of eye, with his inverted bowl of black hair, twisted his upper lip.

"Say that again and I'll smash you in the eye. My pa's better'n your pa."

Yes, Tommy was all alone. For the first time he felt the chill of that knowledge that help lay only within him—a chill which he would often feel again. He wanted to turn and run, but he did not. Instead, he felt his lips stiffen. They were thin lips like his mother's. "Whisper, whisper," he could hear the old drake somewhere behind him. "Whisper, whisper."

"He's not," said Tommy. "My father's a—gentleman."

The exact definition of that term Tommy did not know, but he knew it was worthy of respect. None the less, it did not help Tommy Michael the day he met Mal Street on the dead eelgrass of Welcome River. Tommy Michael's nose was a smear of red. His face was wet with tears and he was sobbing.

"Hi there!" Jim Street was hastening from the barn, jumping awkwardly but surely over a pile of wood. Alfred Michael was approaching also, swinging his walking stick.

"Didn't I tell you?" It was Mal to whom Jim Street spoke. Mal turned to run for it, but Mr. Street caught the collar of his shirt, and then Mal's shoulder as the collar ripped. "Didn't I tell you next time I caught you fighting, I'd wear your pants right off? Mary, break a lath off that hen-coop!"

That was like Jim Street, always to be tearing pieces off of things for other purposes, but Tommy's father was speaking.

"Leave the lath on," he said. "Jim, set down the boy."

"Well, now, what's bitin' you, Alf?" Mr. Street, as one remembers, was never fast in sifting a mental process. There were wrinkles on Alfred Michael's forehead and about the corners of his eyes.

"They've started, haven't they? Tommy wouldn't want it stopped like this, would you, Tom?" He leaned over Tommy. His walking stick trembled beneath his hand. "Would you, Tom?"

Of course, Tommy had to say he wouldn't—of course, because his father was asking.

"Alf Michael," said Jim Street, "are you crazy?"

"Tommy," Alfred Michael did not appear to hear, "what's the fight about? Tommy, stop that blubbering!"

"I—I'm not!" Even in those days Tommy had his pride.

"Good!" said Alfred Michael. "Speak up then and tell me."

"He said"—Tommy found it hard to speak—"his father was better than—you."

"God bless my soul!" said Alfred Michael. "Well, I can't help you now. Send in your boy, Jim, and I'll lay you two to one. Now go and hit him, Tom! Hit him for all you're worth!"

That was how Tommy took his first licking, with his father, white-faced, watching.

"Tom." His father had dropped on his knees beside him, so that their faces were nearly level, and even then Tommy was surprised at the way his father's hand shook while wiping at his cheek. "Tom, please don't cry!"

"I"—Tommy choked before he could finish—"I'm not."

"There," said Alfred Michael; "there! That's better, because there's nothing to be ashamed of. You did the best you could, Tom, and you've got to learn. God help you, you've got to learn, even ——"

There was something about Alfred Michael, even when the checked suit became a travesty, which made him somehow bright and above the world which brought him low.

"—— even if Jessica's nose holds out better than yours, Tom, and I suppose it won't."

Little did Tommy realize that the mills of the gods were grinding in a process all their own, a process which was pitiful and slow. The mills of the gods already had left their trace on Tommy's tear-smeared cheeks, and somewhere within him was a bitter jagged scar. Never again would Tommy's eyes be as wide and guileless, quite. Beneath those invisible, inexorable stones, Tommy Michael had been cast, where all illusion and all make-believe must finally turn to dust, and where magic falters, to vanish in a breath. And already it was going. The wind of Michael Harbor was singing a different tune, and his father, too, had changed. Never would he be quite as fine again; as marvelous in his wisdom, as glowing in his strength. His father must have known it, too, Tommy sometimes thought, because he threw his arm over Tommy's narrow shoulders, holding him very tightly, as though he knew, just as surely as anything, that something was leaving both of them—something beautiful which would never again come back.

"Gad!" he said. "I could make a better world without half trying. Give me a drink, Jim, and we'll be starting home."

IV

SEATED in his library room in his house on Warning Hill, Grafton Jellett was aware of no rumbling sound, but none the less the mills were grinding, and he should have known, because he had been through the mills enough. Only very much later Tommy heard of that afternoon, but he could guess how it must have been.

"Don't try it on Grubby Jellett," they used to say downtown; "he's been through the mill."

Long ago they had given up trying. Yet one would not have guessed at all, just from looking at Mr. Jellett once. For one thing, he was a small man. His hair was sand colored and growing thin on top. His face was plump and ruddy and cast in a tranquil mold. No, nothing could look milder than Mr. Jellett in his leather chair with a book on his knee and a paper cutter in his stubby-fingered hand. Only when he glanced up, interrupted by a tapping on his door, did he show signs. His eyes were a cold, light blue, and nothing—absolutely nothing—appeared to be behind them.

"Come in," said Mr. Jellett, and as he spoke he raised his ivory cutter and ran it gently through another page. It was only Hewens, his private secretary.

"Will you see the children, sir?" inquired Hewens. "It's their hour, Miss Meachey says."

"Where is Mrs. Jellett?" Mr. Jellett asked.

"She has a bad headache, sir, and is resting before dinner."

"Oh," said Mr. Jellett, "has she?" And deftly, quietly he cut another page. "Any telephones or telegrams?"

"Mr. Cooper called again, sir—from the local bank, you know."

"Oh," said Mr. Jellett. "About what?"

"That matter about the Michaels."

"The Michaels? Who are the Michaels? Oh, I remember now." It was not strange that he should have his lapses, for he had so much to remember. "The one who owns the gunning shack and the beach, isn't it? . . . Cooper's an ass if he thinks I'm going to buy it now. I'm not an ass. Hewens, have them hitch up a trap and go down and see this Cooper. Find out all you can about these Michaels and let me know, and when it's all over"—Mr. Jellett cut another page—"intimate that I'm not in the least interested. Make it very plain."

Hewens raised a hand to his small mustache and looked like the Alice in Wonderland rabbit when he said, "My stars and whiskers!"

"You're not going to ask me how, are you, Hewens?"

Mr. Hewens knew too much for that.

"Good!" Mr. Jellett raised his paper cutter again. "Well, why are you waiting?"

"Will you see the children now?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jellett, "and as you go out tell Hubbard to bring me my whisky. And send down my man—the new one. What's his name?"

"Street, I think," said Hewens.

"Well," said Mr. Jellett, "aren't you going?"

"Good Lord, sir!" gasped Mr. Hewens. His neck craned above his strangling cutaway collar. "Do you know what you're doing? You're cutting the pages of a perfect first edition of Jane Eyre!"

A faint snowy smile hovered about Mr. Jellett's placid ruddy lips.

"A presentation copy," he said. "Well, what of it, Hewens?"

"What of it?" cried Mr. Hewens. In his excitement he forgot himself so far as to reach out a thin white hand. "An uncut first edition is worth a hundred pounds, sir! Aren't you reducing its value to a mere nothing by cutting it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jellett, and cut another page. With difficulty Mr. Hewens found his voice.

"But why," he began—"why, if you know it ——"

Mr. Jellett raised his paper knife languidly and regarded Hewens for the first time that day as though he was a man.

"Because I want to! It amuses me," Mr. Jellett answered.

"Amuses you?" echoed Mr. Hewens, and for a moment Mr. Hewens himself was more than a machine.

"That's it," said Mr. Jellett. "It isn't everyone who can cut one."

"No," said Hewens, "that's true."

"Then you understand," said Mr. Jellett. The light from the window fell on his sandy hair as he slouched down more comfortably. "I suppose," he added complacently, "you think I'm a fool?"

"No," said Mr. Hewens with a candor which surprised him, "I don't know what I think."

"Saying that won't hurt you with me," remarked Mr. Jellett placidly. "But I'm not, no matter what you think. . . . Ho, hum." He pointed before him with his paper cutter to a wall which was lined with books, an exquisite wall of gold and leather tooling.

"I have two of the best copies of Jane Eyre extant, pages uncut, in perfect preservation. My agent tells me they're nearly unique, and I think he's right, because Mr. Morgan has been making me an offer for one of them. If I cut the pages of one, there'll be only one left. Get back as soon as you can. I'll have some telegrams to send."

(Continued on Page 98)

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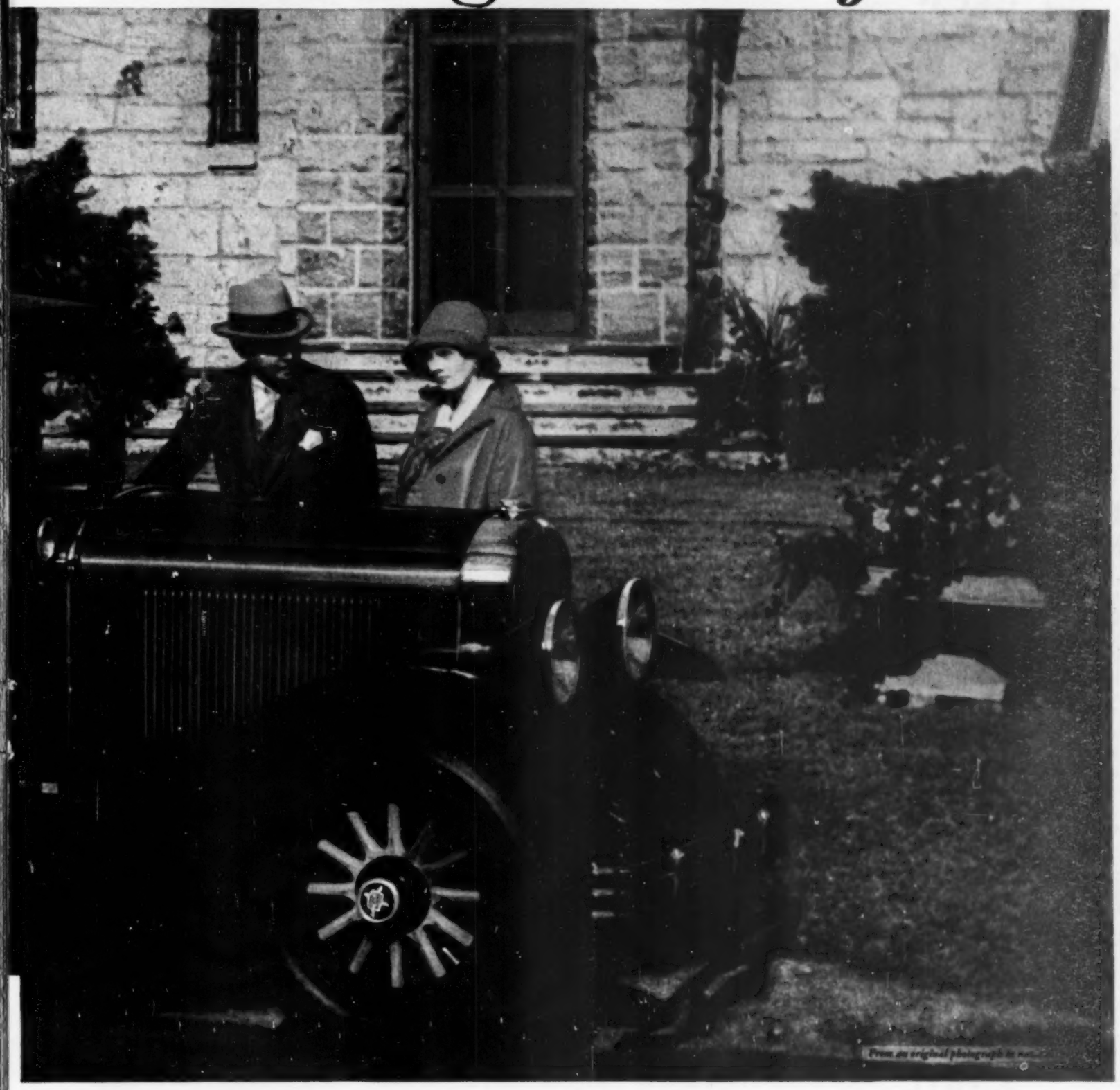

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(Continued from Page 94)

Left alone in his room, Mr. Jellett looked thoughtfully at his paper cutter and cut another page. The parting of the paper made a tranquilizing sound. Mr. Jellett closed his eyes contentedly and rubbed his toes softly in the thick piling of an Oriental carpet.

"Ho, hum," said Mr. Jellett; "ho, hum."

He still could enjoy comfort, and the physical richness of things still had a novelty, though he showed it as little as he showed anything else, beneath that impenetrable cloak which lay over him forever. Against that cloak of dullness, worry, pleasure, anger—everything—glanced off harmlessly into nothing. Dully, placidly, he could sit at his dinner table, immune from the chattering of thirty guests, just as he could sit at the end of a directors' table when he got downtown, staring opaquely at nothing, speaking tritely of harmless matters, balancing a fork or a cigar—it did not matter which—in his small plump fingers. It did not matter which, because he held everything in a manner which was peculiarly his own—not tightly. Grafton Jellett had been a carpenter's boy once in a lean and distant past, before he discovered it was better to make others work. And still he could use his hands.

But the comfort, the physical richness of possessions were still to be enjoyed, but not vulgarly. Comfort and possessions were tangible—that was all—not valuable in themselves, save as showing a result as clearly as the total of a column.

Anyone who lived the life of Warning Hill as it was rising to its greatness remembers, of course, what Simeon Danforth said about him, when Grafton Jellett was still a seventh wonder, and still a trifle new. One remembers, just as one recalls Sim Danforth's suppers in his gun room, with the animals' heads glaring from the walls; just as one recalls how Sim Danforth, even in his sixtieth year, could drink two bottles of champagne and balance a third upon his nose when the market was going right.

"Grubby Jellett isn't vulgar, and he isn't *nouveau riche*, and he isn't stupid either. He's so astute he isn't anything at all."

Those were the days. One can sigh when one recalls them and thinks how the world has changed. Warning Hill may be excellent yet, but surely its tropical luxuriance must be gone, unless the past seems always golden and the present always crude. Those were the days when carriages rattled and hoofs pawed the blue gravel drives, and bottles on the sideboard caused no envy, and only simple padlocks guarded cellars full of wine. Those were the days when carelessness and ease joined hands with leisure and made the merry dramas of which Richard Davis wrote. Perhaps Grafton Jellett was thinking even then that those were the days. The battle harness was off his shoulders. He could hear a dozen mowers on his terrace and the scraping of the gardeners' rakes upon his drive, and all these sounds spelled peace.

"Just a little whisky, Hubbard, please," he said; "a finger's quite enough. Where's what's-his-name—Street—Hubbard?"

"Coming directly, sir," Hubbard answered. "Here he is now, sir."

"Street," said Mr. Jellett, "you're not any relation to that fellow downtown they arrested for running a gambling machine in the barber shop?"

It was surprising now and then, the things his mind turned up, extraneous bits of knowledge, always somehow useful.

"Yes, sir," said Street. "He's my brother."

Grafton Jellett glanced up, and for a moment Street ceased to be a piece of furniture. "It doesn't hurt you with me to say that," he said. "Especially because you didn't have to. Tell your brother to change his ways, Street." Mr. Jellett sipped his whisky slowly. "Is your brother acquainted with some village people called—what's the name?—Michael?"

Those were the days when servants were good servants and not half-trained shirkers with all those false ideas of democracy. Street stood correctly and attentively, lank and saturnine perhaps, but he did not bat an eye.

"Acquainted," he said; "yes, sir."

"Ho, hum," said Mr. Jellett. "Street, bring me my slippers, please. My feet are very tired."

Mr. Jellett picked up his book again, but he was weary of cutting pages. He laid it on his gold-and-rosewood Empire writing table and walked to the window through which there came that peaceful sound of lawn mowers. The lawn outside was as green and soft as English turf. There was a pool where a stone dolphin reared his head and performed the miracle of emitting a ceaseless stream of water through his nose. There were beds of digitalis in the bud, and the rhododendrons were still in bloom. There were groupings of other flowers shaped like moons and stars, and a hundred shrubs and box trees. Someone had mentioned to Grafton Jellett once Pliny's letter describing a boxwood walk at his summer villa, where the boxes had been cut in fantastic animal shapes. Grafton Jellett had bought a copy of Pliny's letters and had read that one very carefully. A special man had come from Paris to trim the Jellett boxes, and even then the snipping of his shears gave an added pleasing sound.

Grafton Jellett, however, looked at none of these sights. Instead, his eyes sought a spot where the lawn sloped steeply to the shore, for the sea seemed to be all about that lawn, giving it the effect of a magic island on a day when a clear sky made the water blue. Just where the lawn reached the shore, about two hundred yards away, was a square of salt marsh and a beach. Just short of that marsh the lawn stopped abruptly, as though at a command, and instead of impeccable turf there was a tiny square of rocky waste, overgrown with juniper and brambles. There was a building on that square, the condition of which was enough to prove that Mr. Jellett did not own it, for it was hardly more than a shack turning gray from the weather. It was a duck hunters' shelter, a strange enough structure to be left on Warning Hill. Old Thomas Jefferson Michael had built that shack when Warning Hill was nothing but a rocky pasture land where only cattle watched the Atlantic waves breaking on the rocks.

Grafton Jellett swung open a French window opening on his lawn. The sea breeze struck him brusquely and ruffled his sandy hair, and made his gray coat flop as he stood looking out, a small figure growing already slack about the waist.

"Oh, Campbell!" Mr. Jellett called. It was not unpleasant to see the stir out on the lawn. "Campbell!" shouted someone. It was like echoes across Elysian Fields. It was not unpleasant to watch Campbell arrive at a shambling run, as a first-rate superintendent should.

"Campbell," said Mr. Jellett, "you were going to plant a line of poplars where the lawn slopes to the shore. Don't bother, Campbell. I shall own that piece a month from now."

As Mr. Jellett closed the window a tap sounded on the door, and with the tap a gentle scuffling and whispering, reminding him that it was the children's hour. Once again circumstances were obliging him to emulate the kindly Longfellow, and to throw his study open to busy little feet. Unfitted, as he knew he was, to play the part, Mr. Jellett seemed to anticipate it with pleasure, for he smoothed his coat carefully and expanded his chest.

"Come in," said Mr. Jellett.

They came in side by side, nice children both of them, clipped and brushed as neatly as the box trees on the lawn—Sherwood on the right and Marianne on the left. Many and many would be the times that Sherwood was to blush at the clothing he wore then. Sherwood's round little face was framed in reddish-yellow curls, falling to his shoulders, like the princes' in the Tower, and he was dressed in black velvet. Sherwood kept his eyes on his patent-leather toes, because he was afraid of his father already, and was beginning as early as that to feel bored by his company. It was Marianne who tripped forward as a child should, light on her feet, restless and laughing. Her white dress from Paris was a downy puff of ruffles which made her curiously unsubstantial. And already Grafton Jellett was disturbed by her, because she was not afraid at all.

"The children have a surprise for you," said Miss Meachey as she closed the door. "Sherry, dear, can you say the little poem we've learned?"

"No," said Sherwood.

"I can," said Marianne. "I can say lots and lots, can't I, Meachey?"

"*Miss* Meachey," said Mr. Jellett. "Now, Sherwood, will you say your poem if I give you a bright new quarter?"

"No," said Sherwood. "I can get a quarter any time I ask mamma!"

"I can say it!" said Marianne. "We all got dressed for it. Miss Meachey got all dressed too. You ought to have seen her getting dressed, papa!"

"Won't you sit down, Miss Meachey?" asked Mr. Jellett.

"Papa," said Marianne, "why do you always ask to have Miss Meachey sit beside you?"

Dullness descended upon Grafton Jellett in cloudlike beneficence. "Suppose you children run out on the terrace," he said. . . . "No, Marianne, the poem can wait."

Miss Meachey was good to look at, standing by the door. Even her plain black dress with its billowing sleeves was restful to the eyes. It gave an added luster to Miss Meachey's soft dark hair and a most alluring whiteness to her hands and throat. She stood by the closed door, tall and mysterious, like a figure in a painting which hinted of turret stairs and of silk and gold gleaming in the dark.

"Really, you should be more careful," Miss Meachey said.

"Careful, eh?" said Grafton Jellett. Miss Meachey smiled, as someone might who was a good deal older.

"You've never been a nursery governess," Miss Meachey said. "You underestimate what children understand."

Grafton Jellett stood up and thrust his hands into his coat. "Sometimes," he said, "I get tired of being careful. Why should I be careful? Here, look what I've brought you." He drew a leather case half out of his pocket.

"Put it back!" said Miss Meachey. There was more color in her cheeks. "Please, not now!"

Grafton Jellett smiled frostily, with his eyes on Miss Meachey's face. "A cold proposition," he said. "You're a very cold proposition, Meachey."

"Am I?" said Miss Meachey. "Well, so are you."

"Oh, the devil!" Mr. Jellett sighed. "At any rate you're real."

"Yes," said Miss Meachey. "And so are you. Most men are, now and then."

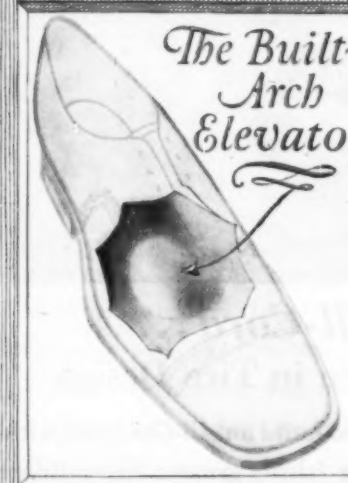
"But not women," sighed Grafton Jellett—"hardly ever women. You're the only one I've ever seen play her cards like a man. You go after what you want without any sentiment or funny business. Ho, hum. . . . Meachey, I wish I'd known you twelve years ago."

Yes, Miss Meachey was good to look at, standing by the door, so young and, at the same time, ever so old; she seemed to have lived other lives and miraculously to have kept the knowledge. She was glancing at the copy of Jane Eyre as it lay upon the writing table—a tale of another nursery governess and another stranger gentleman.

"Do you know what I'd advise?" Miss Meachey said. "I'd advise you to send me packing while you can."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jellett, "for the tip. It goes to prove what I said before—you and I are real—the only ones in—in"—he moved his head slowly about and blinked placidly—"in a whole square mile. And, Meachey, you don't know how refreshing it is when you get where I am, surrounded

(Continued on Page 102)



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(Continued from Page 98)

by clothing dummies and simpering women and men living on dead men's money, to see someone who's real. You and I know what it means to have our backs to the wall. . . . Ho, hum. . . . Oh, I've eaten out of a pail. I've run a donkey engine. Now, that's something to remember. I was hanged if I'd keep on—as everlastingly hanged as you are that you—that you'll ——"

"Continue in the nursery?" asked Miss Meachey.

"That's it," Grafton Jellett nodded feelingly. "That's exactly it! Ho, hum. . . . I can remember —— Does it bore you, Meachey, to hear me talk? But I don't care if it does."

"Of course," said Miss Meachey, "you wouldn't care."

"You know me, don't you, Meachey?" Mr. Jellett nodded placidly, though Miss Meachey did not speak. "Now, I can remember the first company I ever formed—on a shoestring, but nobody knew it till I sold out. I can remember how mad that fellow—what was his name? It's queer how bad I am at names—how mad he was when he found he'd given me five times too much. He was the first man I ever made angry."

"But not the last," Miss Meachey said, and Grafton Jellett shook his head.

"Not by a long shot," he answered. "Ho, hum. . . . You're a wonder, Meachey; you've got as much of a poker face as I have. Right now I'd write out a check for ten thousand to know what you think of me."

Miss Meachey moved a step from the door, and she laughed very, very softly at some thought of her own.

"It may be worth more," she answered, "not to have you know."

Grafton Jellett smiled, and for a moment his whole face relaxed, so that its placidity seemed to leave it for something else, and the edge of that cloak of dullness fluttered, vanishing into nothing.

"Meachey"—his voice was nearly gentle with the laughter in it—"do you honestly think that you can shake me down?"

Yes, those were the days when men were men. Those were the days worth looking back upon. Perhaps Grafton Jellett knew it even then, because in that brief space he was very much himself, and confidential almost.

"So many people have tried to, Meachey," he added, "and haven't done it yet. No, sir; not a continental one."

"I must be going," said Miss Meachey quickly. "Someone's coming down the hall."

And she was out the French windows to the terrace before a word could be said to stop her. If Grafton Jellett sighed when he saw her go, surely he had a reason. The sight of her was a song to his spirit. Her eyes and her laughter were laden with challenge, like the challenge of distant places, peaceful in eternal summer seas, with blue lagoons beyond the barrier reef and not a footstep in the sands.

It was Hubbard standing in the open door. It was marvelous how Meachey could have told that he was coming, because his step was almost noiseless.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. A Mr. Michael."

"Who?" Dully, heavily, Mr. Jellett looked up from his leather chair.

"A Mr. Michael, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Grafton Jellett. "Show him in."

V

OF COURSE Tommy never heard of it till later, when everything had changed. It was so much later when all came together piece by piece that it was hard to bring it back. But even then he could see Grafton Jellett rising from his chair and laying aside his book; the edges were fluttering on that mantle of his dullness.

"Ah," he said. "I had an idea you might drop in."

Alfred Michael glanced about the room and sighed contentedly. It must have pleased him, for he, too, loved soft carpets and soft chairs. His lips curled beneath his mustache. His eyes met Grafton Jellett's and neither looked away.

"Did you?" he inquired. "I had an idea you might have that idea."

"Cooper," said Mr. Jellett, "looks after me pretty well."

"He would," Alfred Michael answered.

"Sit down, Michael." Grafton Jellett was almost friendly. When he told of it afterward he admitted he had not meant to ask Alfred Michael to sit down. It was just a moment's whim, a slight indulgence. Perhaps the sight of the ridiculous checked suit and the frayed cravat with its antiquated pin and the whole effort of patched and broken grandeur to look new may have amused him—giving possession a new and pleasant taste.

"Sit down, Michael," said Grafton Jellett. "A little whisky? . . . No? It's not bad whisky—a special distiller's selection. . . . Ho, hum. . . . I'm just amusing myself cutting a first edition—Jane Eyre—a presentation copy."

"Ah," said Alfred Michael, "are you?"

He lowered himself into one of the leather chairs and glanced at the book which Mr. Jellett held toward him. To look at Alfred Michael, no one could have told that his world was on the verge of ruin. He looked at the book with a genuine interest. Grafton Jellett looked at him placidly, as one who had seen many men like Alfred Michael. Tommy could imagine he must have looked opaque and very dull.

"An expensive habit, perhaps," remarked Mr. Jellett—"this cutting a first edition. Expensive, but amusing."

Alfred Michael smiled again. "Why expensive?" he inquired.

"I see," said Grafton Jellett, "that you don't know the amenities of book collecting. There's a peculiar premium on uncut books."

"Yes, I know that." Alfred Michael looked puzzled. He leaned forward and his forehead wrinkled delicately. "But I don't understand you. Why expensive?"

"Eh?" said Grafton Jellett. "Why expensive?" He spoke with his old dullness, but now he looked at Alfred Michael carefully, and no longer with amusement. "You've got something up your sleeve. What is it?"

There he sat in strong silence. He was competing with something which he could not grasp for the moment. He drew back his head in cold caution, though his glance did not falter. For some reason utterly beyond the limits of logic, Alfred Michael had exploded into laughter. It must have been a strange sight—Alfred Michael without a cent in the world, leaning back and laughing at Grafton Jellett in his private room on Warning Hill.

"Why, you poor devil!" said Alfred Michael.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jellett. His face had become pinkish. His sandy eyebrows drew together. Over Mr. Jellett's face had come a look they were familiar with downtown. Tommy would have learned a great deal if he had seen that look. If he had only seen it he might have known later that he could never compete with Grafton Jellett. His sense of values might have been so altered that he would have never tried. "What in thunder are you driving at?"

"Excuse me," said Alfred Michael. "Here you are getting pleasure out of cutting rare editions and you haven't been cutting them at all."

"What the devil?" Grafton Jellett was actually losing his grip. "How do you mean, I haven't been cutting this book?"

"It's simply because we're all so technical." Alfred Michael smiled indulgently. "I hope you won't be annoyed at missing a technicality. In the parlance of the book collector, Mr. Jellett, you're not cutting that book. You're merely opening it."

"Eh?" said Grafton Jellett. At last he was far from dull. He raised a hand to stroke his sparse sandy hair. "Opening it?"

Alfred Michael nodded. "Idiotic way of putting it, isn't it? Don't think I blame you for being confused. 'Opening' is what they call cutting the leaves of a book. 'Cutting' is something else again."

"Eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Something else again?"

"Cutting," replied Alfred Michael, "refers to the binder's habit of cutting down the margins when he gives the books new covers. That is what an 'uncut' means in the catalogues. The paper has its original edge, rough and unfinished. The actual act of opening the leaves has a very small influence on sales. You understand me now?"

"Yes," said Grafton Jellett. Suddenly he doubled up his fist and slammed it into the palm of his hand. "Yes, I see. It simply means—why, damn that fellow Hewens! Curse those catalogues! Why—confound those dealers! I'll bet they've been all laughing up their sleeves."

"They must have," agreed Alfred Michael.

Grafton Jellett drew in his breath. "I suppose," he said—his eyes were once again opaque and dull—"that you didn't come here primarily to discourse on first editions. Well, what is it?"

"I'm sorry I didn't come to the point before," Alfred Michael said. "I had no idea you'd be put out."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Grafton Jellett, "that you've put me out. . . . What is the point?"

"I don't," said Alfred Michael, "very much."

["He had a contempt for me," was what Grafton Jellett said afterward. "Confound it, you might have thought I was a squealer from the way he looked at me. He just sat and twirled that antique gold watch chain. Confound it! You might have thought he was doing me a favor."]

"The fact is," said Alfred Michael, "I've come to take your offer."

"What offer?" Grafton Jellett asked.

"The only one," said Alfred Michael, "that I'm aware you ever made me, but I don't blame you for not remembering. Six months ago we had a conversation about my shooting box down there." He turned and waved his hand over Mr. Jellett's lawn. "Down there by the shore. You pointed out at the time that it was an eyesore which interfered with your view, and I replied that I saw no reason for giving it up. I pointed out that I had explained the matter to Mr. Cooper when you had sent him to interview me. At the end of my explanation, sir"—Alfred Michael kept his eyes on Grafton Jellett as he spoke—"you offered me five thousand flat for a title free and clear; a sum considerably over that land's value, as you pointed out. I refused that sum, and when I refused it I told you one thing more by way of explanation for a step which you considered, I am afraid, in the nature of a personal affront. I imagine, Mr. Jellett, that you're used to getting what you want."

"Oh," said Mr. Jellett, "do you?"

["Now it made me mad," said Grafton Jellett when he told of it. "He sat there as if he was a prosecutor's lawyer and I could see a patch on his elbow. It—it was everything about him that made me mad."]

"I told you," said Alfred Michael, "that I was fond of my land, that I had a partiality for it, perhaps hard for you to realize, because we've owned it for a long time. We have not come from the city. We owned it when this was actually country. And you told me in reply that you would get it eventually."

"Well," said Grafton Jellett, "so I will." He gazed absently at Alfred Michael and twiddled his thumbs in little circles, one around the other.

"It seems so," Alfred Michael answered, "because you can have it now. I'll take your offer of five thousand."

"Oh," said Mr. Jellett densely, "you will?"

"It just happens ——" began Alfred Michael. "Yes, I will."

Grafton Jellett gazed at Alfred Michael for a minute with pursed lips and dull, vacant eyes.

(Continued on Page 107)

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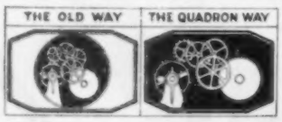

By using all case space, this rectangular Quadron movement permits larger, stronger parts, hence a new standard of accuracy

HERE is what happened when 200 Precision Quadron movements were submitted to official observatory tests in Switzerland:

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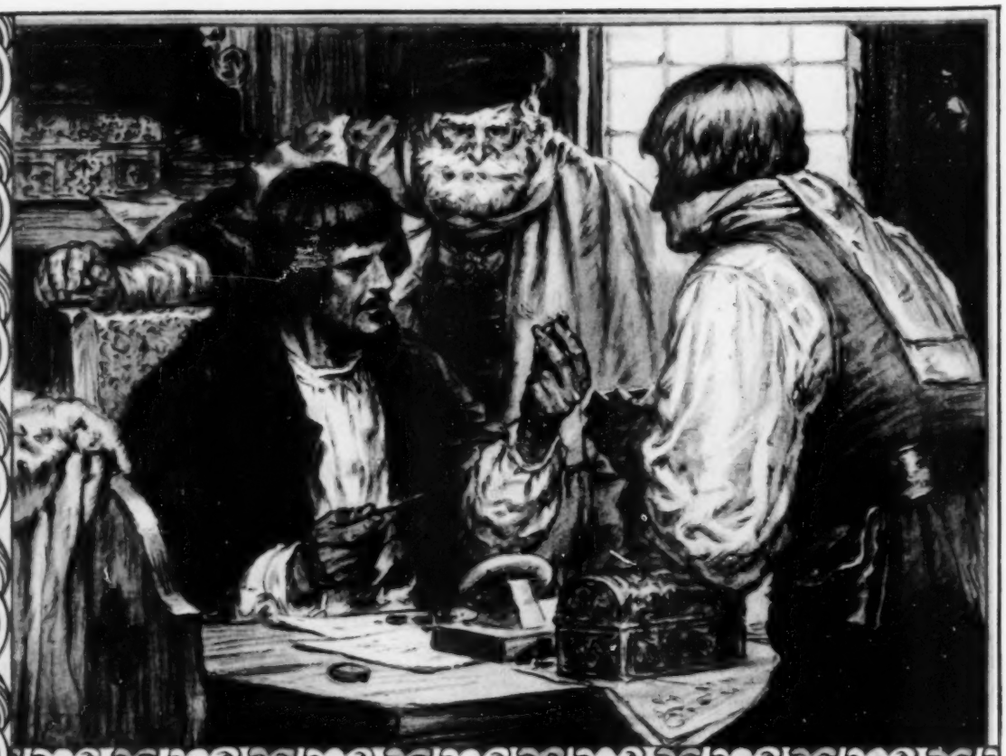
Gruen Watch Makers Guild



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**For that finest gift, choose a Gruen in a solid gold case*

Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 102)

"You won't get five thousand," said Grafton Jellett. "I've reconsidered and withdrawn the offer."

There was a moment's silence. Grafton Jellett twiddled his thumbs and looked at Alfred placidly. Alfred Michael stared hard at the toe of his shiny boot.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "It just so happened at this particular juncture that I could make use of the sum you mentioned."

"Cleaned up in the stock market, eh?" inquired Grafton Jellett.

"I supposed you knew," Alfred Michael said. "How much will you buy for?"

"Thanks," Grafton Jellett twiddled his thumbs again. "But I don't buy on a falling market."

For a second or so Alfred Michael looked almost ill.

"You mean," he spoke with difficulty, mastered by some emotion, "you're going to wait till the bottom falls out of the market?"

"Yes, that's it," said Grafton Jellett.

"And you won't make an offer till then?"

"No; why should I?" said Grafton Jellett.

"No reason," said Alfred Michael. "You're absolutely right in principle." He drew his feet back preparatory to rising. "Well, I'm sorry you won't buy."

Mr. Jellett's lips relaxed. "The trouble with you fellows," he said—"and I've seen a lot like you since I started my own broker's office—is you expect extra consideration. Why should you get it? You go into a game when everybody's warned you you're bound to lose. You go in with professionals and then, when you get cleaned out, you seem to expect some credit for being amateurs. Now, Michael, I know men's faces, and I've watched your face. You're dead flat broke. You may know more than I do about old editions, but not about business, because you're an amateur. You come in and laugh because I don't know the difference between cutting and opening a book, and yet you don't expect me to laugh when you've made a worse blunder in a piece of trading. Now, why should I help you out of your hole? I'm not saying I won't, but exactly why on earth should I?"

"My dear sir"—Alfred Michael was on his feet, worried and solicitous—"what unfortunate remark of mine could have made you suspect I was asking or anticipating anything from you? I beg you, please believe I should never dream of such a thing. I may be an amateur, as you say, but I've followed the races and I know exactly what to expect, which is nothing. As you so clearly opined, I am all through, but I said I was sorry about that bit of land, because I feel this is positively the last time I shall offer it to you—your last chance, sir, of having it—and shall we say—of opening its pages?"

"You'll be back," Grafton Jellett said.

"No," answered Alfred Michael, "I shan't. I've reconsidered and withdrawn the offer."

Grafton Jellett leaned back in his chair comfortably.

"If you're going to try anything in the nature of a contest you'll be sorry, Michael. I told you I'd get that beach, and I mean it."

"No," said Alfred Michael, "you're going to be mistaken for once. You won't get it. Well, good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Grafton Jellett. "You'll be back."

Hubbard was there when Alfred Michael went out, and Hubbard remembered him, too—a queer, shapely smallish gentleman, who took his hat and cane and nodded. He remembered because that gentleman said a peculiar thing when he went out, which sometimes made Hubbard creepy when he took his port in the pantry of an evening. It was just before they came to the door. The gentleman had been whistling to himself, when suddenly he stopped whistling and looked at a picture. He stopped short and peered at it and then put his stick behind his back.

"Ha!" he said. "A Turner! Better ones in the National Gallery, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!" Hubbard answered. "Ulysses—do you remember him sailing into the soft light? No one else will ever get the feeling or the color."

He was shabby, but only a gentleman would have spoken so naturally to one of the help.

"You must return again, sir, to admire it when the light is better," Hubbard said.

"Again?" The gentleman looked at him. "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I can't say as I do, sir," answered Hubbard, "though, of course, I have been in service in the old country in houses reputed to have them. Now at Lord Errol's, in Cumberland, the kitchen maid, I recall, used continually to be disturbed by a gentleman in shorts, sir, with a noose about his neck, but hardly real, I think, sir. No, sir, as a churchman I don't believe in them."

"No?" The gentleman gave his stick a twirl. "Then I don't suppose you ever will see me back, but you might tell the kitchen maids not to be disturbed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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VIGILANTE

(Continued from Page 40)

Hayes Lyons stood courageously the cruel ordeal of watching his four friends go to their deaths. His last words were a request that his body be given to his mistress.

"Don't let me hang too long," he added an instant before the drop.

The five were buried side by side in the old cemetery at the crest of the hill north of the town, directly back of the spot where the monument marking the site of the first Masonic Temple in Montana now stands.

Along the highways of Southwestern Montana today—from Monida to Dillon and Twin Bridges; from Reynolds Pass through Ennis to Virginia City and on to Butte and Helena—every road sign and marker bears the cryptic figures 3–7–77.

"What does it mean?" the traveler asks.

"Oh, it's an old sign the vigilantes used to use. This highway's called the Vigilante Trail and they mark it with those figures."

With that explanation many are content, but now and then there arrives in the state a more obstinate soul who is less easily satisfied.

"That's all very nice," says he, "but what does this 3–7–77 really mean? What did the vigilantes use it for?"

He hears stories, suppositions, theories, and what have you, to account for the use of that combination of numerals. No man knows its true significance.

The most probable explanation is that the vigilantes of Montana lifted the idea bodily from their brethren in California and employed it as a similar warning, but without the same esoteric significance.

Vigilante Numerology

William T. Colman, the organizer of the California vigilantes, was referred to by his followers as No. 1. Orders from No. 1 or signed by him were final and instant obedience was mandatory. As new members were enrolled, each was given a number, and it transpired that No. 3, No. 7, and No. 77 came to hold certain executive positions and to sign orders to the committee members or notices of banishment with these figures.

Paris S. Pfouts and several others of the Montana vigilantes, we know, were familiar with many details of the California organization, and when they launched upon similar work in Montana, it appears reasonable that the ominous 3–7–77—the dread import of which had spread to the mining camps of the Rockies—would be adopted along with the by-law providing that "the only punishment that shall be inflicted by this Committee is Death."

This death rule was not always enforced, however. Men whose guilt was not clearly proved were banished, there were several floggings administered, and there was at least one instance of a genuine humanitarianism.

A youth of twenty, sleeping in Ballinger's Hotel, in Alder Gulch, yielded to temptation and stole some $200 in gold dust from a miner. The bunks in the hotel were placed one above the other, and the miner occupying a bed above that where the boy was lying, inadvertently displayed a fat sack. The youth reached between the slats of the bunk above him, cut the string about the mouth of the bag, and allowed the golden contents to trickle into his cupped hands.

One of the nuggets, of distinctive shape, was recognized, the thief was arrested. His guilt was unquestioned, but on account of his youth and the absence of any previous criminal record there was a strong sentiment in favor of banishment. Charles Beehrer—Charley the Brewer—was among those at the meeting.

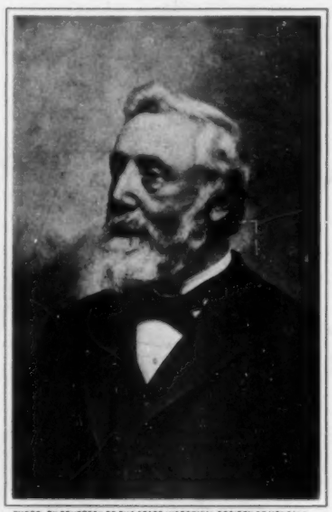
"I don't believe in banishment," said the German gruffly. "Hanging is good, but banishment—no! If a man is not good enough to live with us, we had better hang him, not turn him loose on somebody else.

"This boy should have another chance. Let us keep him right here, get him a job, and have him report to somebody every day until he has made enough money to pay back what he stole."

The shrewd brewer's advice was taken. Work was found for the youth. There is a relief in noting that the boy refunded all the money, moved on to Last Chance Gulch—Helena, Montana—with the rush to those diggings, and at the time of his death fifty years later was a well-to-do business man of Portland, Oregon. With actual criminals, however, the vigilantes were merciless. There still remained a number of bandits with records as black as those of the men who had been executed. These had scattered.

Twenty-one men, headed by Pfouts and Williams, left Alder Gulch on January fifteenth, the day following the execution of the five, camped the first night on Big Hole River and the next morning divided their forces. Six rode up the river to Clark's ranch, where Steve Marshland was hiding.

Steve had been shot through the breast in the hold-up of the Moody pack train on December fourth, and his feet had been terribly frostbitten in the course of his wanderings through the mountains after that fiasco. A dog was the only company he had at the ranch and he made no resistance to capture, although several revolvers, a jäger rifle, and two shotguns stood within arm's reach. He explained his frostbite by telling of a prospecting trip.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

A. M. Holter, Pioneer Merchant, Through Whose Hat George Ives Put a Bullet

He appeared surprised when asked if he had been wounded, slapping his chest and asserting he was "as sound as a dollar." His shirt was opened, disclosing the scarcely healed injury, and his guilt was clear. He made a complete confession and was hanged that night in Clark's corral. The detachment rejoined the main body above Evans' ranch the following afternoon.

They rode hard, these Exterminators. The best horseflesh in the country was theirs for the asking, and sixty or seventy miles between dawn and dusk were considered merely an ordinary day's ride. At Cottonwood, now called Deer Lodge, Bill Bunton was arrested. Plummer's second in command had reached the settlement about two weeks before, gambled with a saloon keeper named Cooke, and had won a half interest in the establishment. Together with Bunton, the party gathered in their old friend, Tex Crowell.

Again Tex beat the case against him. There was no doubt in any man's mind but that he was a criminal, but his name had not been mentioned by Yeager and no definite proof of his guilt could be found. He was discharged—his second narrow escape from the noose—and left on the run, stopping only when he had reached Kootenai in British Columbia.

Bunton was one of the few bandits who refused to make any confession, answering every question and accusation with the password: "I am innocent." He was hanged to the cross bar of the gate of Louis Demorest's corral and took personal charge of all the details of his execution. He was particularly fastidious about the placing of the knot below his ear.

"I don't care any more about being hanged than I do about taking a drink," he announced, "but I want my neck broken. Can I jump off myself?"

He mounted to a board placed between two boxes, stating that at the word "Ready!" he would count three and then jump.

"Have you any last requests to make, Bill?"

"Only thing I want is a mountain three hundred feet high to jump off! Ready? One. Two. Three! Here goes it!"

He leaped of his own accord and was killed instantly. Mrs. Demorest was so furious at the use to which their corral had been put that she compelled her husband to cut down and burn the gate as soon as the body had been removed, and to construct a new one in such fashion that it could never be employed for a similar purpose.

Other bandits, the vigilantes knew, were at Hell Gate, and they turned their steps in that direction. The rigors of that winter ride are merely hinted in the accounts of the intrepid band that made it. We are told of a horse breaking its leg amid snow-covered rocks and of a man being saved from drowning in an icy river only by a companion's accurate cast of a rope.

A good haul was made at the little Missoula County hamlet. Three men—Cyrus Skinner, Aleck Carter and Johnny Cooper; all of them wanted—were taken there, and Bob Zachary was arrested at Baron Barney O'Keefe's ranch.

Carter had heard rumors of the executions at Bannack and was curious as to the identity of the men who had been hanged. The entire list was repeated to him—he had heard nothing of the quintuple execution at Virginia City—and he whistled softly.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "Not an innocent man hung yet!"

Nonchalant Bandits

There was no question of the guilt of the prisoners and they were executed shortly after midnight, January 25, 1864, in Higgin's corral.

As the party were marching toward the scaffold, Skinner broke away from his guards and raced off in the darkness shouting, "Shoot! Shoot!" He was captured without difficulty, placed on the improvised platform with a noose around his neck, and told to start running again at any time.

"That's all right," he apologized. "I just had an idea that maybe I wasn't born to be hanged!"

The password of the outlaws, "I am innocent," was the last speech of each of the condemned men.

Bob Zachary was brought in from O'Keefe's to Hell Gate early the following morning. He refused to believe that so

(Continued on Page 114)

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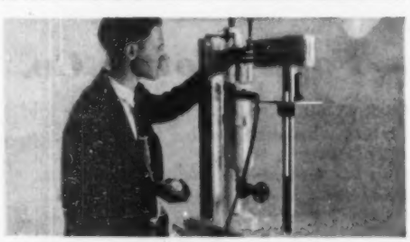

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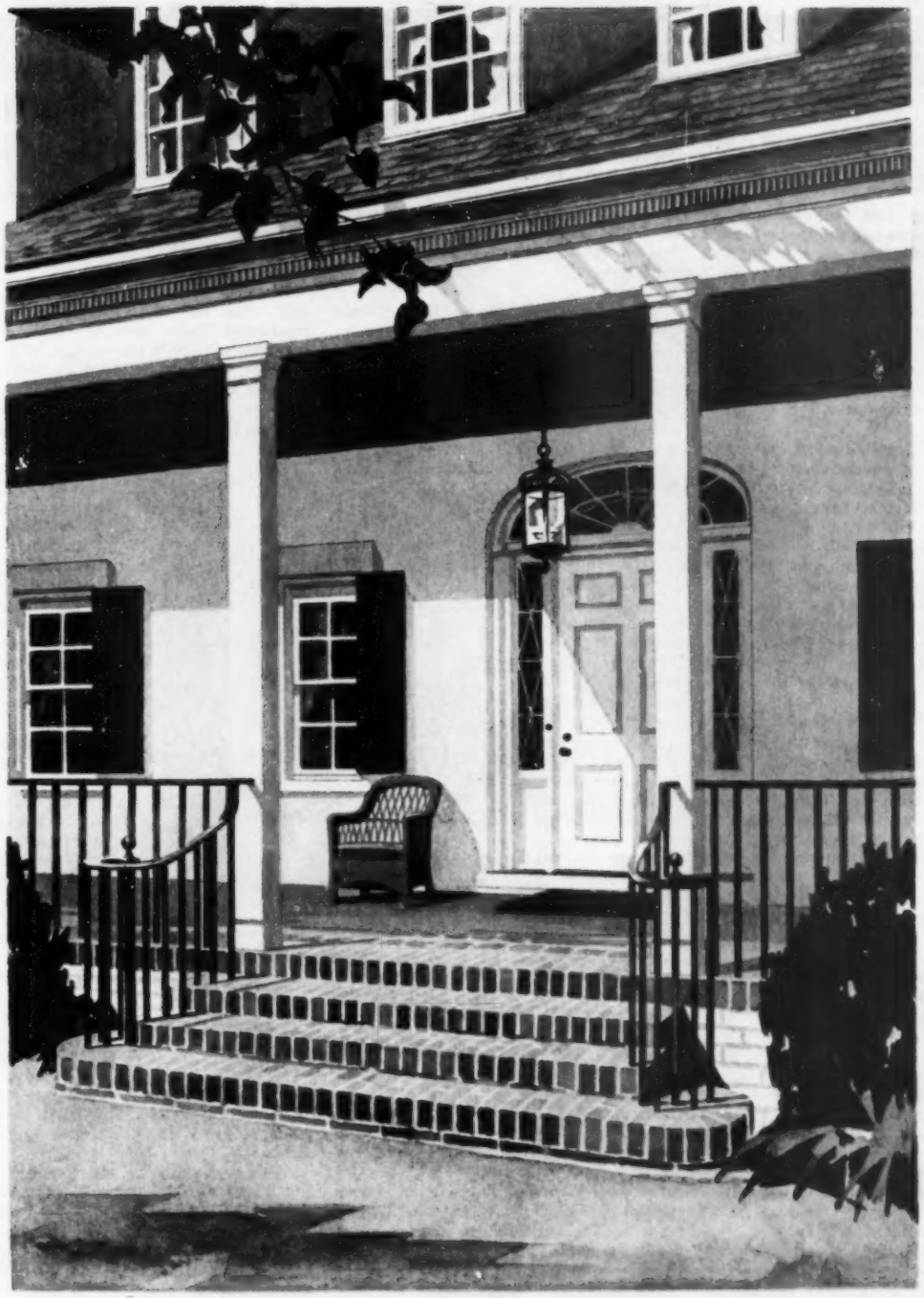

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(Continued from Page 110)

many of the outlaw band had been executed and was convinced only when one of the party gave him all the "work" of the Innocents lodge.

He wrote a farewell letter to his brothers and sisters in Illinois, urging them to avoid whisky, gambling and bad company; and while standing on the gallows uttered a prayer for the vigilantes who stood around him.

"God forgive you if you're doing wrong by hanging all of us," he said, "but it's the only way you'll ever rid the country of road agents!"

When Zachary had been captured at O'Keefe's the Baron had dropped a remark to the effect that a stranger was stopping at Van Dorn's ranch in the Bitter Root Valley. Thomas Pitt—Dimsdale calls him No. 84—took two men and rode to Van Dorn's, arriving there on January twenty-fourth.

The description of the stranger tallied with that of George Shears, and when Van Dorn met them at the door, Pitt asked for Shears by name.

Shears chatted with perfect candor of his various crimes, pointed out to Pitt the stolen horses he had stabled in Van Dorn's corral, and discussed his hanging as calmly as he might the weather.

"You got me, that's all," he said. "I knew I'd have to go up sometime, but I thought I could run another year!"

A rope was made fast to a rafter of the barn and a ladder placed beside it.

"If you'll climb that ladder, George," said Pitt, "it'll save us the trouble of scouting around for something to make a drop."

"Sure, but I'm not very used to this business—never having been hanged before. Shall I jump off or slide off?"

"Jump off, George."

"All right. Good-by!" and the nonchalant bandit hopped off into eternity. "Shall I jump or slide" became a vigilante by-word and was used sometimes in later years as a countersign.

A Task Nearly Completed

Meanwhile, James Williams and two companions were pushing on to Fort Owen, where Whisky Bill Graves was reported to be. Graves was a sullen brute, guilty of a dozen crimes of which the vigilantes had absolute proof. He had come to Fort Owen from Alder Gulch after the execution of George Ives, and his presence there was learned as a result of his own repeated threats to "shoot on sight any damned vigilanter that came his way!"

Evidently the cold-eyed fury of Jim Williams took the posse leader out of the category of "any damned vigilanter," for Whisky Bill surrendered without a protest. He was the only one of the road agents to be hanged by the method that is generally associated with wild-western executions.

A suitable tree was selected, a rope put around the victim's neck, and he was placed astraddle of a horse behind the saddle. The rider, with a shout of, "Good-by, Bill!" raked his spurs across the animal's flanks, and as the pony leaped forward Whisky Bill slid over the smooth rump and was left dangling.

The vigilante groups returned to Alder Gulch with one name only remaining on the list of definitely identified bandits. This was Bill Hunter, the man who had escaped the noose in Virginia City on January fourteenth, and who, it was learned, was hiding in the Gallatin Valley. Four men, led by Andriel B. Davis, were detailed to this final task.

Hunter was captured on February 2, 1864, and hanged the following day, the men of the posse laying hold of the rope and, with a swift jerk, running him up beneath the limb of a cottonwood. A circumstance of his death is talked about to this day by old-timers. Though virtually instantly killed, the hanging man twisted one arm free from its bonds, clutched at the spot where his gun usually hung, and went through the motions of drawing, cocking and firing the weapon six times.

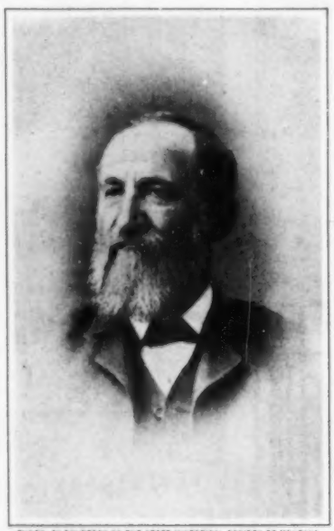
The job was done! Though circumstances were to compel the vigilantes to unsheath their weapons again, their real task, the breaking up of an organized criminal element, was concluded with the execution of Hunter. Men could now travel in safety over roads where a month before every clump of sagebrush was a possible hiding place of a bandit. On January 3, 1864, only one of the Innocents, George Ives, had been executed. One month later, February third, twenty-one of the band had been hanged, four banished, and the few that remained alive had left Montana so far behind them that no man in the territory felt a moment's uneasiness.

"Cap Slade," say the old-timers, "could not handle his liquor!"

Joseph A. Slade has been dust for nearly seventy years. It was on March 10, 1864, that he was hanged behind the hotel in Virginia City. But his memory is still green in the land and there are dozens of men in Montana and Idaho whose fathers knew him and who are ready to leap to his defense.

No revolutionary movement can be errorless. Eggs must be broken before the omelet is on the plate, and the execution of Joseph A. Slade is, possibly, the one mistake of the Montana vigilantes. An, error, perhaps, but one with beneficial results. His body, swaying in the cold, blustering March wind, told the hell raisers once and for all that no man could brazenly defy the edicts of the people's court.

Slade arrived in Virginia City at the head of a small freighting outfit in the spring of 1863, and promptly made good.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

Governor Samuel T. Hauser Who Narrowly Escaped the Ambush of the Bandits

He identified himself with the established business men of the community, merchants and miners, and in spite of his frequent sprees and quarrels, was held in general esteem. Though the reputation he had made on the Overland as a savage and deadly gunman followed him to Alder Creek, nowhere can one find record or rumor of his being associated in any way with Ives, Hunter, Helm or other members of the outlaw band.

Slade never permitted himself to become infected with the mining bacillus. He was a freighter and he stuck to that profession. Many supplies for the Montana settlements came from the East by water, steamers making the long trip up the Missouri River from St. Joseph to the head of navigation at Fort Benton. From there, freight teams brought the goods over the military road into Deer Lodge Valley, west and south through Deer Lodge Pass into the Beaverhead and Big Hole country, and then south up the Passamari Valley to Alder Gulch—a long, arduous, and circuitous route, but the only one available.

The summer of 1863 was marked by extremely low water in the Missouri. A steamer loaded with supplies was unable to ascend to Fort Benton and its cargo was unloaded at the mouth of Milk River, several hundred miles to the east. Slade, with the financial backing of John Ely, guaranteed to make the delivery.

From the Fairweather diggings to the mouth of Milk River was more than seven hundred miles. For more than half the distance there was no road whatever. North of the Missouri was the territory of the Blackfoot Indians; to the south were roving bands of Crows, Sioux and Gros Ventres. Any or all of these tribes regarded the raiding of a wagon train as an ideal morning's entertainment.

He had little difficulty in finding teamsters and packers to accompany him. The magic name of "Slade of the Overland" was sufficient to bring to his corrals every man in the mountains who could pop a bull whip. With funds advanced by Ely he purchased additional wagons and mules, led his party to the Milk River, loaded his wagons and delivered the consignment to the Hardies in Virginia City on December tenth.

The saga of that journey has never been told. Nor will it be. No historian accompanied Slade, none of his teamsters kept diaries. Twice they fought off Indian attacks. Quicksand added its terrors at many of the fords. They made their own road for hundreds of miles and reached Virginia City without the loss of a man or one item of the shipment.

Slade acquired a hay ranch. There was no freighting to be done during the bitter months of January and February, and just eight miles away was Virginia City and the roaring towns that were strung along the ravine.

Each time he came over he proceeded to get drunk, and each time he got drunk he strove to take the town apart and discover what made it work. He rode his horse into saloons and stores; he shot up dance halls and barrooms. He bragged and he brawled. He attended a theatrical performance and when Kate Harpe, an entertainer, appeared in ballet costume, Slade stopped the show with his comments.

Again and again he was warned. The Big Three of the vigilance committee—Williams, Sanders and Lott—told him in plain language. Banishment from the territory was the mildest punishment promised him. Sober, he swore immediate and lasting reformation. A half dozen drinks and his promises were forgotten.

Fatal Contempt of Court

Considerable circulation has been given a story that Cap Slade was hung for persisting in singing a ribald ditty which linked the names of J. M. Fox, acting sheriff of Virginia City, and Paris S. Pfouts, president of the vigilantes, with that of a woman of the town. He was not. Most emphatically he was not. The song was sung, but the vigilantes settled no such private grudges.

Slade's arrest was the result of a wild all-night celebration that followed the above-mentioned theatrical performance. He so terrorized the town that merchants were closing their stores and placing shutters before the windows to protect the glass from bullets as Cap and his friends fired their guns promiscuously up and down the streets. Early in the morning they came upon a wagon from which milk was being delivered, unhitched the horse and sent the vehicle rolling down the grade. It upset

(Continued on Page 119)

Ride a Bike . . .

Whoopee! - the best fun ever from morning till night

"See, daddy, what Knute Rockne says"

This famous trainer of football stars and athletes thinks every boy should have a bicycle. You ought to have this fascinating, free book which pictures Lindbergh, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Dempsey and many other notables. Among other things, it tells you how to earn money with a bicycle—how to make it pay for itself.

Ask for "CYCLE-LOGICAL WAYS TO HAPPIER DAYS"—a postcard brings it to you free!

Just write "Scooter Bike" or "Bicycle"—whichever you wish—together with your name and address on a postcard and mail it today to

The Cycle Trades of America

Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th St., New York City. You will receive your copy by return mail.

Whoopee! Plenty of fun and noise.
Biking's the sport for out-door boys.
Racing along on the level ways.
Flying down hill like a flock of jays.
Clicking pedals, and tinkling bells.
Drowned in laughter and joyous yells;
Do we enjoy it, — yes, and how!
For all-year pleasure, the bike's a Wow.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

1859 SEVENTIETH

The EQUITABLE LIFE OF UNITED

Some of the Contributions of the EQUITABLE *to Modern Life Insurance*

A GOOD COMPANY
IN WHICH TO INSURE

The Equitable confines its insurance writings to people living within the United States. At the present time it has nearly 2,000,000 policyholders insured for over Six Billion Dollars and each year is adding over 150,000 new policyholders to its clientele. It has paid over Two Billion Dollars to its policyholders.

THE spirit of enterprise which has made the United States go forward by leaps and bounds has also characterized the growth of the Equitable. In the interests of its policyholders and the insuring public generally the Equitable has again and again taken the initiative in broadening the scope of its service. Note some of its important contributions to the development of American Life Insurance.

From its inception, 70 years ago, the Equitable has advocated the mutual principle in life insurance, whereby the Policyholders constitute the Company.

It was the pioneer in popularizing life insurance. Its first step was to shorten, simplify and liberalize the policy contract.

It took the lead in stamping out the practice of contesting policies on merely technical grounds. It later made the policy contract incontestable after being in force for one year during the insured's lifetime.

It originated the practice of paying Death Claims immediately on presentation of due proof of death. Over 98% of its Death Claims are paid within one day after receipt of due proof.

For the protection of the man who becomes totally and permanently disabled it adopted a plan for maintaining the insurance in full force and effect, at the same time paying him a monthly income during continuance of disability.

It introduced a Home Purchase Plan under which a mortgage loan may be paid off on a monthly repayment basis with life insurance coverage included.

It devised the Group Plan of life insurance under which an employer can, by means of a single blanket policy, protect his employees without requiring them to submit to individual medical examinations.

It devised a Retirement Annuity self pension plan whereby a man or woman may, by investing a comparatively small sum annually, make absolutely certain provision for the "Sunset Days of Life."

It introduced a Refund Life Annuity under which the total return to the Investor may be considerably more, but can never be less than the original amount invested.

It inaugurated an Annual Free Health Examination Service for its Policyholders.

To better serve the insuring public it formulated plans for the Education and Training of agents, thereby elevating life underwriting to a professional plane.

It has instituted a superb investment service for Policyholders and Beneficiaries for the purpose of safeguarding the proceeds of policies at maturity.

THOMAS I. PARKINSON
President

Which of these Questions mean most to you?

1. How Can I Best Safeguard a Dependent Family?
2. How Can I Gain Financial Independence for My Old Age?
3. How Can a Woman Utilize Insurance for Investment and Protection?
4. How Can I Guarantee a Fixed Certain Income to a Wife or Child Who May Survive Me?
5. How Can I Provide for a Dependent Mother or Father?
6. How Can I Insure the College Education of My Son or Daughter?
7. How Can I Provide against the Possibility of Becoming Totally and Permanently Disabled?
8. How Can I Finance a Mortgage Through Life Insurance?
9. How Can I Provide for the Payment of a Debt by Means of Life Insurance?
10. How Can I Easily Acquire the Habit of Saving?
11. How Can I Teach My Boy to Save?
12. How Can I Safeguard My Business Through Special Life Insurance?
13. How Can I Arrange All My Life Insurance on a Program Basis?
14. How Can I Extend the Benefits of Group Life Insurance to My Employees?

There is a separate pamphlet giving complete information on each of the above subjects. Use the coupon in the corner of this page. Simply indicate by number the questions which interest you, and the pamphlet, or pamphlets, you want will be sent.

To The EQUITABLE,
393 Seventh Ave., New York City

Please send pamphlets giving information on the following numbered questions which I have checked, as listed in The Saturday Evening Post.

1. ☐	5. ☐	8. ☐	11. ☐
2. ☐	6. ☐	9. ☐	12. ☐
3. ☐	7. ☐	10. ☐	13. ☐
4. ☐			14. ☐

Name .....

Address .....

ANNIVERSARY 1929

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

THE STATES

The Premiums paid by policyholders are invested throughout the United States in mortgage loans on farms, residences and business properties; also in railroad, public utility and industrial securities representing facilities serving the whole Nation and providing employment for millions of our people. The premiums of the Equitable policyholder are constantly working for the public good.

Protection for the Home and the Home Circle has always been the primary purpose of Life Insurance. The Equitable representative, however, is trained to help you build up an insurance program whereby the family, the home, the business, the college fund, the mortgage, the loss of earning power, or the needs of old age are all provided for.

How the EQUITABLE *helps its representatives to Render Professional Life Insurance Service* . . . .

A GOOD COMPANY TO REPRESENT

THE Equitable believes that life insurance agents and managers should be trained experts; that an intimate knowledge of what life insurance is and what it does, and how it should be fitted to the needs of each prospect, is essential to underwriting service. Accordingly it has established Training Courses for its field representatives, under expert instructors.

Present and Prospective Policyholders are thereby more efficiently served.

The Underwriter is enabled to build up an increasingly valuable clientele.

Though life insurance has grown enormously, America is still under-insured. Competent observers predict that the amount of insurance that will be written during the next twenty years will greatly exceed previous records. Additional agents will be required. The opportunity for building an independent, remunerative career is limited only by the capacity of the individual. Instruction and training methods offered by the Equitable, and how the groundwork is laid for sure and lasting success, are explained in a pamphlet, *Life Underwriting as a Career,* which will be sent on request.

The Equitable invites correspondence with men of energy and initiative who are seeking a wider opportunity in a lifetime occupation.

To The EQUITABLE,
393 Seventh Ave., New York City

I am interested in your plan of expert training for life underwriting as a career. Please mail pamphlet giving details regarding your salesmanship courses.

Name .....

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SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Better Plastering ··on ARCH LATH·

Residence St. Louis County
Architect: Marcell Boulicault
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. . . And now it offers yet another and a most important feature—greater strength and rust resistance, and freedom from stains, insuring not merely finer but also more lasting walls and ceilings

Made of COP-R-LOY

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THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL

Spanish Metal Tile

Wheeling Spanish Metal Tiles make a most charming roof that is light in weight, durable and low in cost. Fire-proof, lightning-proof and leak-proof. Made of Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Sheet Steel and Hand-Dipped in pure molten zinc. If you plan to build or remodel, you should know about the many advantages of this roof.

Originally a distinctive lath from all points of view—saving labor and material because of its distinctive design, Arch Lath of COP-R-LOY now takes its place many steps forward of the vanguard of modern metal laths. Durability must now be included with Arch Lath's modern and exclusive features. It is practically a solid sheet of fire-proof, warp-proof wall or ceiling upon which the finest of textures may be achieved.

Safety from fire—always important to all we hold priceless in our homes! Scientific in design—enabling the plasterer to give the fullest yield of his practiced art. Arch Lath is not a plaster "skimper" but a plaster saver. Made of a better steel, selected for the most important building and industrial projects—COP-R-LOY—the Copper Alloyed Sheet Steel! Arch Laths offers a value that is superlative from every standpoint of permanent building construction.

Insist upon Wheeling Arch Lath of COP-R-LOY, and while doing so include those other building necessities, Wheeling Corner Bead, Picture Mold, Base Screed, Roofing Ternes, Spanish Metal Tile, Conductor Pipe and Eaves Trough, all now available in COP-R-LOY, for maximum life at the minimum cost.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA
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New York Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City St. Louis
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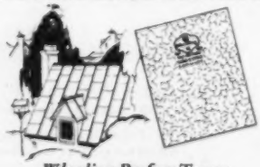
Wheeling Corner Bead

To properly reinforce and protect projecting corners, ask to have the men who apply Arch Lath in your home use also Wheeling Corner Bead, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy. This will insure stronger walls in your home and greatly minimize the possibility of chipping and cracking of plaster.



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Roofs of Tin are proof against fire and lightning. Tin makes a most practical roofing for homes and apartment buildings. Low in cost, reduces insurance rates. To insure greatest return on investment specify Wheeling Roofing Ternes made of Cop-R-Loy and coated to full weight with pure tin and lead.

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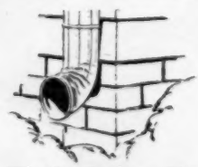

Wheeling Conductor Pipe

For new building or replacement insist upon Wheeling Conductor Pipe, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel. Ask your architect to specify Wheeling Conductor Pipe for longer and more satisfactory service at lower cost.

(Continued from Page 114)

at the foot of the hill and Slade and his friends whooped. They cursed and defied the vigilantes, naming all the leaders of the movement, and from time to time bawled the scurrilous jingle they had composed about Fox, Pfouts and the courtesan. During the morning the usual drunken argument started and Slade whipped two of his gang.

Alexander Davis was judge of the recently organized people's court, a community-created tribunal to which all cases, civil or criminal, were taken for settlement. Fox applied to Judge Davis for a warrant and, with it as his authority, arrested Slade and took him into court. Arrest had no novelties for Cap. He'd been arrested and fined before. But he found the interruption irritating, and while Fox was reading the warrant Slade tore the document from his hands, ripped it across again and again, and tossed the fragments on the floor.

The defiance—for Slade and his drunken companions, their hands on their guns, walked out of the courtroom—angered the men of Virginia. The memory of many hangings, of the eradication of Plummer and his gang, was fresh in their minds. They were determined to establish some form of legal supervision of the community, and to this end had created the people's court. Never before had it been defied or its justice questioned.

Leading citizens of the town were hastily summoned to a meeting. Little attention was paid to whether or not the men present were members of the vigilante organization.

"The meeting," John S. Lott wrote many years later in a letter to Judge Callaway, "was peculiar and hasty."

He remarks incidentally that this was the only meeting of its kind that was ever attended by Col. Wilbur F. Sanders.

"In five minutes," Lott continues, "they settled the question."

Lott was sent to Nevada to advise the citizens of that town of Slade's arrest and to determine their attitude as to the punishment. The miners turned out almost to a man. Dimsdale, the schoolmaster of Virginia City and the first historian of the vigilantes, tells us that six hundred of them deserted their claims and marched up the gulch to Virginia under the leadership of Cap Williams. Slade, they announced, was to be hanged forthwith and they sent Lott on ahead to report that they "would not march into the streets of Virginia to be shot down by Slade's men unless they knew what they were going to do."

Plenty of Warning

It was J. X. Biedler who about this time sought Slade and frightened him into momentary sobriety. The stalwart vigilante lieutenant knew that Slade was of a type vastly different from Plummer and his band, and knew how gravely the drunken man's offense was regarded by the committee. He felt reasonably certain, however, that if Slade were out of town when the Nevada contingent arrived the affair would blow over.

"Cap," he said meaningly, "get your horse and hit the trail."

"What d'you mean?" asked Slade, staring owlishly. "The vigilance committee is played out!"

"You won't think so if you're here two hours from now," said Biedler. "Even though you're drunk, you ought to have enough sense to know that I know what I'm talking about. Get your horse and do what I tell you, right now!"

He spun on his heel and walked away. Slade watched him for a moment and then staggered to where he had left his favorite mount, Old Copperbottom, and clambered into the saddle. As he did so one of his partners in the all-night debauch appeared in a saloon doorway.

"Hi, Cap! Where yuh goin'?" he bellowed thickly.

"Home!" returned Slade.

"Are you goin' t' let them sons run yuh? Come on an' have a drink!"

Slade hesitated and was lost. He dismounted and returned to the saloon.

Judge Davis appears to have regarded the entire affair as a drunken prank for which Slade, because of his condition, should not be held strictly accountable. He, too, warned Slade to get out of town. But by this time the hero of the Overland was too drunk to heed. He drew a derringer, waved it threateningly at the jurist, and threatened to hold the judge as a hostage.

It is possible that determined action at this juncture might have saved Slade's life, but the men who could have influenced the crowd were silent. All feared the consequences if Slade's flouting of the law were allowed to go unpunished.

Cap Slade was taken to a corral in the rear of Pfouts & Russell's store. A strong guard was thrown around the inclosure to prevent any attempt at rescue.

The Last of the Gang

The prisoner, exhausted by tears and hysterical pleas for mercy, had to be held in place on the usual packing box while the rope was adjusted. The box stood beneath a scaffold used ordinarily for hanging beeves. The end of the rope was thrown over the cross bar and made fast. Instantly the box was jerked away.

His wife, Maria Virginia, ordered the construction of a zinc-lined coffin, and tradition tells us that she kept her husband—preserved, in alcohol—at the Madison Basin ranch until the roads opened in the spring. Then the body was taken to Salt Lake City and buried in the old Mormon cemetery.

Cherishing a dream of vengeance, Maria Virginia returned to Montana and probated her husband's will; the first recorded in the new territory. She sold the ranch and Slade's freighting outfit for $7000. There must have been an anodyne for sorrow in the wealth, for on March 22, 1865, she married James H. Kiskadden in Virginia City.

The romance of Maria Virginia and Kiskadden was very brief. Less than a year after the marriage she left him, and on October 29, 1868, he obtained a divorce. Kiskadden remained in Salt Lake City and married Annie Adams, a local actress. To them, in 1872, was born a daughter, Maude Adams Kiskadden, destined to be the original Peter Pan.

Organized for the purpose of breaking the power of the Plummer gang, the vigilantes thought that their work was done. Nearly two years were to pass, however, before organized law in Montana was established on a sufficiently firm foundation.

During that period ten additional extralegal executions were to take place. Lurid stories have been circulated to the effect that hundreds of road agents and other criminals were hung without process of law. A search of all available records shows a total of thirty-three executions prior to March 3, 1866. By that time the territory of Montana had been created, a governor had been appointed, courts were in operation, and all the machinery of organized government was functioning normally and efficiently. Extralegal executions may have taken place in Montana subsequent to 1866. No attempt has been made to trace them. If they exist, they have no more bearing on the actual pioneer period of the state's history than a lynching in the South today has upon the Mecklenburg Congress.

The vigilantes of Montana require no apologia. A distasteful, grim, but necessary task had to be done. They did it and did it well, and the manner in which they went about it can be best described by a repetition of the words with which the vigilantes came into existence:

"Men, do your duty!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Birney.

The Next Time You Buy Ice Cream Try This Better Way

BELOW—the Sealright Way of serving Ice Cream.

1 Hold Container under cold water for an instant.

2 Remove cover and press on bottom with thumbs.

3 Cut in dainty round slices and serve.

Don't put up with the mess and bother of carrying ice cream home in an old-fashioned leaky paper pail that allows it to become soft and slushy. Ask the dealer to pack your ice cream in a Sealright and you'll insist on them always.

For Sealrights are the modern, leak-proof, practically air-tight paper containers that keep ice cream firm longer and enable you to serve it the delightful modern way—in dainty *round slices*. See the three little drawings at the left.

Delivered to dealers with their covers on tight, Sealrights are always clean and sanitary. They have the natural wood color (inside and out) of the pure spruce paper of which they are made. In every respect, Sealrights are the ideal containers in which to buy ice cream. Always buy from stores that use them. They are used by progressive ice cream dealers everywhere. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. PO-3, Fulton, N. Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.

SEALRIGHT

Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

A PRECAUTION WORTH TAKING—To be sure of accurate measure and dependable protection for the ice cream you buy, be sure it is packed in *genuine* Sealrights—Look for the name SEALRIGHT—diestamped on the top or bottom of every container. Made in all popular sizes from ¼ pint to 1 gallon.

The day of the WIFE SAVING RUG is Here!

Floral patterns are always in good taste, and this Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4630 is particularly pretty.

Modernistic! Colorful! It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4662.

Women welcome its contribution to the new freedom from household drudgery

LISTEN to any group of women. You don't hear so much "I'm all tired out" talk. Instead it's "What are you going to wear to the dance?"

Quite obviously, women of today know how to keep house and raise children without giving up youthfulness and good times.

For one thing, they refuse to scrub floors. Instead, they save themselves by buying the new kind of easy-to-keep-clean rug offered by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs is the name. And the variety of modern patterns makes it easy to select a rug to fit the scheme of any room you wish to beautify.

But more important than mere beauty is the Accolac Process surface that seals the beauty in, and keeps dirt and stains out. It is this satiny, lacquered surface that saves work—and wives. Surface dirt sweeps right off. Spilled liquids, dropped food, stains, even such

Accidents will happen. But no harm to Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. Spilled things wipe right off!

caustics as lye disappear with the swish of mop or damp cloth, leaving no trace of harm to the glossy surface, or the pattern beneath.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are built over a strong felt base to make them lie smooth and flat, and to give them "body" to resist wear. So, for the few dollars you spend you are certain to be delighted.

In fact, you take no risk of disappointment. Every Armstrong's Quaker Rug is guaranteed. Each bears, right on the face, a Quaker

How rich this rose-colored Persian pattern would look on your floor. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4642.

Girl certificate. It is our promise to replace the rug free if it should prove in any way unsatisfactory.

To help you select . . . A handy little booklet that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in their actual colors will be mailed you for the asking. Simply write for a copy of "To Wives Who Want to Stay Young." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2903 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

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Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

Made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

A TWO-DOLLAR BET

(Continued from Page 17)

thousands when the bell rang. When the calculations were made the actual odds were found to be considerably less than 1 to 20, and it cost the racing association $1200 to meet the difference. O'Brien never hesitates to dump $10,000 in the machines to win $500 if his judgment tells him that it is a bet.

Man o' War nearly monopolizes the record short odds on the bookmaking tracks, he having been held at 1 to 100 in three of his victories—the Stuyvesant Handicap at Jamaica, the Lawrence Realization and the Jockey Club Stakes at Belmont. J. R. Keene's Sweep and Suffragist, coupled in the betting, share the record, they having won at this price in 1910.

When the horses reach the post a bell rings in the betting inclosure, the windows close at once and a force of expert accountants begin the intricate tabulation. Soon after the race is run the winning prices are hung on a board in the infield, and shorter lines than those that formed at the betting windows now collect at the cashiers' booths. The great advantage of the totalizator is that it displays the exact odds at every stage of the betting. They can only be approximated at *pari-mutuel* tracks before the race and posted from time to time on bulletin boards. The approximation and the actuality frequently vary sharply, particularly when Jersey comeback money has been poured into the machines at the last moment. "Machines" is used here advisedly, in as much as the public persists in so referring to this manual process—the "iron men" is the track phrase.

Two curious sources of revenue to the tracks are breakage and lost or destroyed tickets. Breakage is the difference between the precise odds and the even amounts paid. In Maryland, for example, the tracks pay off to the nickel on the dollar; if the exact return on a two-dollar ticket is $3.84, the track pays only $3.80. These odd cents counted up to $131,393 in twenty-three days at Pimlico in 1928. In Kentucky, Illinois, Louisiana and at Canadian tracks the breakage is on the cent, necessitating the use of pennies at the cashiers' cages. The average better regards this as too tedious for the amount involved.

Three Years to Collect

There are many ways in which a better may lose his ticket. If he has not waited for the red "official" on the board, a disqualification of the first horse may have moved all the others up one position, making many a losing ticket a winning one. The ticket seller may have misunderstood him and given him another horse than the one he called for. If he has not discovered the error, what he thinks is a worthless ticket may be a good one. Most lost tickets, however, are dropped in the crowd. Torn tickets, when recovered, may be pieced together and validated. After the last race, the grand stand regularly is raked by beachcombers comparing discarded tickets with the program numbers in the hope of profiting by the mistakes of others.

At Laurel, recently, a young man found a packet of torn tickets, pieced them together and cashed them for $170. The history of the case is that the better believed his horse beaten as the leaders swept down the stretch, tore his tickets up in disgust and turned away. The horse came on to win and when the better discovered this, several minutes later, he could not find the discards; could not remember, even, where he had been standing.

Mutuel tickets will be paid at any time up to January first of the third year following. After that interval all unpresented tickets are outlawed, and the revenue to the four Maryland tracks from this source in 1925, the last year reported, was $29,935. In 1928 Maryland received in licenses and 15 per cent of the net from these major tracks, not including county fairs, a total of $803,042. Though the Pimlico track alone paid the county and state governments $252,286 in special taxes, it took in $924,108 in *pari-mutuel* commissions and breakage, $381,754 in admission fees and, with other revenue, made a profit on the season of $279,074. In Illinois, in 1928, the director of agriculture certified to having collected $614,169 in special taxes from five tracks. No state or city government, of course, receives any income from the much greater handbook betting.

The Maryland figures indicate that approximately $60,000,000 annually is bet through the machines there; a statement that may easily be misinterpreted to mean that much money drawn into the tracks. It is, actually, a much smaller amount turned over many times. If a man bets ten dollars on a horse to win and ten dollars to place at even money and the horse runs second, twenty dollars has been bet, but the better is even. He may have brought only twenty-five dollars to the track, yet have bet a total of $175 on seven races without ever being more than a few dollars ahead. If he bet his twenty-five dollars on the first race and won at good odds, he may easily have bet $1000 by the end of the card and have finished broke, but only twenty-five dollars out. A New Yorker who bets on a larger scale kept a day-by-day account at Saratoga last August. In one month he wagered $25,000. He closed with a loss of $145, which he charged off as amusement tax.

Starting Under a Handicap

There is a broad generalization accepted at race tracks that the average spectator brings an average of twenty dollars, whether in Maryland, New York or Australia. This average spectator usually is young and, above all, an optimist. He believes in signs and portents and the spoken and the written word. By the time he has reached the track, car fare, admission, racing papers, scratch sheets, tip sheets, a program and a hot-dog fund have reduced his twenty dollars to about fifteen dollars. This leaves him the wherewithal to bet two dollars on each of the seven races.

A trifle of the figuring he devotes to the past-performance sheets would demonstrate to him that if every time he bets the track kitties out 6 per cent, by the end of the day the kitty will be 42 per cent. He begins, then, with an initial disadvantage of nearly two to one. Shouldering this impost, he leaps with a glad cry into the thick of the most baffling guessing contest the ingenuity of man ever has contrived. He may win one day, he may win one week, but he always loses. The more beginner's luck, the more disastrous in the long run. "How long has this been going on?" he asks as he gets, say, thirty dollars for his first two-dollar wager, and imagining that he has discovered the Northwest Passage to Easy Street, he is seen going home shirtless shortly.

If he is not a congenital idiot he either swears off or he moves up a notch to another large group. These are the legion who bet in full knowledge of the facts, having small expectations, though modest hopes, of winning, and counting the day well spent when they break even. They set aside a betting fund and kiss it good-by; whatever, if anything, is left at the end of the day is so much velvet. If they happen to have a lucky day, then there is carnival. They find horse racing colorful and exciting, they find betting the same, and the combination irresistible. The thrill they get from a winning ticket is out of all proportion to its value, and oblivious of the losses that have preceded it. Its real impulse is pride, the vanity of having outsmarted their neighbors. Although the vain one may have reached the betting window in a panic of indecision, canvassing every horse in the race, if he happens to falter upon the right one he will tell you that he saw from the first that the horse was lengths better than any other—and will believe it himself.

These two categories take in the bulk of grand stand and clubhouse. There are numbers, however, who find the racing and the spectacle sufficient entertainment; others, usually veterans, bet occasionally, but only on what seems to them a strong probability. And here and there in the crowd is one of the rarest species, the professional sharpshooter who does, now and then, appear to be able to beat the races over a period of years. Pittsburgh Phil, whose real name was George E. Smith and who began as a cork cutter for the Armstrong Company, in Pittsburgh, was one such. He left an estate of several millions—all made, as far as anyone knew, by betting on the bangtails—but he took his secret with him. Probably he was a genius. His predecessor as king of the plungers, Riley Grannon, died broken in health and fortune in the Northwest, having never recovered from a disastrous invasion of England in the 90's, when he followed Tod Sloan across.

Chicago O'Brien, who rose to notice first as leader of the Chicago bricklayers, is king today, and also seems to be getting away with it. His system is simplicity itself; he will impart it to you for the asking. It is to bet a lot of money on the right horse at the right time. Or you may change "horse" to "stock" and clean up in Wall Street. W. G. Yanke leaped almost in a day by a lucky scratch on a few long shots from blowing a horn in a band to betting thousands on a race and owning his own stable, and returned in time to tooting a horn again.

The spectator who is willing to take a seat in the grand stand and remain there is offered an outing in the open air in attractive surroundings, as animated a crowd picture as may be had anywhere, and a field of horses worth possibly $1,000,000—the most expensive animal act in the world—competing in a contest that stirs the marrow of his bones.

That is one side of the picture. But if he bets at a *pari-mutuel* track he descends into a milling mob that cannot be duplicated this side of Times Square Subway station at the rush hour, and returns, if he ever does get back, to find his seat gone. On big days at a track there scarcely is room in which to stand, and to attempt to move through this throng, find the right betting line and literally fight your way into it, is an adventure. On a nicely humid day it is indescribable.

What Makes Horse Racing

Except on the biggest days, it is possible to lay a wager in comfort if one acts immediately after the previous race. Then the betting windows are open and no one is in line. Nineteen in twenty prefer to watch the shifting odds and reserve their decision until the last moment, and such unanimity of thought and action is awkward, very. Then, if one of the fortunate, the better plunges into a slightly smaller mob to find the proper pay-off line, in which he waits tediously until he has been paid, frequently $2.60 for a two-dollar ticket.

The physical discomfort to which thousands voluntarily submit proves something or other. It must be that it is not the money but the sport, for it is the small better who suffers. The $50 and $100 windows are set conveniently to one side and there is no crowding or waiting there. Even the ten-dollar lines are only moderately congested. The popular bet being two dollars, there is the vortex, and no track has found room enough beneath the grand stand to provide enough two-dollar windows to reduce this swelling. Incidentally, the two-dollar-bill superstition is knocked into a cocked hat every day. The very devotees of Lady Luck who are supposed to abhor a deuce spot offer them by the thousands in the name of Fortune and collect them gladly at the pay-off windows.

The most logical of the endless systems for beating the races is to bet on form. The form player studies the past-performance charts, which give every aspect of the last previous eight or ten races of each horse entered. By comparing one against another and nicely balancing the dozens of contributory facts, many of them intangibles, that influence the result of every race, the student may, in theory, discern the winner in advance. In fact, he does win more often over a long period than do the hunch, tip and odds players.

The fallacy of form is that it assumes the Thoroughbred to be a machine. Instead, a race horse is a delicate and highly nervous organism with as many moods and humors as a prima donna. The races of a few great horses usually are predictable, but it is a good season that produces one or two such. There are upsets in racing for the same reason that there are upsets on the football field every Saturday afternoon in the autumn, for the reason that the Yankees may drop three games in a row to the tail-end Red Sox in the same season the New Yorkers win the pennant in a walk. If it were otherwise, Derby winners would be wearing horse collars instead of floral horseshoes. "It is a difference of opinion that makes horse racing."

Winning Without Men's Rules

The presumably most expert of the form students are the newspaper handicappers and best-bet pickers. In 1923 Nelson Carter published an analysis of the selections of thirty-nine newspaper handicappers for a period of two months. The highest percentage of winners given was .393. On a flat bet of two dollars, four showed a profit; the largest $145.90, and that on 334 races. The other thirty-five showed losses.

The old form player realizes that his house is built upon the sand. After sitting up until the small hours and narrowing each race down to one or two contenders, he frequently is so influenced by the idle talk he hears at the track next day that he puts his money on the tenth-hand tips of total strangers.

The piker bets the favorite to show. Being favorite, the horse rarely will pay better than 1 to 2 for third position; frequently not better than 1 to 8 or 1 to 10. The piker reasons that if he can win ten or twenty cents on the dollar often enough, he has found the combination. Isn't small profits and quick turnovers the secret of modern industry? If the piker is interested, figures are available to show that this was the first of all systems to be exploded. One loss cancels ten gains at ten cents on the dollar, and favorites finish out of the money much more often than that. Its only advantage is that the better dies a lingering death. Forty-five per cent is a high average of winning favorites at the best-conducted tracks.

The reverse of the piker is the long-shot player, who reasons that one win at 100 to 1 is better than 200 wins at 1 to 2, which it is. It amounts to the same thing in cash, but the former is infinitely more stimulating. As often as not, the groper for long shots is a woman. Racing crowds are nearly equally divided nowadays between men and women, and special betting stations are set aside exclusively for the use of the latter at *pari-mutuel* tracks. Few women will be found among the deluded group who dream of winning fortunes; they approach gambling from a different point of view. Logic being strongly at a discount at a track, the feminine contempt for this quality is no liability.

They violate all the rules laid down by men and, to the discomfiture of their escorts, win as often if not more often. The name-hunch players are women almost

An Open letter from BABE RUTH

IT TAKES a lot of know-how to make a good ball glove. And believe me, this Reach crowd sure has it.

I gave them my ideas on what Big League gloves and mitts should be like—and they just pitched in and turned out the sweetest glove jobs you'd ever want to put your fist in.

They got plenty of room for your fingers, yet they fit snugly. They bend and give just as easy and life-like as your hand. And they got that already-broken-in feeling, if you know what I mean.

When you lay one of these gloves against a speeding ball, that ball is going to *stick!* A special-formed pocket does the trick.

Yes, sir—they're great gloves all right—and I'm proud that the Reach Company is using my signature on each glove, to show how I approve them.

Babe Ruth

Designed by BABE RUTH *Made by* REACH

The nearest Reach dealer will be glad to show you the Babe Ruth mitts and gloves. If you've thought you never would get a glove that suited you exactly, you've got a new thrill coming. Try these gloves at your dealer's. See them today!

* * *

Here is featured Fielder's Glove RF2. Made of a fine selection of oil-treated brown horsehide lined with soft glove leather. Strongly bound edges. Finger seams can't rip. Laced at the wrist to admit a change of adjustment of padding. A good hand-formed padding which stays in place. Laced between thumb and first finger. At $4.00, a truly marvelous glove investment, a glove you'll be proud to wear.

Other Babe Ruth Mitts and Gloves

Fielder's Gloves at $3.00, $6.00 and $8.50. Baseman's Mitt at $6.00, and Catcher's Mitts at $6.00 and $8.50. The coupon below will bring full description.

The Official American League Ball. Used by the authorities of the American League ever since the league started. Used in every World Series. The finest ball made. $2.00 each.

Another fine ball is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special ball. Experienced players tell us it's the liveliest, long-wearing $1.00 ball in existence.

Reach will send you, free, a booklet giving many excellent pointers on correct play, also giving a full description of each glove in the Babe Ruth line. Clip the coupon.

FREE BOOKLET . . . *"Playing Pointers"*

S.E.P.—3-23-29

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC.
Dept. J. Tulip and Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, your booklet "PLAYING POINTERS," together with leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth line.

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

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exclusively. Let a horse appear on the card whose name can be connected with any omen, and women bet on it eagerly. A horse named Tie Pin won at long odds in Maryland a few seasons back and the shrieks that greeted this unexpected result were entirely feminine. Few can resist the bargains offered in fields and entries where two or more horses run for one bet. They also do not hesitate to bet on three or more horses separately in one race. This is supposed to be a prima-facie absurdity, yet it is not without its logic in the *mutuels*, where abnormal prices may be caught.

A gambler once, as an experiment, bet on every horse except the favorite in every race through a Churchill Downs meeting. Long shots happened to be plentiful, and though the gambler usually limited his wagers to six dollars across the board on each, he won $1600. Women who study form make excellent handicappers, and, unlike most men, they place great emphasis on the looks of a horse. If you have the eyes to see it, a fast horse usually bears the marks of his speed in his make-up, and women are apt to have such eyes. A great horse always is unmistakable to anyone but a rank novice.

The most frenzied of all speculators is the parlay player, almost always a handbook patron. A parlay is a pyramided bet on two or three horses, the second and third wagers being contingent on the success of the previous ones. Robert Ripley calculated recently that two dollars bet on Thunder Girl in the first race at New Orleans on December 21, 1928, a day of unbroken long-shot victories, parlayed on the winners of the succeeding six races, would have grown into more than five billion dollars.

This is purely theoretical, of course. Parlays rarely are made upon more than three and, in practice, the winnings of this hypothetical one would have grown so great by the fourth race as to completely upset the odds thereafter. Nor do handbooks pay more than 20 to 1, no matter what the track odds may be. But it is some such dream that supports the parlay player through weeks of losses.

Last Tip, Best Tip

Tipping is as old as racing, and no one is immune, millionaire, stable boy or the man or woman who is seeing a race for the first time. Most tips are utterly worthless and utterly sincere. The giver imagines that he knows this or that; it gratifies his ego to display that knowledge, and the recipient is flattered by the confidence. In the air of uncertainty that hangs over every horse race, every spectator listens eagerly for every other's chance word, least whim or fancy.

The gossip that drifts up from the paddock spreads and magnifies like an oil fire. As the horses are being saddled, an owner, trainer or jockey says to a friend that he believes his colt has a good chance. A minute later the word is running through the stands that the stable is betting heavily and is all set to win.

The last tip always is the best tip. A clocker at Bowie last fall had caught Encamp in such a burst of speed in a morning workout that he made a note to have a bet on the horse the first time it started. He also confided in his sister. Encamp was entered the following day, and before the race the clocker visited the paddock to have a final look. There he stopped to talk with the owner of another entry.

"I think I am going to take this race," the owner told him in all sincerity, "and the horse ought to pay 8 or 10 to 1." This so unsettled the clocker's judgment that he switched. Encamp ran away with the race and, never having been mentioned by any handicapper or tipster, paid $208.20 for two dollars, or 103 to 1. The sister had bet two dollars across the board and could not credit the dejection on her brother's face when she next saw him.

Some men and women are persistent seekers of tips, waylaying every horseman, official, turf writer or hot-dog seller. A certain actor was a notorious buttonholer. As a public character, he knew everyone, and though everyone freely gave him the best advice they were capable of, still he lost. Quitting Sheepshead Bay one day in disgust in the middle of the card, he encountered a drayman outside. Nature asserted itself and the actor asked:

"Got anything good today?"

"Let me see," the drayman said, scratching his head. "The boys were talking about some hoss this morning, but I disremember the name. Seems like it was something about whistling."

The actor looked at his program; Whistling Coon was running in the sixth. He scurried back inside and bet all he had left. The horse won at 10 to 1—the first bet the actor had cashed all week. The next day he learned that the bangtail the drayman had in mind was Penny Whistle, which had been scratched that day. The gentleman from Kentucky, the late Ollie James, would beg off from an appointment at the White House to make Laurel or Bowie for the first race, and would listen ardently for every scrap of stable gossip and laugh at himself later for regarding it.

Hard Cash for Cheap Advice

A commercial tipster is one who exploits this human failing. He sells what purports to be secret advance information of a winning horse represented to be direct "from the feed box"—that is, confidential advice from owner, trainer, jockey, clocker—even from the horse—that all is arranged for one particular galloping gluepot to beat a parcel of others at a fixed time; or, at the very least, that the horse can win, barring accidents.

News stands in New York and all large cities are plastered with gaudy sheets advertising these tips, for sale at the stands. The tipsters are beyond counting. After a round-up by the Post Office Department in New York in 1926 which netted several hundred, Post Office Inspector C. H. Clarahan estimated that 1000 did business in the immediate vicinity of Times Square. Since then the boys have avoided using the mails, but have not been especially inconvenienced.

The racket was invented about 1901. How the man who invented it got his information is disputed—one story is that it was a lucky guess—but he inserted an ad in the Sunday edition of the turf paper and signed it with a name invented on the moment. The ad read: "Free! Free! So-and-So Will Win at Long Odds at New Orleans Next Wednesday," and much more in flamboyant language, concluding with the announcement that thereafter winning horses would be given out at their office at five dollars a customer a day.

The horse named won at seven to one on Wednesday and the man rented desk room on Broadway. The subsequent ads, reproducing the first, brought such a rush of patronage that police were called out to keep order. The man stood at a window collecting five dollars from each customer and whispering the name of the day's horse as the line passed by. Five-dollar bills filled the wastebaskets and overflowed on the floor. He moved uptown to larger offices, started a turf paper. He acquired a racing stable and plunged heavily at the tracks. When the post-office inspectors closed him up three years later he had made $3,000,000.

Until this man's invention of mass production of suckers, commercial tipping had been a low form of cunning called "touting." Touts hung about race tracks in pairs, seeking the guileless, to persuade them to bet on a horse; the victim to share his winnings, if any. Old turfmen still remember a pair who operated at Monmouth Park with much success and put on a show that never has been surpassed. One was a negro, the other a well-turned-out white man whose name is forgotten, perhaps because he always was supposed by his victims to be S. S. Brown, a well-known Pittsburgh

(Continued on Page 125)

YOUR LIFE'S HIGH MOMENTS . . .

WHATEVER your position in life, always you must be the star of your drama, and always your friends and family applaud you. And at every stage of life, from earliest babyhood to philosophic age, you have your glorious treasured hours, your priceless triumphs.

But through the years, the flavor of your personality can be altered many times. You may indeed be a truly different "you" tomorrow.

For your loved ones, for yourself, as you go on, you can preserve each phase of your development. You can record your best moments for all time; you can put the "you" of any today into undying photographs.

The professional photographer

Your photographer is a trained artist. With his magic lens he catches the subtle spirit of your individuality; something of a personal quality no one else can duplicate. He assures for you, at your best, a priceless, permanent record of every stage of your career.

The most personal gift

Your friends tell you: "Best of all give us your photograph." Don't let that curve of the cheek, that turn of the head, that smile, go unregistered. Your likeness is a bit of yourself that you only can give. So give photographs freely. No other gift can carry so well your own warmth, your true affection.

What a volume of memories photographs bring! What fun they are! Of course you want to take the children to the photographer every little while. With the aid of this capable craftsman you can keep these precious images always bright in your heart as day by day they flower into glorious manhood and womanhood. When did you visit your photographer last?

Free—"The Story Your Face Tells"

A famous psychologist has written a delightful booklet, "The Story Your Face Tells." It is fascinating thousands. Send for your copy. It is free. Photographers Association of America, 2258 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

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By this mark you will know him

The Master Photographer catches the real spirit of you

PHOTOGRAPHS LIVE FOREVER

Its GAIETY *adds* Joyousness *to any party*

Caviar Sandwiches and "Canada Dry"

In great hotels the world over . . . New York . . . London . . . Paris . . . the marvelous flavor and aroma of this fine old ginger ale have won the approving nod of connoisseurs

THERE'S an unforgettable thrill to the flavor of "Canada Dry" . . . memorable as romance . . . mellow as tropic moonlight . . . sparkling as beauty's eyes. And such inimitable flavor has a distinction . . . a true-born quality . . . which makes itself quietly felt, like the aristocrat it is.

Basic excellence gives it the graciousness of an accomplished hostess. The purest ingredients, expertly blended and balanced, contribute to its glorious zest and sparkle. Delicate and uniform carbonation gives it elusive caprice. High-grade Jamaica ginger enhances its subtlety.

Do you wonder that "Canada Dry" adds joyousness to any party? What pleasure it brings to an evening of bridge! How delightfully it tastes with a meal! How genial it is, like the warmth of hospitality! Because of its purity, leading hospitals serve it and leading physicians prescribe it. It is a safe beverage to give to the children. Order it today in the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

(Continued from Page 122)

breeder. Without ever saying so directly, both managed to leave that impression.

The pretended Brown's part was to sit prominently on the lawn and look like what he was supposed to be. The negro, got up as a stable foreman, would find frequent occasion to whisper with his boss, whom he deferentially referred to as "Mars Sam." His trips with a water bucket, field glasses or a note were just the come-on needed.

Its purpose was to create the belief in the minds of the curious that here was an important horseman who undoubtedly knew a great deal if he would tell, and here was his humble servant, probably privy to that knowledge and approachable by a stranger. When the negro was approached, as followed inevitably, he would talk with only one man at a time, and then with a convincing show of secrecy. He could not write and could read only to the extent of making out one horse name from another. Glancing at his program, he would whisper the name of one horse to one man, another to another umpchay, until he had disposed of the four or five likeliest contenders in the race. In some manner he managed to make a chalk mark on the coat of each victim. These marks varied for each horse and were repeated on the program.

A Prospect for Brooklyn Bridge

One day the negro whispered the name of Mona W., a valuable mare, in the ear of a sucker who proved to be something of a plunger. He bet heavily, the mare won and the team of touts shared handsomely. There followed an incident that epitomizes the whole race of touts and petty swindlers. "Now let's sell him the mare," suggested one or the other. The detail that they did not own the mare troubled them not. They quoted a price of several thousand dollars, which would have been a bargain, and the sucker paid. When the victim came to, he complained to the track officials, the track detectives arrested the touts and recovered most of the money. The sucker refused to prosecute out of fear of publicity, but the precious pair were barred from Monmouth and a very good living—as they might very well have known they would be.

This was piecework and pretty well abolished by machine production. Touts still may be encountered at a track. Beware, for example, of the man who asks you the loan of your pencil. His next move, in gratitude, will be to point out a "big horseman" who is mad at him, but is kind to strangers, and will tell you gladly what horse will win the next race. And the old game is on.

These are small fry and intermittent workers, and the track police throw them out rudely when they catch them. The lesser sort of tipsters sell their envelopes outside the track gates, but the big ones remain in New York and exploit the much larger group of handbook betters. They range from an infrequent handicapper who does actually endeavor to outguess the horses for his customer's benefit, to syndicates operating under a dozen different names and tipping different horses under each, and even to true confidence men who employ a former jockey as the main cog in an elaborate scheme to scent out sucker money. Most of them are callous swindlers.

Their prices for their services range from $1000 a horse down to ten cents, and the one is as good as the other. They even steal one another's services. One long-established $100 tip is stolen daily despite every precaution of the proprietor, and peddled for five dollars under the warranty that it is the true $100 special. In turn, the $100 tip may have been lifted from a newspaper handicapper's best bet. The contempt of a swindler for a sucker's intelligence is staggering.

Why not? An ad appeared in a turf paper in the fall of 1927 offering "real stable information" for $1000 in advance and the winnings of a $1000 bet on each horse given. It was a modest ad, appearing only twice, and attracted attention only because of the unprecedented amount asked. What the advertiser intended was to buy a full page in the Sunday issue a week later, reproduce the original ad, give a list of actual winners purporting to have been given subscribers, and to announce that, owing to the tremendous response, the service now could be brought within the reach of all—ten dollars a week and the proceeds of a ten-dollar bet.

The Sunday-page ad never was inserted. Imagine the surprise—as the old stories have it—of the tipster on his next visit to a telegraph office, where he was known under a variety of aliases, when he was handed $1000 wired from someone in Pittsburgh. He hurried out for a scratch sheet, costing twenty-five cents, and wired the sheet's best bet of the day to the Pittsburgh client. The horse won at 7 to 10. The following day Pittsburgh wired $1000 more and $700, the proceeds of the stipulated bet. The tipster scanned the newspaper selections and picked out a slightly less conservative horse. It happened to win at 3 to 1, and by Saturday afternoon he had received $6500 from his single customer. With this stake, he abandoned the enterprise and put the money in Radio common on margin when it was selling at around 80. When it reached 100 he sold out for $32,500 and shook his own hand warmly. Radio proceeded to soar beyond 400.

Once on a tipster's mailing list, always on it, unless you move and leave no forwarding address. These mailing lists or, in strict accuracy, telegraph-telephone lists, are their principal assets. They trade names with one another, buy and sell them at so much a hundred, even steal them or get them by bribery from telegraphers. In as much as a tipster with several hundred customers must make sure that all receive his wire within two hours, a well-conducted bureau is equipped with card indexes, manifolding and addressing machines.

He attempts to avoid leaks at the telegraph office by coding his wires and mailing a new code to subscribers at frequent intervals. Remittances are by wire and a New York handicapper who charges ten dollars a week exhibited money orders from a cable ship off British Columbia and small towns in Canada, Texas, Maine and other remote points, as well as from the larger cities. In Canada last summer, on vacation at a hotel where he often had stopped, his host told him that a boy who delivered flowers at the hotel daily always had a "good horse." The boy, he said, got his information at a near-by drug store. The guest investigated and found that the druggist was one of his subscribers. Instead of keeping the information to himself, he was broadcasting it to all the neighborhood.

Winning a Lawsuit

Tipsters who sell through news stands in sealed envelopes complain that the newsdealers open the envelopes and peddle the information orally at cut rates. These envelopes are accompanied by posters boasting winners at long prices pretended to have been tipped on previous days.

Usually there is the implication, if not the bald statement, that the information comes from the stable; that the owner has been waiting for the right spot and long odds. This is too silly for words. If an owner is waiting for the right spot, as he may be, his whole purpose is to deceive the betting public and the bookmakers. To divulge his plan is to defeat it. His only possible reason for taking a tipster into his confidence would be to double-cross him by losing the race and frightening off betters the next time. Actually, the tipster would not be permitted to approach a reputable stable, and he makes no effort to do so.

If an owner or trainer is hard-pressed to pay his feed bill or to move his stable to another track, which they have been known to be, he may turn tout to raise a stake, but not by selling his wares to a tipster. A Western trainer stranded in Havana several winters back and arrived in a certain Southern city without a horse or a dollar, his clothes publishing his state. But a trainer always will be given a badge and small favors at a track for the asking. Reduced to touting, he scorned the usual crudities. Instead he located a lawyer accustomed to bet largely but secretly. Inventing a plausible story of a lawsuit he wished to bring about the sale of a Thoroughbred, he went to the lawyer. The latter told him that he seemed to have a good case; the client demurred that he lacked even the money for a retainer fee.

"You are familiar with horses," the lawyer suggested with attempted casualness, "and especially with the horses you have sold. Perhaps you know one that is reasonably sure to win."

"That's an idea," the trainer agreed. "I would have to inquire first. And the owner would want a bet put down for him."

Watching Split Seconds

That could be managed, the attorney assured him. A day or two later the pretended litigant reported back that the horse would go Saturday in a handicap where he was favorably weighted and would win. The owner expected a $100 bet for the information. All the trainer had done was to select a horse that seemed most likely to win; first ascertaining the weights from the racing secretary. The horse's owner was an entire stranger to him.

On Saturday the lawyer was in the grand stand. The trainer reporting all well, the lawyer handed him $100 to bet for the owner. This the trainer pocketed. The lawyer next bet $100 for the trainer and laid a heavy wager for himself. The horse won, paying $7.70. The lawyer turned over $285, the winnings of the $100 bet, to the trainer, increasing his funds to $385. This partnership continued until the trainer was on his feet again. Each time he chose a horse on his own judgment and went through the pretense of connivance with the owner.

The nearest a handicapper or an honestly intending tipster can approach inside information is through a clocker—an expert who times horses with a stop watch in their early-morning workouts. Wealthy owners are proud of their horses and commonly make no effort to conceal their condition, but small horsemen and gambling stables who aim not so much at purses as at winning bets at long odds, endeavor to outwit the sharp-eyed railbirds who sit on the track fence at dawn, split-second watch in hand. Clocking is a profession, and a well-paid one. In order to thrive, bookmakers must be better informed than the public, and they pay clockers twenty-five dollars a day or more. So do newspapers and an infrequent tipster, and there is an endless duel of wits between the bookmakers and newspapers on one side and the gambling stables on the other.

The unanswerable retort to all tipsters was the one the old lady asked One-Eyed Connolly outside a Maryland track. One-Eyed's job at the moment was selling a turf monthly which had arted him up in a light-green flannel uniform. On the side he was crying a sure thing in competition with other leather-lunged tipsters.

"If you know so much, why don't you get rich on it?" the old lady wished to know.

This might have nonplused most anyone but the noted gate-crasher. "Madam," he said, "I have made fortunes on these tips, but I have a lamentable weakness for poker and lose at cards every night all that I win on the horses by day."

The track tipster is a breed apart. His city brother with an office and a sucker list may know and care little about horses, but he is an old race follower, unhappy away from the ponies and traveling with them from Quebec to Tijuana. Being barred from the inside of the tracks, he works the race trains and lines the approaches. He goes it alone and is back year after year, as seedy and as confident as ever. Maybe he believes in himself. Racing would not be racing without "Riley! Riley! Riley!" and the rest. As well chase away the beggar

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Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced

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Asphalt-slate surfaced
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In Canada
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Montreal

with no legs, the old apple woman and the blind man playing a lugubrious tune on a squeaky fiddle; all as permanent fixtures as the grand stand.

"It is true, isn't it," asks someone, "that races are not always honestly run? That jockeys are out only for the ride sometimes? That some stables are operated solely for gambling purposes? That it is impossible to expect the stewards and patrol judges to detect all the skullduggery that goes on?"

The answer is yes.

"That being true," the questioner continues, "would it not be possible to win pretty consistently if the better could obtain the confidence of a few owners, trainers or jockeys, making it worth their while?"

The answer is no. This will be challenged, but it is easily proved. The next time you are told, if you should be, that everything is fixed for a horse to win, your answer should be: "But does the horse know that?"

A Sure Shot Back-Fires

Bookmakers will snap up the bets of owners and trainers on their own horses and tell them to their faces that if all their customers were horsemen, bookmaking would be an even better business than it is. Horsemen are baffled by horses, and the older the man is in experience, the more he realizes it. David Gideon, who has studied them for sixty years for a living, says that he knows everything there is to know about a Thoroughbred except what any one, his own included, will do the next time out.

William Martin, a veteran trainer who announced his retirement last November at Pimlico and sold his best horse, Balko, just after the animal had won a race impressively, declares that the three classes at a race track who know the least about horses, in the order of their ignorance, are trainers, clockers and turf writers. An intelligent jockey, he argues, is most likely to know his horse.

Martin was famous for his ability to take ordinary cheap horses and bring them to a form where they defeated fields above their class. He put his retirement down to poor health, but the true reason undoubtedly was the decision of Johnny Callahan to quit the saddle. Martin relied implicitly on Callahan's ability and his judgment of horses, not only those he rode but those he was out to beat.

The old trainer exaggerated, but it is undeniable that horsemen are prone to over and underestimate their own, and even when they strike a mean, they still know little about the other fellow's entries. Nor is a jockey's judgment anything on which to mortgage the old home. A reputable jockey keeps as tight a lip as he does a rein but he sometimes favors his family.

During the 1927 meeting at Jefferson Park, New Orleans, a jockey had his agent wire the jockey's family in New York that he expected to win with a certain horse. A commercial tipster happened to be in the home of the boy's mother when the telegram came and she, not knowing his business, read it aloud. He found excuse to leave quickly for his office in Manhattan, from where he telegraphed the tip as a special to 4000 customers.

The boy had four mounts that afternoon. He won on three at long odds. His one defeat was on the horse he had believed a certain winner. To improve upon David Harum, there is only one thing more deadly than an unloaded gun, and that is a dead-sure thing. The jockey never again sent his mother a tip. At Havre de Grace the following spring he was killed while exercising a mount.

As a trainer was leaving his hotel for the track on one occasion, the proprietor handed him fifty dollars and asked him to bet it on the trainer's horse, running that day. The trainer went away chuckling. Confident that his own horse could not win the race, he bet the fifty dollars on the favorite, intending to pocket the winnings and condole with the innkeeper. The favorite ran third, while the trainer's animal won, paying $17.85, and the trainer was forced to collect the $800 first money won by his horse immediately, in order to pay off the hotel man.

Late autumn some seasons ago found a small owner, at Latonia, broke and seeking a stake to enable him to ship to a winter track. He had one horse trained to a fine edge. Lacking capital, he went to friends in Cincinnati who agreed to bet $1000 for him while betting more heavily for themselves. The night before, it rained. The owner dolefully called up his backers and told them to take down their bets, that the horse did not like a soft track, but he would send him in for the workout anyway. The horse won at 20 to 1 with neither owner nor stable connections having a cent down. Always before, the animal had balked at mud; this time he romped in it. The Cincinnati men believed that they had been double-crossed and proclaimed the trainer's supposed treachery so persistently that the man acquired a shady reputation.

There is a type of bad loser who regularly cries "Crooked race." Crooked races still are run, sponges are inserted in a horse's nose to cut his breathing, they are stimulated with narcotics, perhaps even an electric battery still is hidden occasionally in some jockey's tack, but the old, old tricks of the track are much more rarely resorted to than racegoers believe, and being known to everyone, they are exposed two times in three. One factor toward this end is the greatly increased publicity under which every race is run.

The day when the newspapers printed only the bare summaries was one day; that when forty reporters sit in the press box and send their papers a running account, a detailed chart and columns of gossip is another day. With access to such data, the racegoing public cracks the whip. They boo the starter, the judges, the jockeys and the horses if they feel like it, and though their ire often is ungrounded, it is no less corrective. Jockeys stand in wholesome respect of the comments of the press box, and the racing authorities coöperate with the turf writers.

Really to fix a race requires the participation of the trainers and jockeys of most of the horses in it, and conspiracies do not thrive on numbers. Exposure means the disbarment for life of all concerned. A few years back a jockey pool in Kentucky threw a few races, made a few thousands, were caught and have the rest of their lives in which to regret it, for a jockey is a specialist who can do little else if he is set on the ground for good. When Frank McCabe rode Hubbard to win the Dixie at Pimlico in 1872, a race then worth $13,800, Colonel McDaniel, the owner, paid him two dollars. Frank slept in the stable loft that night and a negro groom stole the two dollars. Today a run-of-the-mill jockey should earn $300 a week, and he must be rather more weak-minded than the starters tell him he is to jeopardize such earnings.

Too Many Conspirators Needed

Even with the boy bought and in the bag, the race does not always come off. Back in the time of the American Derby at Washington Park, Chicago, the owners of a favorite planned a coup on a 15 to 1 shot in the same race. They instructed their jockey to pull his mount and let the long shot through. The favorite was a powerful horse and full of run this day. The boy could not hold him; he fought for his head and won, with the fixed horse second. Another jockey, at Chicago, finding himself in the same predicament, fell off the favorite, thereby disqualifying him, but the ground was frozen and the boy was hurt so badly that he spent the rest of the meet in the hospital. Joe Cook, an old-time gambler, tells of another Chicago coup that went wrong through the failure of the conspirators to take everyone into their confidence. The favorite was taken all over the track and the fixed horse was winning, when a jockey "not in the know" came along on an outsider and beat them all.

Of all the specialists in modern newspaper work, the race-chart maker is the most special. One of the weaknesses of the sport as a public attraction is the difficulty the recruit has in distinguishing one horse from another; unless he can follow the mutations of the running, the thing is mechanical and he is little moved. Each horse carries a number on his saddle and the racing colors of the owners differentiate the jockeys, but colors and numbers blur in the heat of a race. Even a fan equipped with field glasses often does well to keep track of two or three of the field, and may lose them on the far turn. This difficulty is being met at some tracks, since the invention of the loud-speaker, by having each race called by an expert for all to hear.

As the Race is Run

More races are run at six furlongs than any other distance, and a little more than a minute is normal time for this three-quarters of a mile. In that brief interval the chart makers not only must follow as many as twenty-four horses and place their relative positions and the distances separating each at every post of call, but must set this and much more down in a table that is the most cryptic thing in a modern newspaper and have it on the street before the next race is run.

There were twenty-four two-year-olds in the 1928 Belmont Futurity, the winner ran the six and three-quarter furlongs in a minute and nineteen seconds, the race came to the grand stand head-on like a cavalry charge, and the first and second horses, High Strung and Roguish Eye, were heads apart at the wire. In about twenty minutes a full chart was in most metropolitan afternoon papers and on the street, and all agreed remarkably down to the lengths separating the twenty-third and twenty-fourth horses at any given point. Examine the late editions of any metropolitan afternoon paper or the sport pages of any morning paper for this cabalistic table.

Three experienced men are necessary to the making of the chart. The caller follows the race with field glasses and dictates to a second man. A third follows and places the rear horses if the field is large. For great stakes a fourth man is sent to the finish line, particularly where there is a deceptive angle of vision. The decision of the placing judges is final, whether the chart man agrees or not; he is there to check the distances separating the horses at the finish line.

The invention of the chart is disputed; probably it was a gradual growth. It first came into general use in the Daily Racing Form, a turf paper founded many years ago at Chicago by Fred Brunell, and now is regarded as an indispensable circulation puller by almost all metropolitan dailies.

George Daley, veteran turf writer of the New York World, recently printed a story of the lengths to which the gambler horse owner will go to win a bet. The gambler was Arnold Rothstein, whose murder last winter still is engaging the police. Rothstein ran horses under the name of the Redstone Stable, the English of his own name, and exemplified the worst type of owner. He had dropped around $50,000 on bad bets at Saratoga one day in 1920 and turned petulantly to Max Hirsch, his racing adviser, and demanded: "Haven't I got a horse in my barn that can cop a race?"

"You've got one," Hirsch told him. "Sailing B. is ready, but Willie Booth"—Rothstein's trainer—"is living in hopes of taking the $50,000 Hopeful with him a week from today, and there's no place else where he fits, unless you want to risk a good colt in a cheap selling race."

"Risk? Of course I'll risk him," Rothstein retorted. "I'd like to win a classic like the Hopeful, but I'd rather win a bet. Find the race and make it soon."

Hirsch leafed over the condition book. "Here's one on Friday for $1500 platers. Willie won't like it, but there it is if you want to chance a big run-up or lose the colt." A horse entered in a selling or claiming race is put up at auction after the race, beginning at the price for which he is entered. The object is to prevent owners from running horses below their class.

"Tell Willie to start him," was the order. "What price should he be?"

"He's a green two-year-old and Willie has kept him pretty well under cover," Hirsch told the gambler. "He ought to be 10 to 1."

Sailing B., a Trap Rock-Peccadello colt, started in the third race on Friday with eight others. J. W. McClelland's Wild Thoughts was favorite. Sailing B. opened at 8 to 1 and closed at 3 to 1. Rothstein got $80,000 down at the track and around the country, and tried to bet $100,000.

Sailing B. won galloping by two lengths, as he should have, and the gambler won $500,000 or more; he admitted to that much. Rothstein told Booth to protect the colt up to $6000 in the auction, thinking that ample. When the bidding passed that point, Booth had to drop out and Emil Herz bought the horse for Commander J. K. L. Ross. In the Canadian's colors next season, Sailing B. ran unplaced in only three out of sixteen starts, winning three. Rothstein had thrown away a good chance to win a famous race and had lost a valuable property in the bargain. He was so furious over the latter that he demanded $10,000 for transferring the horse's racing engagements, usually a formality, and as Commander Ross would not pay, the colt remained in the barn on Tuesday and Leonardo II won the Hopeful.

On July 4, 1921, at Aqueduct, Rothstein won $700,000 on a coup decided upon between the second and third races. Max Hirsch owned a maiden named Siderial which had run unplaced in three starts. It was entered in the sixth race for maiden—nonwinners—two-year-olds this day, but Hirsch had decided to scratch it and had left the colt in the barn at Belmont.

A Vanload of Luck

As he was on his way to the secretary's office to withdraw the animal, he began to waver. The competition in the sixth looked pretty weak.

"Are you prepared to lay a pretty good chunk on a horse of mine if I start it in the sixth?" he asked Rothstein. "The price ought to be long."

"Let's go if you think there is a chance," the gambler agreed.

Hirsch tried to telephone his stable at Belmont and failed to raise it. After much delay, Mrs. Hirsch jumped into her car and sped to Belmont to order the foreman to load Siderial into a van quickly. The entries were leaving the paddock for the sixth when the van arrived, and Siderial was a minute late on the track, for which he could have been disqualified.

Meanwhile the horse had opened at 20 to 1, and climbed to 30 to 1, with Rothstein's commissioners scattering their bets as widely as possible to avoid notice. The public was getting down on Charles A. Stoneham's Ultimo, Thomas Fortune Ryan's Northcliffe and John Sanford's Sleiveconard, serving to obscure the Rothstein play for a while. Then Siderial's odds began to fall rapidly, closing at 5 to 1. More of the gambler's money was being offered at any price when the barrier was sprung.

With $70,000 bet and about $700,000 at stake, the gambler watched the race with glasses from the clubhouse lawn. Siderial was nowhere in the early running, nor visible as the field turned down the stretch. "Does anyone see Siderial?" he asked unconcernedly.

At that moment the scarlet-and-black colors of Hirsch flashed into view and Siderial, with Bill Kelsay up, worked his way past the leaders to win ridden out.

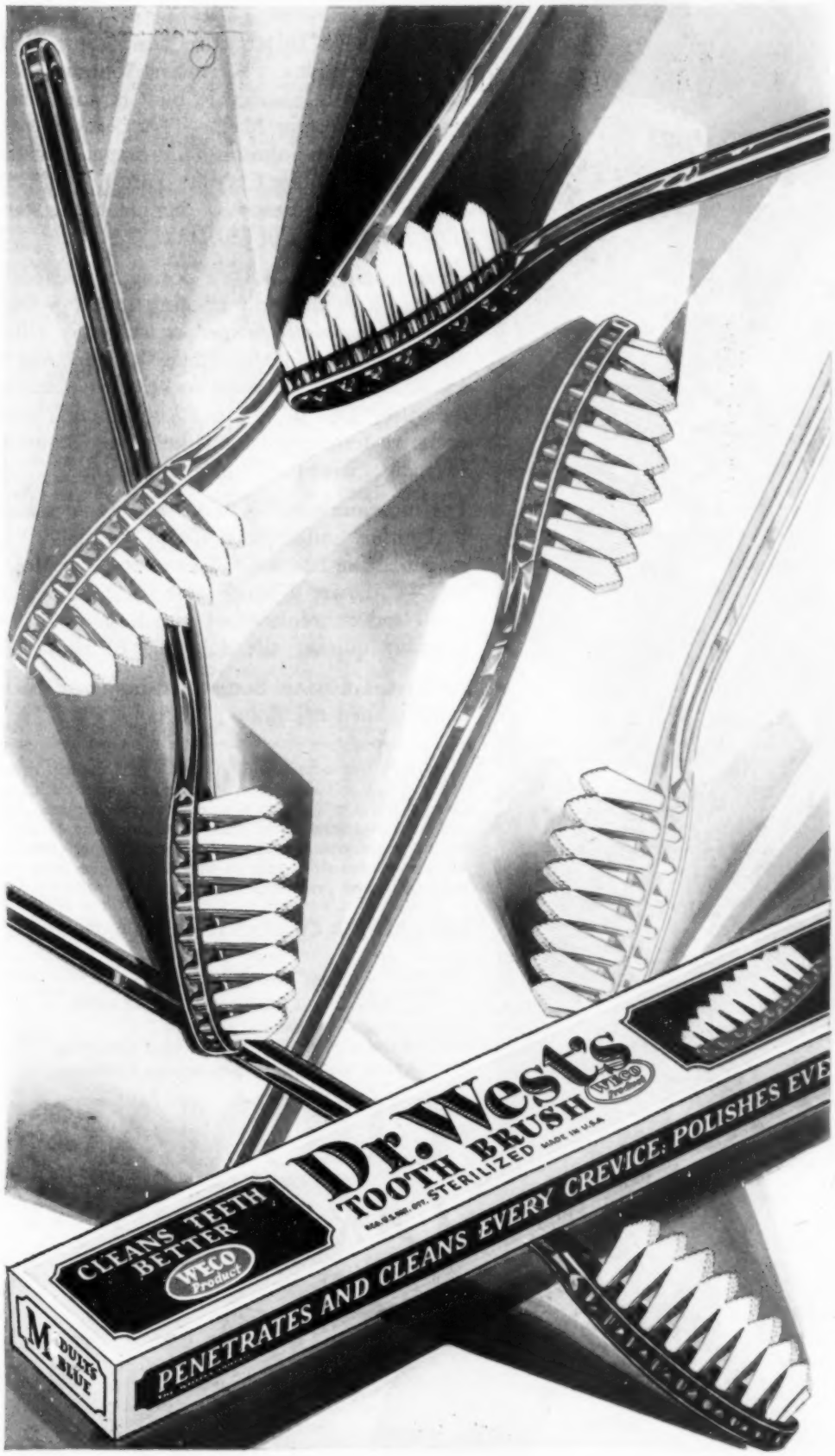
"Well, I just won the biggest bet of my life." The man of many rackets smiled.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Stout. The third will appear in an early issue.

This illustrates the sensible 90-day rule

in using toothbrushes

Teeth whiten if you observe it!



THE TOOTHBRUSH YOU USED THIS MORNING PROBABLY NEEDS REPLACING — *UNLESS IT LOOKS LIKE THESE*

HERE is good information—if you *realize* the full importance of having white, truly clean teeth.

Most toothbrushes are used too long—kept at their work long after wear has impaired the honest polishing and cleansing qualities. Not even a DR. WEST'S can do its best for you after about three months of daily service. Each 90 days a new brush is needed. For personal use dentists get new brushes each 30 days.

So we offer this reminder—to every toothbrush user. Unless your present brush looks like one of these you're depriving yourself of results you can just as easily have.

The brushes illustrated here are the new DR. WEST'S. Of the same correct shape and small size that have brightened the teeth of millions. But now made *still more effective* by use of premium quality materials—which give you *still finer results*.

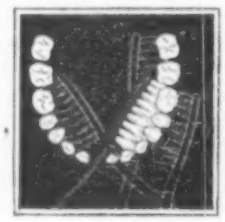
Get new DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes, today, from your druggist. The difference in results will be quickly apparent. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. Each brush carefully sterilized, doubly sealed, and fully guaranteed.

AS A DENTIST *would brush your teeth:*

Use a good dentifrice. Brush always away from gums towards cutting edges of teeth—never across the crevices. Employ a new DR. WEST'S *brush—because of its small size and modern design which make correct brushing easy. Your teeth will whiten amazingly.*

NOTE THIS DIAGRAM

It shows you why DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes polish teeth whiter by cleansing more thoroughly. See how all teeth are reached, all crevices penetrated and swept clean, teeth far back as thoroughly cleansed as those in front.



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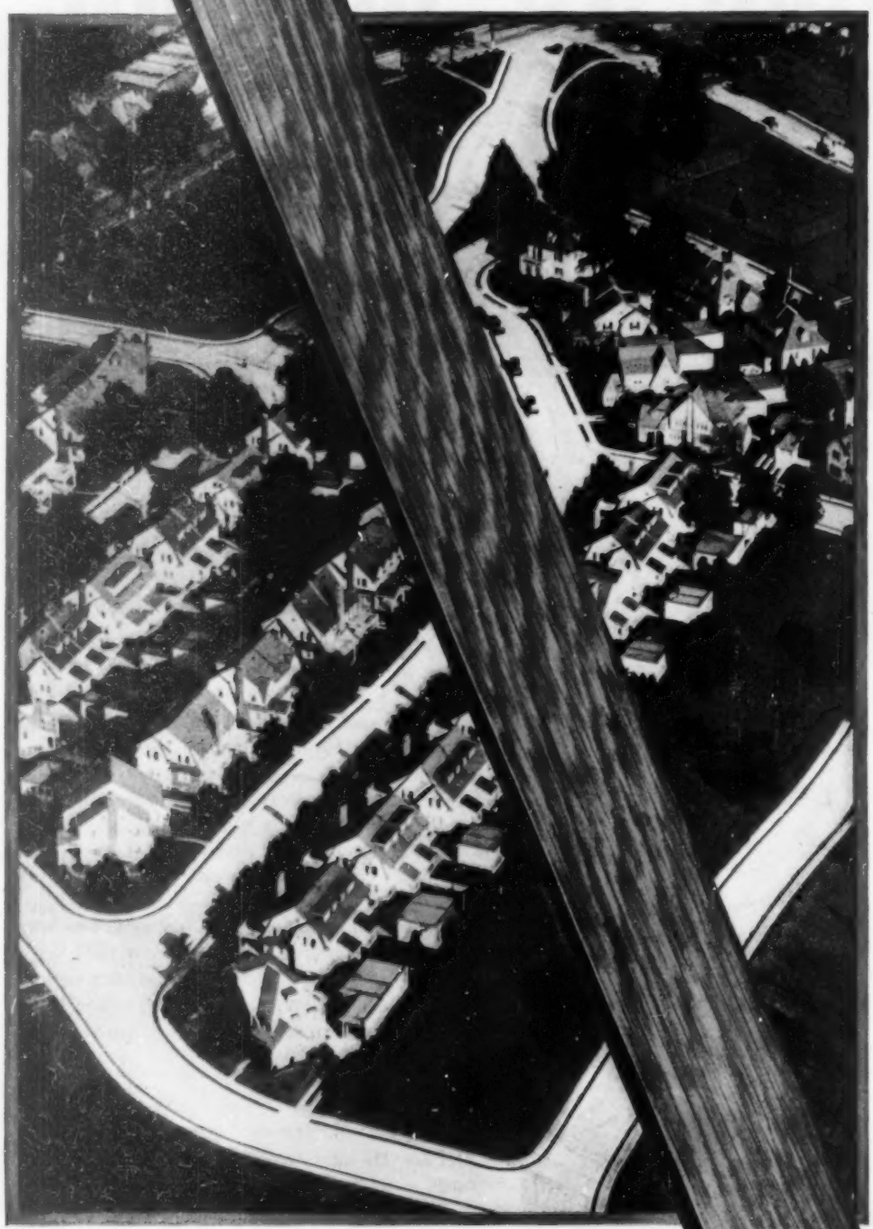
Every single home in Gladstone Manor *has this revolutionary kind of oak floor . . .*



THERE'S an attractive new suburb near Philadelphia. W. Percival Johnson conceived it, planned it, built it, and christened it "Gladstone Manor." The beautiful oak floors of every Johnson-built home, upstairs and downstairs, are CROMAR Factory Finished Oak Floors. Just another example of the startling success-story of CROMAR.

In each case, CROMAR Flooring was chosen because it is the only flooring in the world which is *completely finished at the factory* (like furniture) by patented machines—scraped, sanded, filled, twice-varnished and treated to resist moisture. Out of this one fundamental and exclusive feature grow all the other CROMAR advantages over hand-finished flooring.

The most outstanding of these advantages are: 1. A more uniformly beautiful Finish—2. A longer-lasting Finish—3. Treated to resist Moisture—4. Lower Upkeep cost—5. Far greater speed and convenience of installing—6. Considerably quicker sale or rental of property.

And yet, CROMAR floors cost no more than hand-finished oak floors!

Write for a free sample and booklets which explain these advantages in full detail and describe still other exclusive CROMAR features. CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

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Pacific Greater West Distributors:
THE C. L. THOMPSON COMPANY
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CROMAR right over your old floors

Because CROMAR is completely finished at the factory, it is Laid and Used the Same Day! When the beautifully finished CROMAR strips reach you, *crated* in compact, easy-to-handle, damage-proof bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—right over your old floors. The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started after breakfast—completed before dinner!

CROMAR is a *tongue-and-groove* flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the surface but through the tongue—and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

(Continued from Page 29)

we didn't exactly know what a subsidiary was, we judged, from the tone of his voice, to be perfectly darling—while A had bought Gurgle at 37, and had been told by its president—old James J. Gurgle himself—to take his profit when it hit 50, as it would a week from the following Thursday. This sounded fair enough to us, too, as a starter, until we got the hang of the thing. So, dividing our money into equal parts, we called a broker,* plunked half on each tip, and upsy daisy—we were in the market!

There is nothing, we believe, so calculated to give one a sense of power, of the limitless capacity of Man in his struggle with the Forces of Nature—in short, that so induces that wonderful beef-wine-and-iron feeling—as being in the market. Take, for example, our buying of Gurgle Oil. We had planned to buy it at 37, and had done a great deal of intensive figuring on the backs of old envelopes on that basis. Now, we wouldn't do anyone an injustice for the world, and of course there's no way of actually knowing whether, when our broker started to execute the order, he didn't stop to watch a safe being hoisted or a sky-writer or something—anyway, Gurgle was 40 when he got the order in, and it's always seemed fishy to us. But that's neither here nor there. The point we're making is that no sooner had we bought it than—as if we had been Queen of the Fairies and stamped our dainty foot above the hitherto comparatively sterile oil fields of Oklahoma, Texas, and so on, the while crying "Abracadabra!"—not only did the stock fall five points but oil fairly rushed, gushed and slushed from the fallow soil, prices were cut hither and yon, and the financial pages of the leading newspapers carried headlines to the effect that oil was depressed, which we thought was such a plucky way to put it! From that day to this Gurgle has lain where it fell, so to speak. Yes, this and similar experiences have made us feel a very Titan, and that to annihilate the world's oil supply, raise the price, and make kings give their crowns, and children cry for it, we would have only to sell our Gurgle. But we wouldn't if we could. Thank goodness, there is some sentiment left in this old world! There are only a very, very few of us who bought Gurgle that bright January day at 40, but we have more fun at our annual get-together singing "Here's to dear old Gurgle; push her down, push her down!"

A Slave to Easy Money

By the time we got around to Premeditated Gas and Electric, however, we had cut our teeth, as the fellow says. Instead of its being 34 that morning, our broker reported it was 50. Well, sir, maybe we weren't hopping. But by scuffling through the financial pages ourselves we found some Premeditated G. and E. for only 30, my dear, and we just grabbed it. What a good laugh we all had afterward when we found they were warrants instead of stock—we'd be glad to explain the difference right here, but we feel you'd remember it longer if you looked it up yourself.

The next and last step is to sit back and wait for your stocks to go up, down, or just sidewise, as is often the case. This sounds simple enough, but in reality you will find yourself working harder than you ever have in your life. Indeed, speaking scarcely roughly enough, the newcomer in the market must be prepared to devote at least eight hours a day to this easy-money—as it is laughingly called—proposition.

In the first place, he, she or it must find where the stock in which they have become interested is listed on the financial pages. This in itself is great fun, once you've got the hang of it, but it takes lots of time; for besides the regular Stock Exchange list—which you will soon learn to call nonchalantly "the big board"—there is the Curb, the Bond, a very silly, confusing thing called Over the Counter Securities, and dizzying pages of corporations, and flaxseed and charters and foreign markets and dried beans and perfectly senseless things. However, once you learn the language, a new and fascinating world will open before you in which you will spend many happy, if slightly bewildering, hours. You will find yourself losing interest in the regular news pages and turning eagerly to the human-interest stories of the financial work, with such moving headlines as Tin Futures Depressed, Rails Optimistic, Wool Market Quiet, and Rubber Irregular. While for quaint, homely philosophy give us the Produce Exchange, with its "chickens running coarse and poor—old roosters easy—geese weak and lower," and the like. There's Life in the raw for you!

At least two hours daily will be given by the tyro to Envelope Computing. Try as you may, you cannot avoid the practice—the lure of an old envelope is irresistible at this stage of your financial education. Glorious hours may be spent in jotting—as it is technically known among us writers—down the price paid for, let us say, Bituminous Sugar pfd. A; what we have gained or lost in it since yesterday, day before yesterday, a week ago last Tuesday, and if we hang on to it till Christmas; what we would have made if we had done as we had intended in the first place and bought Refined Smeltings common, only we didn't because Emily Nitz said her husband said he didn't like the look of it; and what we undoubtedly could make if we only had enough money to buy 1000 shares of Consolidated Electric Gadgets right this minute. Naturally, when it's all over, you haven't any more actual money, but on the other hand, it hasn't cost you anything but time and thought and old envelopes, and it's kept you out of crowds where you might have got the flu.

Moreover, before you have been in the market a week your name is certain to be on somebody's sucker list, and then the fun begins! When you are not opening letters from kind-hearted stock promoters who have become so interested in your particular case that they want you to come right in on the ground floor of their mine or well or company, and help yourself to their overhead and goodwill and depreciation just because you are you and they know you love nice things, you'll be answering telephone calls from Mr. Woofle of C. D. Minnicks & Co., who wants to tell you that he has chosen you out of all the world practically to give a brand-new issue of Crucible Cheese 3½ per cent gold-leaf debenture bonds, to be retired in 2036—as who among us won't be?—to. Our heart never goes pit-a-pat-bucketty-bucketty any more when the telephone rings; we know it won't be HIM—it will be Mr. Woofle.

Those Fractious Fractions

We almost hesitate to include Ticker Reading in this little list of Musts for the young marketer; yet it must be mastered eventually, no matter at what cost. There is a poise, a *je ne sais quoi*, a *dégagé* something about reading a ticker that can be gained in no other way. To date we must confess we have only progressed in our ticker reading to the point where we can let the tape slide through our fingers while we achieve an expression of intelligence about equal to that of a baby reading a newspaper. But we intend to keep at it until, if nothing more, we prove to our own satisfaction that the people we see reading tickers really are reading tickers. Personally we have our doubts.

As the reader will note, we have touched lightly upon only the most elementary points; for, earnestly though we have worked, there is still much about the market which is a sealed book even to us. We have not yet learned whether, when someone says "Call money is 8," we should clap our hands and cry, "Oh, goody, goody!" or shake our head and emit that sound commonly identified with acute depression which can only inadequately be rendered in print as "t-t-t." We do not yet know whether calling loans is anything like hog calling. But one thing we do know: Unquestionably, what the stock market needs today is fewer fractions. What we have suffered from fractions since we have been in it no one knows. To the young investor who knows her fractions we say Godspeed. But if you are like us, we solemnly warn you that your days will be filled to overflowing with halves and quarters, and your nights made hideous by eighths; and that there is very real danger that one day your loved ones will find you whimpering and gibbering and biting at the wall paper under the impression that you are a 3½ per cent Treasury Note who has been called by Mr. Mellon at 99.7—whatever that is.

* NOTE: This is a very simple process nowadays. Just take your telephone receiver off the hook and instead of saying "I want a policeman," or "I want to report a fire," and so on, say "I want a broker." Ten to one there will already be one on the wire waiting to call you.

WHEREVER YOU CAN PLUG-IN USE AN ELECTRIC SPRAYIT

"Agitator Type Greater than Your Claims!"

Say 9,400 Enthusiastic Users

WITH THE *Agitator Type* ELECTRIC SPRAYIT, we promised revolutionary development in paint spraying equipment. Now thousands of *Agitator Type* owners say we have succeeded! Many have made their SPRAYIT pay for itself by doing better work, faster—hence cheaper.

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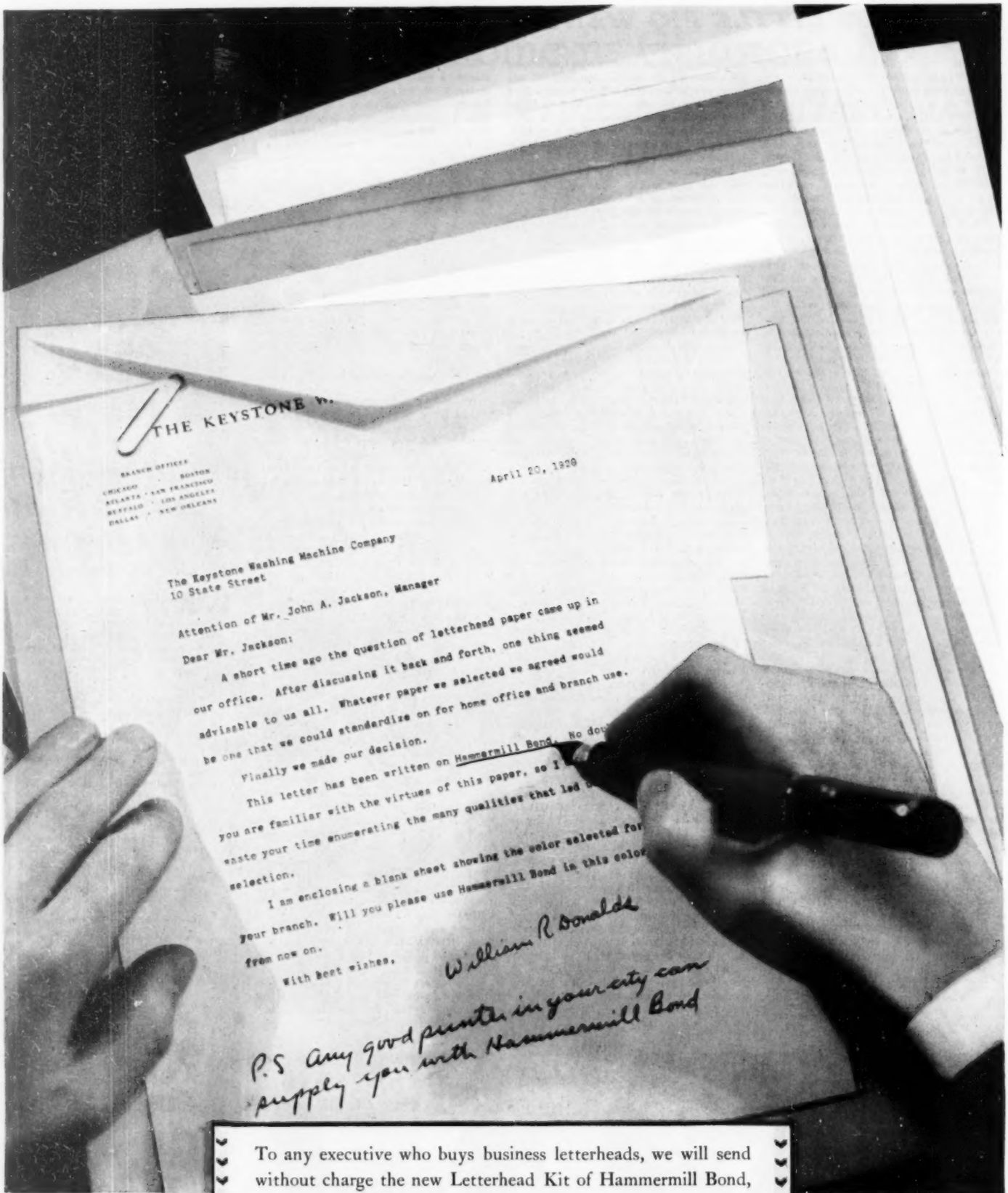

THE KEYSTONE
April 20, 1929
The Keystone Washing Machine Company
10 State Street
Attention of Mr. John A. Jackson, Manager
Dear Mr. Jackson:
A short time ago the question of letterhead paper came up in
our office. After discussing it back and forth, one thing seemed
advisable to us all. Whatever paper we selected we agreed would
be one that we could standardize on for home office and branch use.
Finally we made our decision.
This letter has been written on Hammermill Bond. No do
you are familiar with the virtues of this paper, so I
waste your time enumerating the many qualities that led
selection.
I am enclosing a blank sheet showing the color selected for
your branch. Will you please use Hammermill Bond in this color
from now on.
With best wishes,
William R Donalds
P.S Any good printer in your city can
supply you with Hammermill Bond

To any executive who buys business letterheads, we will send without charge the new Letterhead Kit of Hammermill Bond, filled with specimen letterheads, and samples of Hammermill Bond in its twelve colors and white. Bond and ripple finishes. Envelopes to match. Please send your request on your present business letterhead. Address Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa.

STEAMING UP

(Continued from Page 23)

I have no more use for manufacturers' associations organized for the control of workmen than I have for labor unions organized to bring pressure on manufacturers. Year for year and age for age, no man has worked harder than have I. At seventy-three I'm still on the job. Hence, when I speak of labor I am not theorizing. Neither am I theorizing about manufacturers' problems and practices.

I do not believe in union labor, but I do believe in one labor union based on our national Constitution, under which any man is free to work for whom he pleases, as long as he pleases and for whatever he wants to charge for his services.

The Works has never had to manage labor, because the average man is innately fair. Yet, though we have not specialized in managing, we have developed a system which suits our peculiar industry.

The Joker in Double Time

The locomotive business is variable. Railroads must have motive power. Though this fact is recognized by railroad executives, they are inclined to procrastinate in purchasing. Hence, after a lean year or two, our Works may receive a flood of orders calling for prompt delivery. Because there are so many styles of locomotives used under a variety of conditions, such orders cannot be anticipated, and quantity production is impracticable. Made-up stock is seldom carried.

There are many types of locomotives used in various parts of the world, such as American, Atlantic, balanced compound, compressed air, consolidation, decapod, de-Glehn, electric, Forney, geared, Mallet, Mikado, mine, mogul, mountain, Pacific, prairie, Pechot, rack-rail, Santa Fe, tandem-compound, tank, ten-wheeled, triple-articulated, and Vauclain compound.

In building a modern, full-sized locomotive weighing at least 200 tons and costing about $100,000, thousands of parts must be manufactured and assembled so that they work as smoothly as the finest watch, though the engine will be called upon to haul heavy trains over 10,000 miles of rough tracks monthly. Building locomotives is no tea party; the builders must be wonder-workers.

After the United States entered the World War, our government authorities at Washington deliberated a hundred days, then decided they wanted a standard locomotive delivered to them within sixty days. Ordinarily such an order would not be a problem.

Away back in 1889 we made a test of our efficiency by completing a narrow-gauge locomotive for Robert Coleman's Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, road from raw materials in eight working days. In 1921 we completed twenty-five Mikado-type engines, each weighing 118,000 pounds, and shipped them to the Argentine Government within forty days of receipt of order. We've manufactured and shipped 300 locomotives of one type monthly over an extended period. Yet this particular order from the United States Government was on new specifications calling for many sizes and parts not to be found in any works.

After I'd promised our Government to make a sixty-day delivery, I telephoned the good news to our vice president. He replied that, as the designs had not been made and many special parts and much work would be required, he might be delayed in making delivery.

"I've promised the Government delivery on July fourth," I answered.

His reply was characteristic. "If you promised it, we'll do it."

He turned our boys loose on that special. They didn't stop for committee meetings. Some concentrated on shop work. Others scurried out for necessary material. One scout returned in a Pullman car with a big casting which the conductor declared would only come aboard over his dead body. But he lived and we got the casting. Other parts reached us in hand bags. Motor trucks brought others on nonstop runs made regardless of roads and weather. In twenty days our boys delivered our Locomotive 4500 to Washington, D. C.

I cite this case merely to illustrate that a locomotive works must be adjustable and flexible. So we have on our floors, which cover about 120 acres, a contract system for employing labor. With us it originated through our Mr. Charles T. Parry. He was an observing superintendent and discovered in the 70's that some men are good producers in doing piecework, while others have not enough initiative to work without direct leadership. Hence he introduced the contract system.

Under this system our work is done by foremen, contractors, journeymen, helpers and laborers. All these men are on our pay roll, but the contractor assumes the responsibility for completing some particular part of the locomotive; the cab, for example. The price for this is agreed upon by the contractor and the department superintendent.

The foreman and contractor agree upon the number, character and wages of the journeymen, helpers and common laborers who are to work under that contractor. The difference between the agreed price and the job's pay roll is the contractor's profit for that job.

This system relieves the shop managements of many details, although it is responsible for delivery of the required parts and for personnel and pay roll. In practice it makes the organization flexible because, in dull times, common laborers are first laid off, then helpers and journeymen, until only the cream of machinists are retained. They form the nucleus around which an organization can be enlarged during or after a sudden increase of our business.

There are some variations in this system. Single men are the first to go, in favor of married men; and we never discharge an employe after he is sixty—we have invested too much in training him and he makes an excellent counterbalance for the younger ones.

He has judgment and experience. Likewise, if any workman is injured we find work for him at a better salary than he earned before bad luck overtook him. But we have no welfare or pension system. We have no time clocks, but if any man is late we blame and, maybe, censure the foreman. We discourage overtime.

More than once I've overheard some such conversation as:

"Where are you working, George?"

"At Baldwin's. I like it there."

"Why?"

"They pay good wages, treat you fair, and pay double time for overtime."

The joker is that we seldom allow our workmen to put in overtime. The foremen and superintendents are about the only ones who join me in this luxury and we get no extra pay for it. I can stand up under a lot of overtime. So can some of my associates. But I don't believe in making workmen put in long hours. It takes too much out of them. If the shops are rushed, we have no difficulty in getting help. I've seen our floor forces increased from 3000 to 16,000 in ten days. Men like to work for us. That's partly because they are treated with courtesy and appreciate it. Rewards for trying to observe the golden rule are sometimes bestowed in strange places.

When I was a railroad shops' apprentice at Altoona, Pennsylvania, it was worth any man's life to enter the grinding room presided over by Old Jimmy Quinn, a dour Scotchman and a privileged character. If he didn't bite you, you were lucky; hence, foremen delighted in feeding young apprentices to Old Jimmy.

I'd been working there about a week when my foreman winked slyly to old floor men and said, "Take this crosshead to the grinding room and tell Old Jimmy to polish it in a hurry and not to keep me waiting."

The whole floor was grinning at me as I disappeared into the grinding room. The terror of the shops looked at me sourly from behind his grindstones and emery wheels, but I doffed my cap and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. Quinn?"

The old man started, squinted quizzically and began wiping his hands on a piece of waste. After a thoughtful moment he replied: "Yes, I am Mr. Quinn. At least I believe I am Mr. Quinn. Sonny, who told you to call me Mr. Quinn?"

Cap in hand, I answered, "Nobody, sir."

"Didn't they tell ye to see Old Jimmy?" he insisted.

"Yes, sir," I admitted, "but I never speak to anyone without showing respect."

"Who are ye, anyway?" he demanded.

"Sam Vauclain," I answered promptly.

"Ah," he answered, "I ken yer faither and yer mither."

"Thank you, sir," I murmured.

"What did they give ye for Old Jimmy?" he continued.

"They asked me to have this piece of work polished," I told him.

"I'll polish it," he assured me. "When it's finished I'll send for ye. Come and see me, my lad, ony time."

Sweets to the Sour

The shop floor was frankly disappointed that my mission did not meet with disaster. Old Jimmy and I became firm friends. I had a similar experience with another shop character.

During my Altoona novitiate the foreman ordered me to take a wheelbarrow load of old, battered bolts to Sam Keister. "And tell him to run those threads over again and let me have 'em right back again," he ordered.

Keister had lost his disposition in a railroad wreck which had also deprived him of one leg, some toes on the remaining leg, and several fingers and one hand. His disposition was terrible. He doted on keeping people waiting; yet no foreman would fire him, because he was a pensioner. As I wheeled my load toward this tough one the floor hooted and yelled at me, because no self-respecting apprentice would wheel a barrow. That was work only for a laborer. But I drew up beside the bad egg and, looking him in his cold blue eyes, asked politely, "Is this Mr. Keister?"

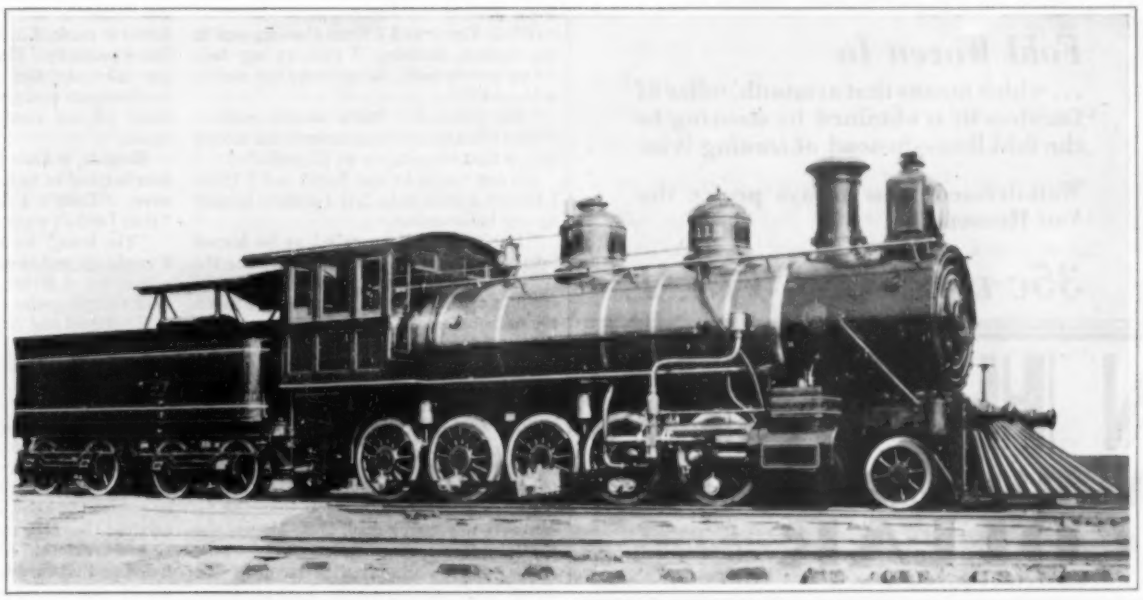
Shocked, the man straightened up as much as possible and remarked, "Yes, this is Mr. Keister. No mistake about that. I used to be Sam Keister and now I'm Mr. Keister. You hit the nail right on the head. Now what do you want Mr. Keister to do for you?"

I explained my mission and left the bolts. The next day the cripple bore down on me—he needed much room in which to navigate—and announced for the hearing of the surprised floor: "Sonny, those bolts are ready for you. If you'll come and get them, Mr. Keister will be much obliged to you."

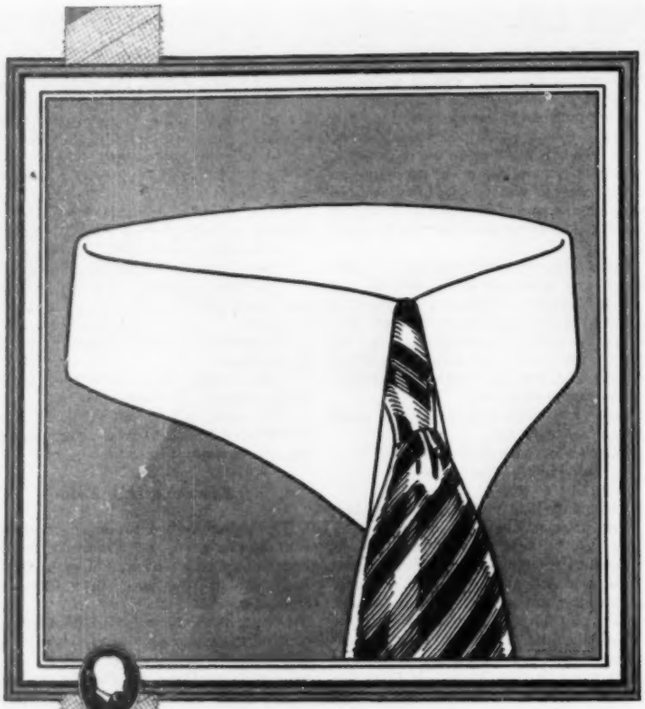
I'd made another lasting friend.

In later years, in Philadelphia, I made other friends in the same way; though I was a superintendent and, hence, responsible for them and their work and everything. While making these friends I also helped make a number of locomotives for Russia. They were compounds on Vauclain patents and they called for a peculiar style of copper brazing on the fire-box ends of the iron boiler tubes.

After the thirty engines in the



Decapod Type Locomotive, Built for the Dom Pedro Segundo Railroad, Brazil, in 1885



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shipment had been stripped and stowed in the steamer, I was told that the brazed tubes gave way on every boiler tested. After examining a wagonload of these tubes, I ordered every one of them out of the boilers, designed a new method of brazing them and, by working forty-eight hours steadily, completed the shipment without demurrage.

The Russians liked that job so well they had us send them three machines to do the brazing in their own shops on other engines. That left us standing well with Russia; so, when the World War opened I sailed for there to develop the Russian market personally. My son, Parry, accompanied me.

It was my first experience in that war, and I wanted to see what things looked like while slipping down the River Tyne from Newcastle, England, one dark night. All passengers had been ordered below, but I sneaked up to the pilot and spoke tactfully. He turned a deaf ear to me until I mentioned my name.

He looked at me closely; then exclaimed, "I used to work for you, Mr. Vauclain!"

I didn't pretend to recall him, but while we talked softly about locomotive building he bade me crouch in the shadow of the pilot house, and pointed out the forts on shore and other things in which I was keenly interested. When the government pilot came aboard to take us through the mine fields, I obeyed the instructions of my old employe and crawled hastily on hands and knees along the deck and into the cabin without being arrested or shot or anything. I got a wonderful kick out of it, because I weighed 200 pounds when I made that crawl.

A New Job for the Old Boss

Our ship crossed the North Sea to Norway safely; but as the Baltic was too full of Germans to be practicable, we had to choose the all-rail route up through Sweden and Finland if we wanted to reach St. Petersburg. It was all-rail up to a certain point, named Kirunki on the Swedish maps. There a stranger in a coat which made him look just like a polar bear embraced me heartily. When I was released I demanded an explanation. The stranger with the fur coat and bear hug was an ex-boilermaker whom I'd bossed around in the Baldwin Works.

"You taught me how to make the most of myself," he told me heartily. "Now I am in business for myself. You and your party are to ride in my car to Torneå, which is the railhead in Finland."

He bundled us into his open car and wrapped us completely in blankets, then whirled us across twenty-seven kilometers of Arctic Circle with the thermometer registering about sixty degrees below zero. I saw little of the scenery.

While Parry and I were thawing out in the Torneå hostelry, I said to my son, "You're very pale. Is anything the matter with you?"

"I'm not sick," Parry weakly replied, "but I left a thousand guineas in my money belt in that sleeping car at Kirunki."

No one wants to lose $5000 and I think I turned a little pale, but I hastily hunted up my boilermaker.

"Don't worry," he called as he leaped into his open car and buzzed back along the Arctic Circle. We wondered if we should see him or that money belt again. Fifteen minutes before our train pulled out for St. Petersburg he buzzed up to the railroad platform and handed me the belt.

"I gave a handful of guineas to that honest Swedish station master," he explained apologetically.

I forced a handful on my equally honest boilermaker and I sped southward comfortably. If that former employe of my boiler shop ever wants a job from me he can have one, and a good one. He has the typical Baldwin character.

We work in harmony with our men. We do not try to manage them. I am president and general manager, but we believe in the self-reliance of the individual. Each man is responsible for his actions, and if he fails in any particular the fault lies with his foreman. The foreman's dereliction is charged to the superintendent over him. From the superintendent it is passed up to the vice president who has that department as his province. From the vice president it comes up to me. At times we have 20,000 workmen. As far as our stockholders and customers are concerned, all mistakes made in the Works are my mistakes.

No Time to be Fired

In conducting this form of partnership the president is easily accessible to any employe of the Works. He is the recipient of inside kicks. It is up to him to iron out minor as well as major difficulties. As long as human nature is what it is disputes will arise between our workmen. One of the disgruntled parties brings his grievance to me generally. Then I try my smoothing system.

Not long ago a laborer came into my office and told me a hot tale about the rough methods of his foreman, who was, he said, riding him. The foreman, he thought, was an overlord who gave no consideration to his underlings. A lot more was said along that line and a fist fight hinted at by the laborer.

"Wait a minute," I cautioned him. Then the foreman was summoned to the office.

"Now say that again," I told the laborer.

The story, when repeated, was not quite so strong as the original, but I suggested that they talk it over. They talked, decided each was partly responsible, went back to the floor, and thereafter got along by each trying to be helpful to the other. Neither of them nursed a grievance.

In all the years I've been at work I've never held a grudge or contemplated revenge against any individual. If a man does me a wrong I do not nurse my grievance sullenly. I either talk it out with him or arrange to avoid him permanently. That's what I want our men to do, and you find so much good will in our atmosphere that if work is slack and I ask a single man to find another job a while, he goes good-naturedly and gets one good-naturedly, and comes back to us when there is room for him. By the same token, when a man can better himself by leaving us, we say good-by and wish him well. The fair-play spirit dominates so much that even when I let 2500 misguided men go during the sympathetic strike of 1910 they always spoke cordially to me outside the Works and, after they had thought it over and we needed them, most of them came back good-naturedly.

Sometimes a man will not let himself be fired. Shortly after I became general superintendent I noticed a laborer named Jim who loafed at every opportunity. He just hated to work, did that boy Jim. I warned him repeatedly. Finally I got tired of warning and said, "Jim, you're through. Go to the foreman and get your work ticket and don't let me ever see you around here again."

He went, but late that afternoon I noticed him helping to unload a car. I called him over. "Didn't I tell you, Jim," I said, "that I didn't want to see you here again?"

"Yis, boss," he answered affably, "but I made up my mind I had to work somewhere for a living and I'd rather work here than anywhere."

He stayed and became a good workman, following the example of his associates. Example is more effective than a whole volume full of rules. Though I no longer put on overalls, I do take a hand in things occasionally. I can't be just a president.

Once when we were hard pushed to fill an export order which required the making of drop-forged wheels for locomotives, due to be shipped in a few days on a steamer that awaited then, the foreman notified me that he had broken the big steel head of the only hammer that could do the work. A delay would pile up so much demurrage that we'd soon lose our profit on the job.

I promptly telephoned the builders of that hammer. They as promptly said that they might have a new head for me in a month. A year would have been as helpful under the circumstances. We had no steel in the shops large enough for hammer heads. The foreman intimated that I should have three-ton hammers in my pocket. "Go home and vote," I told him. It was election day.

Although I made a mental inventory of every steel mill, I could think of none which had such a big chunk of steel in stock. I was still up against it late that evening, when I happened to recall a Philadelphia junk dealer who had purchased an old monitor from the Navy some months earlier. I couldn't get hold of him that night, but at four o'clock the next morning I'd climbed the fence of his yard, which was locked and without a watchman, and after rummaging through the piles of junk, came across the centers of two turrets that I sought. By seven o'clock I had my junkman, by eight those turret centers were in the shop, by noon the hammer was once more running. We shipped those drop-forged wheels and locomotives without having to pay any demurrage.

That's one illustration of example. If you're interested in your job you'll work at it without regard to time, and the more service you can give for your wages the more interest you will take in it. The wise workman won't balk at using machinery. It only makes him more valuable.

Two-Way Profit

During my first years with the Works the firm was short on machinery. I knew that European manufacturers in other lines were using hydraulic presses for forging work. Although our firm was not keen about it, I improvised such a press for our Works and we pioneered with it in the locomotive business. The innovation reduced the number of our blacksmith fires and gave higher wages to remaining workmen. The others found other jobs to do.

By buying a small steam engine and applying it to one of our double-headed slotting machines, I introduced the twenty-four-hour day in the framing department successfully. This gave two men work where one had worked before and saved the price of another machine. By elaborating on this policy I originated the individual drive for machine tools in manufacturing plants. I couldn't then convince George Westinghouse that he could make electric motors big enough to drive our Works machines; so I had to rely on steam engines and, hence, had to cut my line shafts into sections. But the Works saved and the workmen made more money. They worked in shifts while I put in twenty hours daily.

Although I have been more interested in doing a job than making money, I firmly believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire. And I believe still more firmly that what a man does with his money is more important than the amount he gets. If he has the right job he'll probably be a wise spender. I've never found it difficult to make money, because my job has always been interesting. That holds good for many people.

One of our workmen has been with us many years. In that he is not exceptional. But he is an outstanding example of efficiency in and out of working hours. He's on the job at Eddystone by seven o'clock in the morning, six days in the week; frequently he stays until nine at night. His earnings with us are modest. Yet he owns a developed farm in New Jersey, twenty miles from his daily job. He could cash in for $40,000. Yet I never saw him in a hurry. He's his own first-class manager, although some of his prosperity can be credited to machinery.

A Place for Work

Steady improvement in production methods has removed the workman's dislike for machinery. He has learned that it develops, it does not discourage, individuality. For that reason it improves his earning power.

No boss likes to have men working for him at low wages. That's bad for morale and purchasing power. Low wages mean poor management. Good work and low wages do not go together. During the past few years we have consistently reduced the proportion of our unskilled laborers. Most of them are now skilled operators of machinery. This is an advantage to everybody, because the most costly labor in any business is the wheelbarrow type, the labor that trundles materials. It's nonproductive, inefficient, indirect and slow.

During the past ninety-eight years our Works have sold $300,000,000 worth of locomotives. One-third of this sum has gone into wages to operatives; most of it in more recent periods.

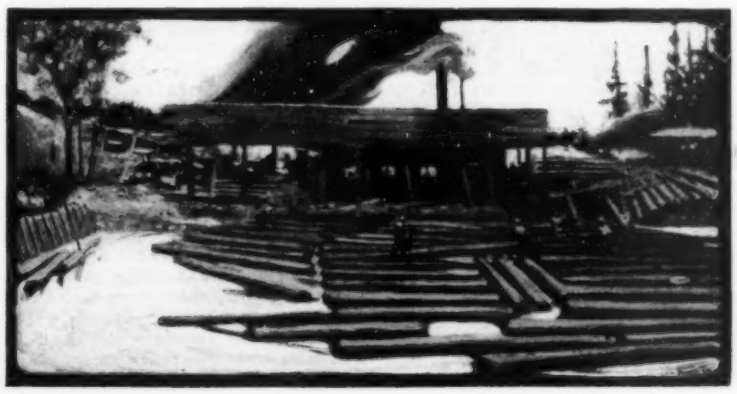
High production means high wages. Mechanical improvements in our shop methods have so increased individual productivity that we have been able to approximate wartime wages.

Thanks to general improvement in plant efficiency, the workman is the chief beneficiary of our national industrial system. When I was working slowly up from an apprenticeship most workmen lived in four rooms which were without a heating plant, hot water, bath or sanitary conveniences. Until a few years ago the average workman could offer his family little recreation in or out of his working hours. Today the worker's six-room house has steam heat, baths, good toilet facilities and very often a phonograph, radio, garage and motor car.

The workman hasn't waited for a paternalistic employer to give him these advantages. The workman has too much individuality. He hasn't been educated to the need of modern comforts and conveniences by having lace curtains on shop windows and eating his noonday luncheon with the aid of a napkin furnished by his boss. He accepts a shop as a place to work. His good sense makes him dislike rules. But under sound business management he has and will increase his interest in his business, and hence his earning power.

These are the differences, in results, between practical partnership and ill-advised paternalism.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Vauclain and Mr. May. The next will appear in an early issue.



The Carillon, Cage No. 1401, Stand No. 102

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into your home

THE great message of Easter to every human heart is the immortality of Beauty, of Life and of Love. No gift expresses this thought so surely as a little song bird. From sunrise to sunset, he fills your home with joyous songs of praise.

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Be sure to get one of the charming new Hendryx designs to house your Easter gift. They come in the bright Easter colors: blue, green or Chinese red with brass or black trimmings. A Hendryx cage and stand make a delightful gift of enduring beauty at a most reasonable price. You will find a choice of designs at your favorite pet shop, hardware, housefurnishing, department store, florist or seed store.

The Gothic

This is a most attractive Hendryx design of solid brass, very reasonably priced. It comes in dull or polished finish or in two-tone green, red or blue. A removable drawer in the base makes cleaning easy. Ask for Cage No. 2055-DB and Stand No. 35.

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A RED-HEADED COUNTRY GIRL

(Continued from Page 13)

with the outer world had made Fred McAuley seem almost like a city man, come but recently to work in Hilltown. He was a good solicitor and he had a reputation for being the most popular man in the plant.

"Well, gorgeous!" he said to the girl at once, being one of those privileged persons who can say what they like without giving offense. "What have you been doing? Calling on old Dan? I can't have him putting anything like that over!"

Mary Frances giggled and instinctively drew her coat more closely about her, and bent her head a little, engagingly. Her glance told Fred that she thought he was charming.

"This is Miss Stanley, my new assistant, Fred. This is Mr. McAuley, one of our salesmen," said Dan quietly.

And Fred answered, slapping Dan on the back, "Some people have all the luck!"

And Mary Frances laughed again and looked at him demurely, and then she walked out and Fred stared after her.

"Say," he drawled, turning back to Tippet, "nothing slow about you, with a red-headed daisy like that in your office! How did you manage it, you old snake?"

"Mr. Welch employed her," answered Dan. "Did you have a good trip, Mac?"

"Boy, when they see me coming they take out their fountain pens," answered McAuley comfortably. "You know that old curmudgeon of the Apple Jack people? The one that turned down both Harris and Millay?"

"Did you see him?" Dan paused to listen, with his overcoat in his hand. He was proud of Fred. He was always thrilled by his stories of success. His friend had become the symbol of that great world which had been denied to Dan during the long years he had stayed close to his frail mother. Dan made a perfect audience, credulous, admiring, generous.

"I went in there," Fred told him, "and before I could open my mouth, he said, 'Nothing doing. Your paper doesn't pay. I just thought I'd shake hands with you and let you down easy, Fred. I've used Welch's Farm Weekly, and I'm through. I didn't sell enough jacks to pay for the space.' 'You didn't use it long enough,' I told him. 'You quit too soon.' 'That's why I'm still in business,' he told me, real pleased with himself. 'Because I know how to quit, as well as start. Besides,' he says, 'our agency doesn't like your publication, and our appropriation is all gone.' So I just sat down and said, 'Now, I'll tell one,' and he had to laugh. Well, Dan, I just sat there, talking to him as natural as I'm talking to you now, and we got serious, and finally he said: 'All right, just to please you, just to satisfy you, I'll try another quarter of a page.' I told him one insertion wouldn't prove anything; so we finally agreed to make it a fourth of a page, four issues. I got him to call up his agency and see that the order was sent right in. I wasn't going to take a chance on being blocked there. Not so bad, eh? And if we can sell some jacks for him we'll hold him, and why shouldn't we do it?"

"It's anything but bad. I understand he's an awful old bear. He wouldn't even speak to Fatty. I'm glad you got it, because Mr. Welch is blue, and it will buck him up. Business is slow, Mac. Did you know the Neil account is canceled?"

"Well, that's not my fault," said Fred. "I got the business and the editorial department let me down."

"Well, Fred, you know how touchy they are about running stories that advertisers prepare for them. Come on home and eat supper with me. Maybe we can get up a quorum for a few rubbers of bridge."

"Sure, I was counting on it. How many bonds have you bought with what you've taken away from me at a-quarter-of-a-cent bridge?"

"Dozens of 'em," answered Dan, putting on his overcoat and feeling in his heart that warmth of affection that he always felt for Fred.

They went out into the winter night together. A thin, light snow lay over the old town, which nestled down among its wooded hills. They got into Dan's small coupé and drove off toward his house. As they passed the market they saw Mary Frances with a loaf of bread in waxed paper under one arm and something in a bag. Dan nodded his head to her politely, wishing that she was going with them to a hot meal and a lighted fire, instead of to her little room and a one-burner oil stove.

Fred leaned out of the car window and called to her: "Do your Christmas shopping early, good-lookin'!"

And she laughed up at him, her whole young countenance pointed and bright with mirth.

"I'm going to make a play for that young lady," announced Fred. "She's the sweetest child I've seen in years." And some half-formed longing in Dan's own mind folded its tent like the Arab and silently stole away at this definite statement of Fred's intention.

Dan Tippet was hard to spoil, as he was orderly and self-sufficient by nature, accustomed to doing for himself, and without that bent of mind which expects or exacts service from others. But by dint of hard work and much persistence, Mary Frances began to spoil him. In ways he hardly knew about, it happened that it was she who turned the lights on and off, who adjusted the windows and the blinds, opened the mail and spread it flat upon his desk in order of its importance, took over the irksome job of timekeeping, answered the telephone, wrote messages for him in a round, childish hand, kept his pencils sharp and his inkwells clean and filled, ran errands to the bank and got a new blotter for his desk as often as she could harass one from the custodian of the supply desk.

Her service and her devotion were so essentially feminine, in that sense of the word which was sweetest in Dan's mind, that it is likely he did not appreciate the extremely competent young mind behind them. It was the kind of thing that Dan had always longed for without quite knowing it. His mother had required much from him, and he had waited upon her with unending patience and affection, but there had always been, deep in his being, a feeling that sometime this would be requited to him; he wasn't sure how.

Now there was an increasing warmth and satisfaction, as though for the first time in his life his personality was free and complete, as though he were entirely alive and fulfilled. The little red-headed bookkeeper's assistant was right there on the dot every morning. Nothing that he asked her to do was too much or too hard. He was increasingly but unconsciously pleased with the way she worked. His surface mind caught at the fact that she was slow, and consoled her with praise that she was so careful. Her writing was neat and she was both painstaking and persistent.

"Oh, Mr. Tippet, thank you so much for showing me! I'll try to do it this way now, and not bother you, because I know you have so much important work to do. If I can just help you ——"

Practically her only fault, Dan decided, was that, given the least encouragement, she would turn chatterbox and gossip of this and that. When the work was rushed she went right along with him, hour after hour, but when it slackened up she had a great deal to tell. He made allowances for her youth and lonely life, thinking that he ought not be too hard on her, and not realizing how all this chattering was toning him up. And it didn't seem to interfere with the work. They accomplished a great deal in the long, glowing winter days. He had more and more time to work on the

(Continued on Page 137)

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

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An interview by
VAHDAH J. BORDEUX (Marchesa de Bonis)

"WHAT do you think of sleep?" I asked Mr. Selfridge as I sat with him in his severely simple office on the top of the Selfridge Building in Oxford Street.

"Sleep?" said the man who went from America to build London's biggest department store. "I think work the greatest game in the world, and sleep the finest medicine.

"Sleep seems to be the only thing for which science has not yet found a substitute; which proves that it is too valuable, too rare to be imitated."

The kindly young-elderly man looked out the wide window onto Oxford Street, the street that he has made so peculiarly his own. "There is no set rule for the amount of sleep necessary for a human being," he said, "for the need depends upon the temperament, age, and habits. Personally, I find eight hours sufficient to keep my energies up to the mark.

"The eight hour schedule is a reliable one to follow: Eight hours work, eight hours play, and eight hours sleep make an ideal day. To steal a few hours from play now and then will only increase the vitality for work, but the sleep hours are needed as repose for the brain as well as the body.

"To be wide-awake a man must sleep well. Sounds like a paradox, but it is a great truth that I believe every successful person will agree to."

Certainly Mr. Selfridge is right, and he has lived up to his theories.

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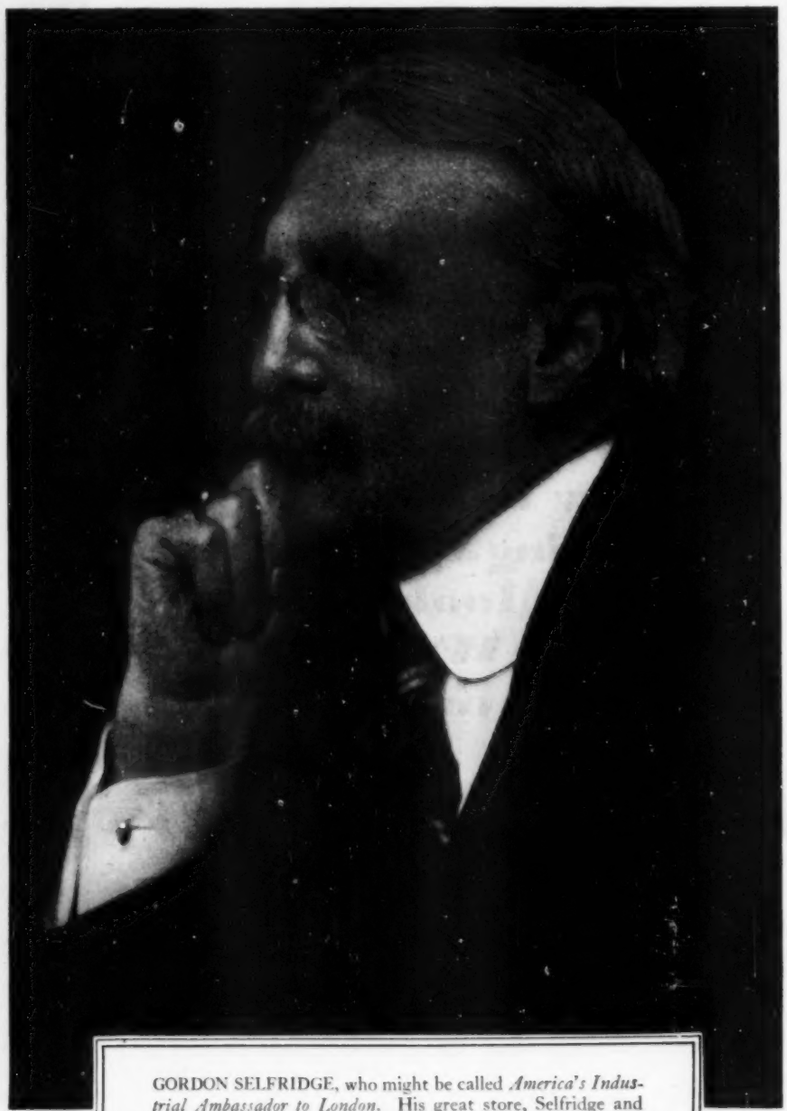

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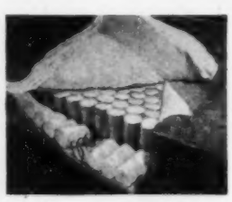

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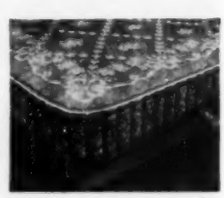

What Gordon Selfridge says on storing up energy through proper sleep is a message of interest to all. Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have developed the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This comfort is within reach of every income. In all better stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

BEDS · SPRINGS MATTRESSES SIMMONS [BUILT FOR SLEEP]

(Continued from Page 134)

new budget he had planned to cut down the expenses to meet the decreased income.

"If I know Mr. Welch," he told Mary Frances, "he'll go along and go along, refusing to admit that business is slow, and then some day he'll get all in a big panic. He'll decide, just like that, to cut the pay roll. He'll reduce everybody and fire a third of the staff, and just have a big time. Now I want this budget all worked out before then, so that we can shift around a little, let just a few people go that can get work elsewhere, save on some of the purchases and tighten things all round. We've been spending too much, I think, the last three years, but Mr. Welch hates to let anybody out, once they're on the pay roll. And yet when he does get economical he goes too far."

"I think it's wonderful that you can make this budget," said Mary Frances. "Why, it's like making up a poem or something. It's the most important thing in the whole plant!"

Dan Tippet laughed.

"The fellows upstairs are the important ones, Mary Frances," said he, and there was a note of humbleness in his voice. "Anybody can keep books, but it takes a lot of other things to do what they do upstairs in the editorial department and the promotion department, and out on the road, selling space."

"Why, Mr. Tippet, how can you say that? There's not one of them that you couldn't beat! Of course if bookkeeping is just a matter of writing down figures —— But when you plan which bills to pay, and keep after collections so persistently, and watch all the little expenses, that's more than bookkeeping. I told Fred last night that I thought you were the smartest man I ever knew!"

"You did! Where did you and Fred go last night?"

She told him about the movie at Stone City, with many gestures.

"I wore my new slippers—the ones I told you about, that I got for six dollars from Winton's. They're so pretty! Fred liked them. But I fell down when I got out of the car, and tore a hole in the knee of my best chiffon stockings—the ones mamma gave me for Christmas. I was so mad I didn't know whether to cry or stamp my feet."

"That's a shame, Mary Frances." For Dan knew what a girl thought of her chiffon stockings since Mary Frances worked for him. He knew many other things hitherto unknown to him. She told him, innocently, all that happened to her—about the new heifer at the farm, a cover she had embroidered for the table in her room at Mrs. Baker's, about all of her numerous dates with Fred McAuley.

"And he said—and I said ——"

She consulted with Dan about whether to get a green or a blue party dress for a dance to which Fred had invited her. She even brought samples of material to the office, and he chose one that was the color of a Grimes Golden apple just before it ripens—a stiff, beautiful taffeta. She made the dress herself, after work, and Dan knew that she had to rip the hem twice before she got it short enough to suit her. Serious matters, these. He listened to them as such.

"She's nicely raised—good stock there," thought Dan Tippet, watching her young head bent so soberly over the shiny typewriter. And he felt in himself a definite partiality for the kind of home she came from—distinctly rural, Middle Western and American; a home like his own had been when his mother and father both lived—clean, perfectly managed, firmly ruled by folks with kind and gentle manners, thrifty, hard-working ways and the highest conception of honor.

But after that first day, when her war paint and her youth and littleness and the picture of Lindbergh to hang by her bed had so disturbed him, he never permitted himself to think of her as anything but a young friend or a little sister. There was a definite reason for this. Fred McAuley was giving her a big rush. She was Fred's girl, in the opinion of the staff. Dan told himself it would be fine for Fred if he could win a nice respectable little girl like Mary Frances and settle down to a more normal life. Fred had been married once, unsuccessfully. On a trip to Cincinnati he had met a girl named Joan who was traveling around the country demonstrating cosmetics for a drug company. She was a fiery, high-tempered, robust kind of a woman, and Fred had been awfully crazy about her.

After they were married Fred brought her home to Hilltown and they lived at the hotel. Fred left her there, alone, when he had to go away on business. But she didn't like Hilltown, and she didn't like the hotel, and she ran away from Fred and went back to work. She refused to come home. Eventually Fred had divorced her, and his reluctance about it was still a mystery to Dan, who thought Fred should be glad to be rid of her. For Dan had gone all through this disheartening experience with his friend, and his sympathies were entirely on Fred's side. If a woman wouldn't settle down and be content they could never be happy.

"Look," said Mary Frances. "This is the way the Dearie Sisters danced at the vaudeville show last night." She got up, spread her scanty skirt and showed Dan the step. She was a good dancer, although not especially graceful. But her youth and self-confidence, and a strong sense of rhythm, carried her through. "Fred said the big one looked like his former wife—Joan. She must have been good-looking, all right. Dan, do you know, sometimes I think Fred is still crazy about her."

"I don't think he was ever crazy about her," said Dan stoutly. "It was just a thing that happened to him, and he's forgotten it."

Mary Frances leaned thoughtfully against the high desk.

"I heard that Mr. Welch didn't like the way Fred did—leaving his wife alone here, when she was a stranger, in that dinky hotel. He told Fred so, too, I heard."

"Well, you mustn't listen to what you hear. I know all about it. Fred was not to blame at all that the affair went on the rocks."

Mary Frances gazed at Dan with her lovely brown eyes.

"I suppose Fred told you all about it?"

"I know all about it."

"He told you?" she persisted.

"Yes," he said, "that's how I know. The girl was impossible."

"Still, he married her," said Mary Frances. Dan thought that she was a little jealous about Joan. Red-headed girls were jealous, he believed. He reassured her all that he could, and she leaned there, her lovely, thoughtful eyes upon his face.

"You think a lot of Fred, don't you?" she said gently, and he told her a little of what he thought of Fred. Of how Fred was the first playmate he could remember, of the friendship between the families, of the long years, all through grammar school and high school and the university, together; buddies, pals, real, true friends.

"There's nothing," he said earnestly, "that I wouldn't do for Fred or he wouldn't do for me."

"I believe the first part of that," she answered, and when he expostulated, she said slowly, "I don't think you know Fred McAuley as well as I do, for all your lifetime friendship, and I've just been going around with him a couple of months."

Dan smiled, unshaken.

"Of course," he said, "every man has two sides, and you see the side he shows to women, but you may be sure, nothing could shake my confidence in him." Dan's voice was stout, but there was something in the gentle, almost pitying gaze of her eyes that disturbed him deeply. But he dismissed it. She was only a little girl. Her judgment was immature.

The days went by in an enchanted chain of work and deepening friendship. The snow was gone. Birch buds swelled and the river was high in its banks. The sky was a deep, warm blue. Mary Frances brought a book of poems to the office one morning and showed Dan a few lines in it:

Spring rides no horses down the hill,
But comes on foot, a goose girl still.
And all the loveliest things there be,
Come simply, so it seems to me.

Her brown eyes filled with unexpected tears. She shivered a little.

"It's so beautiful," she said, "it makes gooseflesh come out all over me."

"You feel things too intensely," he said soberly.

"If I can understand it. . . . Edna St. Vincent Millay knows how a girl feels. You know, most poetry is written by men, and they have the funniest notions about women. The only one that had any sense was Tennyson, when he wrote the Lady of Shalott.

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot."

Mary Frances lifted her brown eyes to Dan's gray gaze.

"What did she care if the web flew out and floated wide? Let her fly," she said dramatically. "Only it doesn't seem fair to me that, when women stop looking in the mirror and take a good hard look at life, something has to get busted!"

"Why Mary Frances, how serious you are!" he said, and he thought to himself, with dismay: "The child's in love, or thinks she is."

Mary Frances closed the book and stood holding the brown cover against her cheek. Her lovely hair! Dan felt in his hands a burning wish to touch it, to warm his hands and his heart against its flame.

"Fred McAuley's awfully smart, isn't he?" she said.

"Yes, he is. Everyone thinks so."

"Do they? I guess he does too."

"He's had plenty of proof of it. Why shouldn't he?"

"I think men are wonderful—the friendships they have," she said gravely. "I think Fred's kind of worried though. He says Mr. Welch has been raving and caving. I told Fred that if it weren't for what you do down here we'd all be out of luck, so he'd have to stand it."

Dan felt a slight confusion.

"I'll get small thanks for that," he answered. "Nobody loves a bookkeeper."

"Don't they?" she asked guilelessly, and Dan laughed.

"I know just how the father of an extravagant family feels," he said, "trying to make ends meet and make people be careful, and still not be an old fiend."

"You're liked by everyone," she told him, and then, in a lower voice: "I'd like to ask your advice, Mr. Tippet. It's about something personal." She blushed a little.

"Why, anything, Mary Frances." He was troubled again with the strange tingling that invested his nearer arm when she stood there beside him. He rebuked himself sternly. He couldn't be her friend and help her if he had such thoughts.

"It's about Fred. He—do you think—you know him—do you think I ought to let him kiss me?"

Dan Tippet was too astonished to answer. Not only the question but the terrific plunge of his own heart in his breast made it impossible. And in all the other confusion, her bright hair dazzled him. He was so disconcerted that he could not think of anything except his own agitation. She stood there with an aura about her, and the thought of anyone making love to her was acutely disturbing.

Dan said at last, "I don't know how to answer that question, Mary Frances."

She colored and looked down at her feet.

"I haven't anyone to ask then. If I tell my mother she'll make me quit working and come right home. I—everybody does, these days, Mr. Tippet. And you know

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Fred. He's your best friend. I don't think I ought to, but he says other girls think nothing of kissing. I don't like to be—well, a country girl, but then, neither do I want to be f-fast. I'll do whatever you say. If you'll tell me what you think, that's what I'll do."

Her complete dependence aided Dan in recovering a little poise.

"Are you engaged to him?" he asked.

Her eyes flew wide in amazement.

"Oh, no," Mary Frances said, almost indignantly. "But you see, we won't ever get engaged, we won't get anywhere, if I'm cold to him."

"I think," said Dan with finality, "that you should do as your mother would like. Really, Mary Frances, don't you know?"

She sighed.

"Yes," she admitted, "I know I shouldn't. But I think it's funny I shouldn't do what everyone does. Fred's been kind to me, and he takes me to such grand places. I don't want to seem ungrateful. I'd miss him. No one else takes me around. But then, you're right. I won't. I kind of let him think I would—tonight. So I'll break the date. Don't you think that's the best way to do?"

Dan was silent, gazing at her. What chance did a decent girl have, he asked himself, and a gust of anger shook him. It became absolutely imperative in that moment that he take upon himself the responsibility of protecting her. He thought of the home she came from, of the little country school where she had learned to read, from him.

"You mustn't worry about me," she said, reading his thoughts. "I'm all right now. I just wondered if there was anybody else that felt about things as I was taught to feel. I'll do as you would like, instead of as Fred likes. You believe me, don't you?"

He was comforted.

"I not only believe you," he told her, "but I know you." So they went ahead with their work, but in a new relationship. It seemed, as the hours passed, that they worked with an unprecedented unity and accuracy. Mary Frances was getting really good at the books now, and Dan found her a great help. For a while their personal relationship was in abeyance, but later in the afternoon Mary Frances finished up a tedious job and took time off to talk to him again.

"I saw Irene Bonniewell at the dance last night."

"Did you?"

"Yes, she was there with Simon. You know, I think they're going to get married, and what will Mr. Welch do for a secretary then?"

"Do as he did when Miss Sims got married—start in on a new girl."

"I think Irene would hate to stop working. She's crazy about her job. We got to talking, and I told her how you persuaded the circulation department to use up the last of that yellow paper stock and change to a lesser weight and cheaper stock. And I told her, too, about the letter we got from old Spriggins, refusing to pay for the job printing we did for him because it was late."

"But what does she care about that?"

"Oh, she was real interested. You see, she didn't know anything about that nice letter you wrote to Spriggins, explaining all about everything so carefully that he could only come through with a check for the whole amount. She said Mr. Welch knew nothing about it."

"Why should he?"

"You can bet the others tell him fast enough if they do anything even half clever. I told Irene, too, about the new system you had on the job-printing time sheets, because the old way really ran the labor costs too low. And I told her how you had to straighten out the circulation-department records every little while. She said she was going to tell Mr. Welch all those things. Said his ears were so full of the big tales all the others told him about themselves, she thought maybe he didn't realize what you were doing. I protested just enough to make her determined; though, of course, that's why I told her."

"But, Mary Frances, I don't want you to do that way. You shouldn't talk about what we do here in this office."

"Shouldn't I? But I have. I've told Mrs. Baker lots of things about how smart you are 'n' everything. You know, I don't think Irene likes Fred. She says she doesn't see how he puts it over on Mr. Welch, always telling about the wonderful jobs offered to him and the business that we wouldn't get except for his pull."

"Mary Frances," said Dan sternly, "you mustn't talk like that. Neither you nor Irene should do it."

"Now, you're cross at me," she complained. "You do so many things, Dan, besides just keeping books, I think they ought to know it. Like the way you talked Saunders out of quitting the composing room last month. You sat in here when he came for his pay and talked to him for two solid hours, and did your own work that night."

"But Saunders quits regularly. It's just a matter of saving his face."

"Perhaps, but who else would have the patience? Not another person could do anything with that old mule but you! Irene said Mr. Welch didn't know a thing about that either. Nor about the mess Fred got into with Knight, that you straightened out. And to think how they fancy themselves upstairs! Here, let me finish this. You're tired."

"I? Tired?" Ideas were coming too fast for Dan. "I was never tired at this time of day in my life."

"Well," said Mary Frances, "the way you work! But of course you can do more than absolutely anyone I ever knew. Just work, work, work! It's all you think about. I told Fred the other night it was a good thing you liked accounts or he'd be out of luck. If you ever went out for business you'd get twice as much as he, and not have half the expense account, either."

"You told Fred that?"

"Why not? It's true. Don't you ever go out with girls, Dan?"

"Why should you say a thing like that to Fred? Were you trying to hurt him? He's the best solicitor we've got."

"Don't you think he overvalues himself?"

"I do not. He gets business."

"Oh, that's all right. Only, it's so much nicer the way you are—competent and not knowing it!" She smiled beguilingly and went on in a more confiding tone: "Fred told me a story about a new job he was offered, the first time I went out with him, and he's told me exactly the same story twice since; only it was a different job and a different firm. What do you think of that, Mr. Tippet?"

The silence was prolonged. Dan went ahead with his work steadily. Something hard seemed lying in his breast.

"You think everything he does is perfect!" she cried resentfully. Dan turned and looked at her. His eyes were very steady.

"I think it's a small fault to magnify," he answered. "There isn't a person you can't find fault with, if you look for it. He's my friend, and I don't want to listen to his faults. If you're trying to make him jealous, don't turn him against me. And I must tell you, Mary Frances, that you will have to quit talking outside of the office about the work, or I won't be able to keep you here."

Mary Frances' lips parted, but no sound came from them. She stared at Dan Tippet for a moment, and he returned her gaze. Then her face was streaked with red, and she went back to her desk without another word. Silence trembled over them. There had never before been a word between them that wasn't kind and friendly. Dan set at his work, but his mind was in upheaval. Part of it longed to go and beg Mary Frances for forgiveness, but another part was stern and unbending.

"She is not competent to judge," he informed his increasing uneasiness. "She's just a little girl, with no knowledge of life or the struggle men have to make to get by, to keep themselves sold." Fred certainly knew how to get business, even in these slow times. Mary Frances was entirely inexperienced ——

But the thought of her inexperience drew him up sharply, and he frowned at the papers before him. Fred was certainly going pretty far, making love to such a youngster, and probably without a serious thought in his head! Why, the child might come to care for him seriously. She had every indication of being in love and upset and arguing with herself. You never suffered over anything like you did over your first love affair. Well could he remember that first year he had worked on the paper, and Miss Sims had been sweet and twenty, and so unaware of him that nothing could bring him to her attention. It had all died away of sheer futility. She had her mother, and he had his, and she would never have noticed him anyhow. But he could still remember the longing. Fred ought to have a little sense. Couldn't he see that Mary Frances was not like the women he met up with here and there? Yet it was impossible for Dan really to question the integrity of anyone that he liked. Fred and Mary Frances, between them, were sound. It was just that they were falling in love. And he must be careful not to let her innocently disrupt a long-established and valued friendship.

She was at his elbow again.

"I'm sorry, Dan—Mr. Tippet, I mean—if you like him as much as all that. I'll not say another word against him, to you or anyone. I like him too. He's all right, Fred is."

"We've been friends all our lives," he answered gently. "He has his faults, just as I have mine, but you must understand that I am loyal to him, and count on you to be so too."

Then he saw that her eyes were swimming with tears, and he was deeply distressed.

She said, shakily, "You care for him more than anyone, don't you?"

"What are you crying about?" he asked, with an effort at heartiness.

"I can't bear it," she wailed, "if you are cross to me. I'll be good. I'll work hard, and not say a word, or not k-kiss anyone, or talk to Irene, or try to make them appreciate you. I'll do just as you want me to do. Only don't be cross!"

"I'm not. I couldn't be."

She smiled at him—an April sunburst. The light shone on her curls.

"Honestly, you're not mad at me?"

"No, I'm not mad at you."

"I'm glad you aren't."

"Well, it's all right then, isn't it?"

She nodded, and squeezed back the tears and went back to her work, and worked so hard all that remained of that day that there was no opportunity for any more talk between them. When she said good night she went out quickly, and left him before a disorganized day's work.

"Forty reams of Welch Bond," he wrote, and decided that he would have to speak to Fred about her. But one secret of their long friendship was that neither had ever made himself a mentor for the other.

As for Dan himself, he had never been so wretched. The offices were apparently empty, but he sat on, gazing at his books, telling himself he was depressed because business was bad. It was, in fact, years since the figures on the ledger had told such a sorry story. Years since he had had to lay the bills out in such careful order, and pay one and hold the next one back. A long time since the pay roll had required such juggling. If the pay roll, with its inevitable recurrence, was a problem now, what would it be when the summer came? They were not laying aside their customary reserve for later months.

Dan pondered about causes. It was a hard winter for farm papers, but none of them were hit as hard as Welch's Farm Weekly. The great flood and the cyclones and disasters, the demand for farm relief and the fact that nothing practical was done, had created an impression all through the industrial world that the farmer had no money. Dan, who saw the circulation cash come in day after day—piles of silver coin, bills and money orders—knew that the farmer, like the space buyer, had money for what he wanted. Farm children had to go to school warmly clothed and shod, barns had to be roofed and machinery replaced, whether there were floods or not.

There must be something in the paper's methods of getting advertising, he decided, because the readers certainly liked the paper. Or maybe it was that Mr. Welch was getting old, and didn't care as much as he did formerly. Fred was doing better than any of the other solicitors, but even he had fallen below his normal linage—way below it. Why?

He had not heard a familiar step on the stairs—a step somewhat slower than it was wont to be—and then Mr. Welch came into the office, his nose glasses in his hand, his eyebrows beetling.

"Well, Dan, what are you mooning around here for this time of night?" he demanded. "Don't you know it's nearly seven? And where's the day's financial report?"

Dan's eyes widened.

"Didn't I give it to you?" he asked in a helpless tone. Nothing annoyed Mr. Welch more than helplessness, unless it was wistfulness.

"No, you didn't," he answered testily, and Dan groped around among his papers for it, found it and handed it to the publisher.

"I thought you wouldn't have to work overtime any more, now that you have an assistant. I declare, I believe you'd rather moon around than get through. Certainly there can't be enough business to keep you."

"That's just what I was thinking about, Mr. Welch."

"You were, indeed!"

"Yes, sir. I was."

"Well, be a little more careful not to think so loud. I suppose you know that everything on our books is becoming public information. The Methodist preacher stopped me on the street today and asked me if I thought he'd better sell his stock in Welch's Farm Weekly. He said he understood that if it were not for the way you're managing finances we'd not be able to meet the pay roll!"

Dan's face grew red as fire. The Methodist preacher was Mrs. Baker's brother-in-law, and Mary Frances lived with Mrs. Baker.

"Mr. Welch, you know I never said or even thought such a thing!"

"Why wouldn't you?" said Mr. Welch. "It's probably true. But it certainly does us no good to advertise it. I've never failed to meet my pay roll since I started out in business twenty-seven years ago."

"That makes me think," said Dan. "I sort of had a new budget lined up. I think we can juggle things around and cut the pay roll some without making it too evident. If the people with the biggest salaries would take a cut for a few months I'd take one too. And the circulation department could do with a few girls missing and divide the work around. And I know of three boys in the pressroom that could get jobs in the quarries next month, and come back to us in the fall if we want them. Then there are several other things. If we go back to Tennessee for the cover stock, and to Fort William for the book paper just for six months, we can save several thousand dollars on the paper and post-office bills. Here, I've got the whole thing ready. You'll find that all these small savings make a nice difference. Even if we were making money hand over fist, we're due for a new budget."

"Maybe so—maybe so!" Mr. Welch put on his glasses and frowned at Dan and the big sheet he was laying out before the publisher. "But why make public talk of it? That's what I want to know. If you aren't talking, who is? This might go back

(Continued on Page 140)

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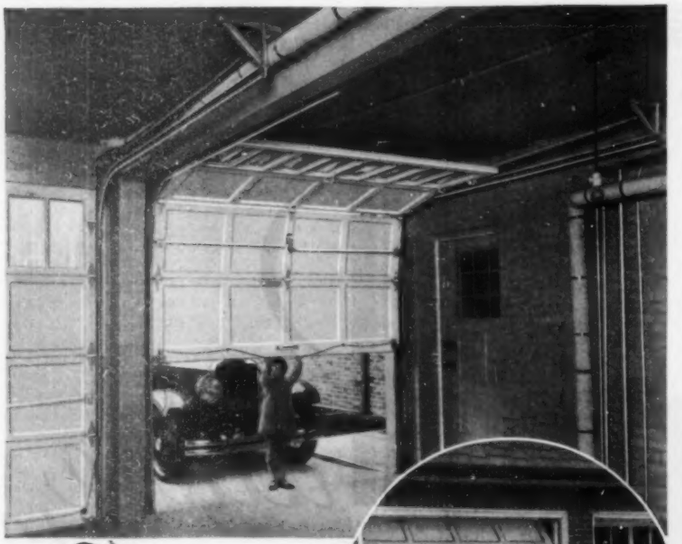


"The OVERHEAD DOOR" so good natured a child can operate it

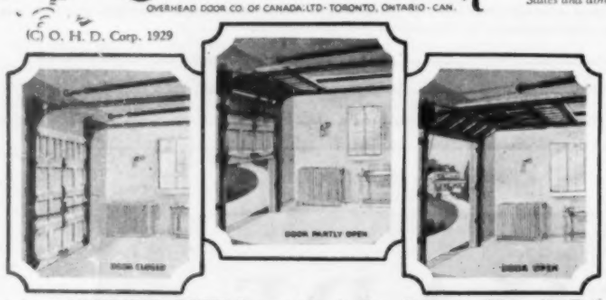
Here's The GARAGE DOOR. One that keeps its even temper every day in the year. The lusty winds of March have no more effect upon the smooth and perfect operation of the "OVERHEAD DOOR" than did the snows of January or the ice of February. This door can not bind, or sag, or drag, can not get off the tracks or hinges, always closes perfectly, always opens to give you ALL of the room. Gliding upward on ball bearing rollers engaged in vertical tracks, it comes smoothly to rest in horizontal tracks OVERHEAD, COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WAY! It is so perfectly counter-balanced that a child can operate it. When closed it fits tightly at top, sides and bottom. It may be had in any size, and in a design that will harmonize perfectly with any style of architecture. The "OVERHEAD DOOR" is not only ideally suited for your home garage, but it is in every day and every hour use on thousands of public garages, warehouses, factories, filling stations and similar buildings. Replace your present doors with smoothly operating "OVERHEAD DOORS." The cost is no more than that of doors of the old-fashioned type. And for your new home, INSIST upon the "OVERHEAD DOOR."

Standard size doors 8' wide by 7' 6" high and 8' wide by 8' high are carried in stock. If desired, "Overhead Doors" may be electrically operated by the Overhead Electric Control.

OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION
HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA ~ ~ U.S.A.
OVERHEAD DOOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.

Fully protected by patents and applications in United States and abroad

(C) O. H. D. Corp. 1929



There's an "OVERHEAD DOOR" Representative in Your Community Thoroughly Trained in Door Engineering

The Overhead Door Corporation, Hartford City, Indiana: Dept. A3

Please send me complete information concerning the "Overhead Door" for the modern garage.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(Continued from Page 138)

to our advertisers. Bad news travels fast. You must have some idea where the leak is."

"I don't know," said Dan stubbornly.

"Irene was telling me a big story about you and your efficiency," went on the old man relentlessly. "It seems you are a kind of hero to the girls around here. I don't half appreciate you. Is that your own conviction, Dan?"

Dan was silent. Even the back of his neck was red.

"I thought better of you than that," went on the publisher, his tones martyred now. "I have to pet up these temperamental advertising men upstairs, and cajole the editorial staff, and handle the printers as though they were opera stars, but I thought you were like myself—a matter-of-fact worker. You'll be as bad as Fred next."

"You've been fine to me," protested Dan. "You've been fine to Fred too."

"Well, I'm about through being fine to him. After all the experience he's had selling, he goes to Cincinnati and does a fool stunt that will cost us exactly nine thousand dollars this month, and heaven only knows how much in the future."

"I didn't know about it," said Dan, realizing for the first time that Fred never talked of his mistakes.

"Why, he went into O'Hara's Agency, and instead of going to Clancy for the tobacco account he handles, he went over his head to O'Hara, and O'Hara referred it back to Clancy, who said no, because Fred had gone over his head. When I finally got it out of him, what do you think he told me? That he wouldn't go to Clancy because he and Clancy had had a quarrel about some woman! And every dollar's worth of business is so important to us right now. What do you think of that, Mr. Competent?"

Something clicked in Dan's mind. He jumped up in excitement and his voice rang with a new timbre as he answered, thumping the desk beside him for emphasis.

"That's what's the matter with our soliciting!" he exclaimed. "I've been trying to figure it out, and that's it! We depend on girls and prejudice and pull—going behind people's backs and over their heads, and getting big contracts in exchange for a bottle of bootlegger's rye. Oh, not deliberately, I know, but none the less, there's a tradition around here that we have to get business on pull. Last year, when Fred and Clancy called you up at two o'clock in the morning, both as tight as drums, to tell you that the O'Hara Agency would give us six pages for the Bon Ton Tailors, were you mad about it? Not at all! You were as amused as you could be. Fred was a charming boy, even if he was a little naughty. You told all of us about him calling you up out of bed to tell you—as though it was a college boy's trick. And Fred is thirty years old! If you let Fred do that last year, and get a kidding and a bonus for it, what can you expect of Fred and Clancy this year? That same kind of nonsense, only crazier. It's your own fault if Fred thinks he can get business the way he does, and never lose any! You sign his expense checks without even asking him why dinner for two costs twenty-five dollars!"

"Now ——" began Mr. Welch indignantly, but Dan cut in on him. He was flushed, rocking on his heels, and his voice was loud.

"We've got to quit it!" he declared. "Just as we had to quit the motorcycle contests to get circulation. It's out of date. It's not legitimate. It'll kick back at us. We've got to go out and sell space because the readers buy the paper, because we've got the market, because it will pay the advertiser."

How was Mr. Welch to know that all of this was just an alibi for Fred McAuley? Dan had decided all in a moment that the business of soliciting advertising for Welch's Farm Weekly was degenerating his friend, who was none too wise anyhow. And the conviction, though suddenly arrived at, was sound, and Dan knew it. The fact that Mr. Millay, that Fatty, and Mr. Welch himself had been unaffected was beside the point. They only went out now and then, and they were of different caliber. Fred did nothing but solicit and he had been taught to trade on his personality. Why, he didn't even have to think up arguments. Mr. Millay did that for him. All of them had been cashing in on Fred's charm, on his casual, friendly ways, on the instinct in him by which he went just far enough, and never too far, whether it was with a woman or a space buyer. They'd been robbing and ruining Fred, and now, the first thing that went wrong, they were all over him.

"I'll tell you something else," said Dan, "that I've thought for a long time; and the remark you just made about it not doing us any good to let everybody know the fix we're in bears us out. Did you ever think that it doesn't do the farmer any good to cry wolf all the time? Has the farmer ever put on a bluff, and smiled and looked wise, and enticed the seller into his band wagon? He's not that canny. Or else, he has the old industrial idea that hollering poor would get him some place. And his spokesmen, the farm papers and the farm politicians and the farmers' co-operatives, have certainly held Agriculture up as a wronged and ruined female. So that nobody wants to do anything for her. Whatever you get out of Congress now will be a kind of shotgun wedding. The farmer has hollered help so long that business wishes he would go ahead and drown and be done with it!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Welch, very startled. "Say that again."

So Dan told him. He was very bitter and disillusioned about it all. He thought that under the present system farm papers were rapidly putting themselves out of existence. By the time he got through he had closed and locked the plant, and left the big presses to rust.

"Well, you are cheerful," said Mr. Welch at last. "And aside from some mixing up of gender and metaphors, you've got an idea. Get Shay on the phone, will you, please?"

Wonderingly Dan called Mr. O'Shamus Millay, the paper's promotion man, who, at Mr. Welch's request, came back to the office.

"Dan's got an idea," said Mr. Welch. "The first one anybody around here has had for months. I think it would make some corking copy. Tell him, Dan, and put in all the damns, as you did before. It does my old heart good to hear you swear."

And so they talked for two hours, and Mr. Millay, that thermometer of abstractions, grew gradually more and more enthusiastic, until he reached the boiling point and went upstairs to his own office to write for a while.

"All the same, Dan," said Mr. Welch, "you'll have to let that red-headed little girl go. She's making a lot of trouble."

"I can't let her go, Mr. Welch," replied Dan very firmly. "She's just a kid—she didn't understand. I've already talked to her about this matter of gossiping, and I'm sure we'll have no more trouble about it."

Mr. Welch grumbled about never having his own way. What, he demanded, was the use of owning a paper, when you couldn't have your own way about anything. Dan listened and made no answer.

Then Mr. Welch said, in a different tone, "Bring the new budget upstairs tomorrow and we'll go over it. I can't refuse an intelligent cut in expenses. And if Millay makes some good copy out of your explosion, you may be sure I'll remember where it came from. And we'll see about Fred. Why don't you talk to him, Dan? He's fond of you. I've heard him say you were the only person he completely respected."

"Maybe I will," said Dan, and put on his hat. "Good night, Mr. Welch."

"Good night, my boy. Good night!"

Mandy Moon was gone, and Dan's supper was cold. He ate some bread and butter, and left things untidily on the table. He put a match to the fire laid in his grate, and lit his pipe and sat down in his old

leather chair. He had worked off a little of his pain and indignation, but now it all came back to him again, a profound melancholy and a great longing. Now he permitted himself, for the first time, to think about Mary Frances at length and thoroughly.

He thought about what his own small home would be like with her in it. Three meals a day at home, a shining young head at the table, everything clean and bright, with flowers in the rooms. But these things were, after all, unimportant. There was a more compelling mystery that had nothing to do with comfort and housekeeping. If she were untidy, untruthful even, and made endless trouble for him, he would still love her for that small and shining disk of golden kindness which was her heart. In spite of the embarrassment it had caused him, her loyalty warmed him through and through.

He was in love, and with Fred's girl!

Dark thoughts came to him. She trusted Dan more than she did Fred. He still held over her the remnants of school-day authority. He had been her teacher, and now he was her boss. If he warned her against Fred she would listen to the warning. And she was young enough and susceptible enough so that, if he broke up her affair with Fred, he would have a chance to win her for himself in time. He felt within himself a hitherto unexpected power to do that very thing. She didn't realize how much she depended on him, but she could be made to realize.

Then why did the idea hurt him so, even while it brought its own thrill of joy? He felt as though he were contemplating an illicit union. He got up and walked around the room in a harassed manner; a tall, grave young man with troubled eyes, torn between an old loyalty and a new desire.

He could see in Fred faults and weaknesses that he had never seen before. The old admiration and the belief in Fred's superiority were gone, and he knew himself to be wiser, stronger. But this, illogically, made his friend the dearer, his own responsibility more keen. But Fred had had love and marriage and had let them out of his hands. He had had many sweethearts. Right now, there was a girl in Cincinnati over whom he and Clancy had quarreled. And was he also to have this one chick, this little, red-headed country girl that Dan wanted for himself?

He drew himself up sharply. So he was ordinary, after all. He was capable of disloyalty, incapable of sacrifice. For years he and Fred had been David and Jonathan to each other. But what was a lifetime of masculine friendship put up against the charm of one red-headed girl? Evidently nothing.

Dan remembered how Fred had sat with him, night after night, during his mother's last illness, and stayed by him as tight as a bur through the first lonely weeks that followed her death. Fred had secured Dan his job on the paper by speaking to Mr. Welch for him. Fred had secured for Dan a bid to their college fraternity; they had loaned each other money, played cards together at least a thousand times, trusted and upheld each other through the years. Whatever he might have been in other ways, Fred had been staunch with Dan. And now, if he got straightened out on his job, and if he married a fine little girl, he could still avoid the disaster of personal disintegration which Dan saw threatening him.

Back of the value of either Mary Frances or Fred to his own happiness, Dan Tippet seemed to glimpse some deep and underlying principle of loyalty. If Fred married Mary Frances, Dan would, in most ways, lose them both, for they would turn to each other. But if Dan took Mary Frances from Fred, he would lose something more precious—his own integrity.

His mind was made up. He would make it plain all around that he had only a casual interest in his assistant. He would be hard-nosed with Fred and brace him up. He would see if maybe there wasn't something in this idea of Mary Frances' that he might make himself more useful to the paper—becoming a real treasurer in time.

A measure of peace came to him, and his mind gradually settled itself back into its orderly ways, but with a difference. He knocked out his pipe, covered his fires and went to bed and to sleep.

But Mary Frances knew nothing about all these deep and mighty abstractions. She was in the office the next morning as red-headed, as brown-eyed and milky-skinned, as young and round and sweet, as ever. Now that he knew he was never going to have her, it seemed that Dan could enjoy her more freely. But he was not sorry that he had to spend most of the day upstairs. Mary Frances went ahead with the work in a most competent manner while Dan listened to Shay read aloud what he had written the night before, and afterward spent a long time going over the new budget with the publisher. He left it with Mr. Welch, who wanted to discuss it with Mr. Hamel, but Mr. Welch made no effort to conceal the fact that he was pleased and meant to use it practically as it stood.

Dan took Fred home with him for supper, and they talked about it all over again.

"Whatever got you started on such a tack?" asked Fred.

"Oh, I don't know. I just got kind of disgusted, and got to crabbing, and got an idea out of it."

"You know," said Fred slowly, "it's been kind of coming to me that most amiable people are dumb. I think it's the crabs that think."

"Meaning me?"

"In this instance, yes. It would probably be to your advantage to get mad oftener. But I was thinking of myself. I really don't ever have an idea any more. Did you know I'm on probation?"

"No, Fred!"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, that's all right. You get the business, and the old man will never let you go."

"That's so, too, but I don't believe—I wouldn't say this to anyone else—but I'm not liked as I used to be, Dan."

"Well, darn it, that's not your fault," said Dan eagerly. "I was thinking about that very thing. They've trained you to get business on your personality, and it's not right to you. You'd do better to use your mind, and not your manners. You've got a good mind! Don't you remember, when we were kids, you could always fix a broken toy or make a telegraph outfit or do algebra problems that none of the rest of us could do? What you need to do is get settled, quit drinking, marry some nice girl and start out on a new track. Do you know that we look on ourselves as young men, and our lives are probably half over? We've just got about ten more years to make our real start in."

"I believe you," said Fred, and then more slowly: "I'm thinking about getting married again. I'll tell you more about it if it works out. No use hoping too much——"

"That'll sure be fine for you, Fred," Dan went on easily, not asking any questions, because Fred's intentions were clear to him. "I've been in a rut myself, adding and subtracting until my brain's numb. Working out this new budget was three times as hard as it should have been. I'm going to do more work on financing and let Mary Frances do the routine." His voice went over the fatal name as smoothly as though it were anyone's.

They talked late. The withering plant of their friendship began to straighten up and put out bright blossoms. They talked as they had not for weeks. Fred was glad of Dan's ambitions, and Dan was encouraging about Fred's dubious position. The bookkeeper felt warmed and enriched with the generosity he gave out, and the smooth, brown-eyed salesman was aware of deep impulses of genuine activity which showed in his very walk when he finally left for his room at the hotel.

The weeks slipped by and spring really came. The new budget went into effect

WHAT a real pleasure to use a jack that always works—and lifts so easily that you can actually operate it with one finger!

A few easy strokes of the handle, short or long, send the car up *smoothly* and *quickly*. Lowering is simplicity itself. Just turn release valve with handle tip and the car settles down gently—no pumping, cranking, or crawling under.

Blackhawk Jacks are years past the experimental stage—thousands in use. Allcar model illustrated handles any car, no matter how low its axle. Needs only 3½ inches clearance above the road.

Let your dealer demonstrate this wonderful jack. Price, $12.90. Other models $7.90 up. Write us for descriptive literature.

BLACKHAWK MFG. COMPANY

Makers of the famous Blackhawk Socket Wrenches

DEPARTMENT P-3 MILWAUKEE, WIS.

BLACKHAWK JACKS AUTOMOTIVE and INDUSTRIAL

Write for Industrial Folder showing full line of Blackhawk Hydraulic Jacks—capacities up to 75 tons.

1. MotorCoach—7 tons.
2. MotorTruck—3 to 12 tons.
3. Floor-Lift—20 tons on head, 15 on toe.
4. Heavi-Lift—12 to 75 tons.

Advance Fashion News

Three new stocking shades forecast the mode at ...

McCALLUM STYLE OPENINGS

in your city March 18th–30th

ALLURE . . . A coquette, this tint—but not a wanton; a springtime shade at once provocative and discreet. Allure creates a perfect color harmony with gowns in lilac, gray, the flushed beiges, the softer blues, rose-pink, and neutral background prints.

VELLUM . . . McCallum searched the hills, the woods, the painter's palette, for this vibrant beige with its hinted glints of gold. A treasure shade for spring costumes of beige and green, or gowns highlighted with orange, scarlet or what you will.

COPAL . . . An exotic tropical gum lends its name and color to this new McCallum shade. Copal is a sophisticated, elusive tint that darkens sun tan to gypsy depth. Wear Copal with yellow greens, deep blues, etched prints, with grays, and the high, clear red that remains so fashionable.

Smartest shades at new low prices!

ALL the new smart hosiery shades, created and sponsored by McCallum, are now available in the McCallum Thrift Group. This new McCallum grouping brings you luxury stockings at new low prices: a sheer, all-over silk stocking at $1.65; a heavier stocking for maximum wear at $1.85; and at $1.95, two styles—a splendid wearing light service weight, and a filmy chiffon stocking with French picot top. Remember, the entire McCallum color range is represented in the Thrift group! You can buy Thrift McCallums wherever McCallum stockings are sold—usually in the smartest shops in your locality. All over the country these shops are now showing the new Spring McCallums, and are featuring them all this week in the McCallum Style Openings. See them today! Make your selections while stocks are complete, and wear the new shades while they are newest and smartest. For free Spring Hosiery Color Card, address McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You Just Know She Wears Them"

imperceptibly. Dan worked in his garden as the evenings lengthened. He was far from happy, and he saw that this was something he wasn't going to get over in a day. But his mind remained unchanged.

One thing bothered Dan Tippet profoundly. That was the change in Mary Frances. She had grown so quiet and good that it hurt him. She was thinner, and yet she seemed more grown-up. Even her throat was slim, and the little awkwardness had vanished forever from her feet. She stood and walked firmly. She looked at Dan sometimes with a gaze he could not fathom. He knew nothing about her affairs, for since that day he had spoken so sharply to her she no longer confided in him. Fred was away a lot and working hard, and Dan thought they were not having many dates. He was glad Fred was getting his job under his feet securely before he married her. He wondered if they had quarreled, for there could be no doubt that Mary Frances was unhappy, as only a young girl can be. Dan wondered as he loosened the soil about his tulips if he ought not ask Fred about it.

His telephone was ringing, and he went into the house to answer it. It was long distance. Fred was calling from Cincinnati. Fred's voice was very excited.

"That you, Dan?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Congratulate me."

"Why? Did you patch it up with Clancy?"

"I haven't even been over there. I'm married!"

"You're married!"

"Yes, Joan and I made it up. . . . Listen, Dan, I saw Saunders about that house of his before I came away. You tell him I'll buy it, will you? And get somebody to paint it right away—two coats of white. And have the house all cleaned, and the windows ——"

"Just a minute. You've married Joan?"

"Sure. We were always crazy about each other—it was Joan that Clancy was rushing. . . . Listen, Dan, about the house ——"

But Dan had thrown the telephone down heedlessly, and rushed out of his house. Mary Frances was in her room, Mrs. Baker informed him, when he arrived there breathlessly, without any hat, and with the soil from the tulip roots still on his hands. He wiped them hastily on his handkerchief as the landlady went up the stairs.

"Come on over to my house a minute," Dan said as Mary Frances faltered on the stairway, looking down at him. "Hurry, I've got something to tell you," and then, to Mrs. Baker: "It's all right. We won't be gone long."

They walked down the street in silence, but the color began to burn up in Mary Frances' pretty cheeks. Dan took her in his front door, significantly, and left it open behind them. The low twilight-filled rooms were invested with a charm he had never noticed before.

"Mary Frances," he said at once, "how would you like to live here? I'll give you the house, deed it to you outright, the day we are married, and you can always have everything just as you want it."

"Why, Mr. Tippet," she faltered. He would have put his arm around her—that right arm which had been invaded with desire for so long—but she drew away from him and stood in the middle of the rug, suddenly inaccessible, proud and trembling, her red hair like a candle flame in the dusk.

"Mary Frances ——" he faltered.

"No! No!" she said vehemently, and caught her breath in a half sob. "No! Not now! I'll bet Fred's married, and you think you can have me now. But you can't. Fred told me he was trying to make up with his wife. He's married, hasn't he?"

"Yes. He telephoned me. But what's the matter? Do you still care for him? Is it Fred you're loving?"

"Fred!" she laughed a little, and her voice trembled with scorn. "I love Fred? No. It was you I l-loved. But you chose him before me. You made up your mind, without even talking to me or him, that he should have me. That's all right, if you want things that way. Only, I'd never, never marry Fred! Nor you either, now! It's not good enough for me. I want to be the most important thing in my husband's life. Marriage has to be bigger than anything else."

Dan was silent. The justice of her remarks was plain to him. The instinct in her—to be of first importance—was right. But she was! Nothing was dearer to him than herself and her honor. He could not see, however, that he could have acted differently. But he could see how his attitude had wounded her pride. How might he make her know how much he loved her; how vital she was to him? He hadn't really known himself until this moment.

"Mary Frances," he said, "I do care for you. Won't you believe it? I love you. I've never said that to anyone else. I never meant it till now. I thought you and Fred cared for each other. I couldn't ask, could I? I never dreamed you cared for me. Or that you could. Yes, I did think you could, but I didn't think you did! I can't help the way I am. I couldn't have done differently. Only, if you can love me a little, I'll be as loyal to you as a man ever was. But—I'm just an old stick of a bachelor, and haven't much sense—I don't blame you, if you don't want to take a chance with me."

"There you go—knocking yourself!" she cried, and then she was in his leather chair, her head bowed on the arm of it, weeping bitterly. He knelt beside her and implored her not to cry. Her firm young arm reached out, encircled his neck and drew him to her. She pressed his face against her tear-wet cheek.

"As though I could love Fred," she wailed, "with you there! He's not worth your little finger. He's not worth your love! But then, I'm not either."

She cried charmingly. He was wiping her eyes with his clean handkerchief, and they were kissing each other.

"Oh, Dan, I thought you just naturally couldn't love me. And yet, I knew you did. I guess I showed everybody in town what I felt, and it just made t-trouble for you! Oh, I've been so unhappy, and felt you were so far away, and I wanted you close—close to me—like this."

"Darling ——"

"I was jealous of Fred," she told him, "I tried to break up your friendship. It was wrong of me, Dan. Can you ever forgive me? And when I saw you were going to stick to him and let me go because you thought he wanted me, I nearly died of it. I made up my mind I'd get over liking you. I wasn't ever going to make up—and l-look at me! I can't be proud with you, Dan. It's like going against myself. And there you were, loving me all the time, you sweet old thing. Weren't you?"

"All the time, Mary Frances, but never so much as now."

She sighed deeply, and he put her red hair back gently from her face.

"No wonder I couldn't go around k-kissing people with you loving me. Oh, Dan, you're so wonderful!"

His face was shining with pride. Of course it wasn't true. But if he could just keep her thinking it ——

Just what IS *the* EASY Damp-Dryer?

—how does it replace the old-fashioned wringer?

Years ago, clothes were wrung out by hand! Tedious. Slow. Causing reddened hands—weary arms and backs—aching hearts.

Then came the wringer—run by hand, later by power. Saving on the arms, but hard on the clothes. Crushing, squeezing the water *out*—and the buttons *off!* Jeopardizing too-near fingers.

And then—replacing the wringer, doing things no wringer or human arms could possibly do—came the greatest development of all—the EASY Damp-Dryer. An enclosed metal container, which, instead of *crushing* the water out, *whirls* it out by centrifugal action—and is safe for the sheerest garments.

All you do is transfer the soaking-wet clothes from the wash tub to the Damp-Dryer, drop the top into place, then push a lever.

By this swift process, the clothes are damp-dried ready for sun-drying in less than two minutes. Not just a few clothes. But the whole tubful! And so thoroughly and evenly are they damp-dried—without a single dripping hem—that in case of bad weather they can be line-dried indoors and ironed the same day.

Nor need the clothes be handled again to be rinsed. Leave them in the Damp-Dryer, pour in the rinse water, push the lever and the Damp-Dryer does the rest.

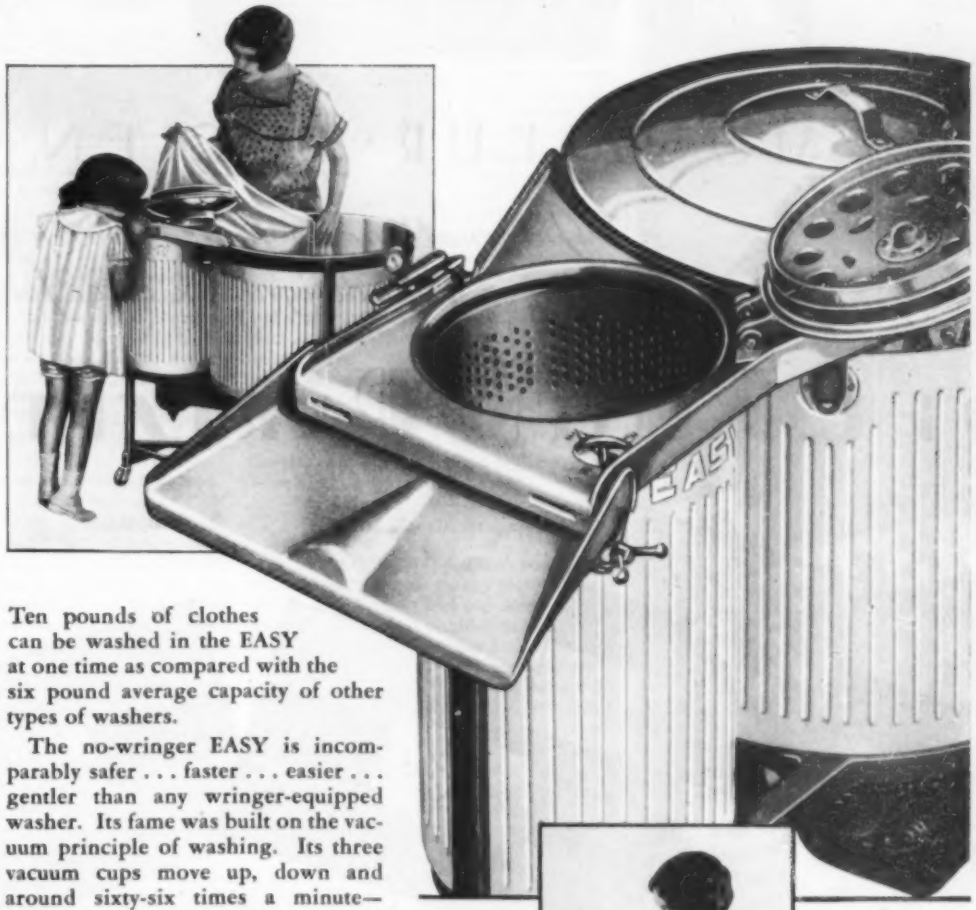
No broken buttons or fasteners. No worn, torn and twisted fabrics. No deep, hard-to-iron wrinkles and creases. All such trouble-making is done away with by this better method which can injure nothing and handles everything even to bulky pillows and blankets which will not go through a wringer.

More, too. Because wash tub and Damp-Dryer operate independently of each other, the EASY handles two batches of clothes at once. Washes one batch in the big tub; damp-dries another in the Damp-Dryer.

Unusual business-building opportunity for

DEALERS

EASY is the largest manufacturer of wringerless washers in the country. EASY developed the centrifugal Damp-Dryer which is revolutionizing the washing machine business. Let our representative tell you about the opportunity in your locality. Write us today.



Ten pounds of clothes can be washed in the EASY at one time as compared with the six pound average capacity of other types of washers.

The no-wringer EASY is incomparably safer . . . faster . . . easier . . . gentler than any wringer-equipped washer. Its fame was built on the vacuum principle of washing. Its three vacuum cups move up, down and around sixty-six times a minute—flushing sudsy water back and forth through the clothes—cleansing them thoroughly in an incredibly short time.

The gas heater under the wash tub is an added convenience which keeps the water hot. The sturdy, simple pump empties every drop of water electrically. No lifting or carrying of heavy pails to empty the EASY.

There are still EASY Washers with wringers. EASY wringers are equipped with every known safeguard. But no wringer-type washer—even our own—can compare with the no-wringer EASY.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
Syracuse, New York

No more broken buttons or fastenings. No more torn, worn clothes. The EASY Damp-Dryer handles everything—injures nothing.

Your washing done FREE

Your dealer will gladly give you a free demonstration of the EASY in your own home. Just write us, if you do not know his name. You can buy your EASY Washer on EASY terms and with a low down payment.

The no-wringer EASY is also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

EASY THE SAFE WASHER

MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

Internationally famed Paris creator now designs six cases for

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE...$35.00

Elgin Watches are American Made
Watches shown 9/10 actual sizes

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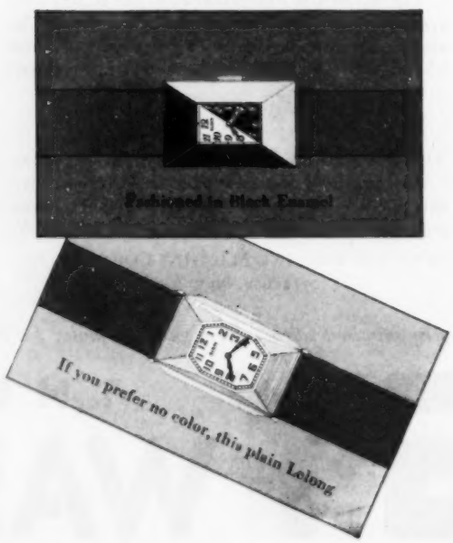

Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast, efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture whether the golf course or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true Parisian flair to your formal hours.

Three are plain, three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented. A Parisienne costs but $35 . . . there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. All the style of Paris . . . at a truly American price!

THE BOOM AT BOULDER

(Continued from Page 11)

A few days after his purchase the troubled and suspicious buyer called at the Los Angeles Power and Light Bureau and asked to see a contour map. He was shown one. He studied it intently for several minutes. Running his finger across the paper, he suddenly groaned.

"Good night!" he exclaimed, looking around wildly at the clerks in the office. "Come here, and see what I've bought!"

Land Which Will be Irrigated From the Boulder Canyon Dam on the East Side Mesa in Imperial Valley

Their eyes followed his finger to some curlicues on the map—crescent-shaped markings turned toward one another. He had bought one of the Chocolate Mountain peaks referred to in the real-estate commissioner's report.

Lands with other geographical, topographical or meteorological shortcomings are on sale at other points in the Southwest. War has been declared on dealers in such lands; and arrayed against them are the California Real Estate Department, the Nevada State Real Estate Board, the California State Legislature, which ordered a special investigation by the commissioner to determine what additional legislation may be necessary to curb the more unscrupulous of the boom begetters, citizens of Imperial Valley who have worked for years to make their valley famous for production, and numerous land buyers who have been stung.

Just a Step From the Dam

"We are controlling the situation fairly well in the Southwest through newspaper statements and educational work by chambers of commerce and local real-estate boards," Commissioner Barnson said. "But damage is going to be done, nevertheless. We have information that widespread advertising campaigns are to be launched in other states. The Post Office Department is taking an interest in this and, whenever evidence justifies it, prosecutions for using the mails to defraud may be expected. We have canceled the licenses of some dealers and of their salesmen. In many cases we have compelled dealers to make good on claims they have made in selling property, and this has had a most disheartening effect on some of them.

"One promoter of a tract which we found to be twenty-five miles from Boulder Canyon dam, was cashing in on his claim that his property was right next to the big dam. He did not explain that a 2000-foot lift would be required to get water onto the property from the dam. We compelled him to eliminate all reference to the dam, to explain to every purchaser—every purchaser in California, at least—that the land was raw desert land, suitable, at best, and in the better sections, only for pasture purposes. We have compelled others to impound funds from their sales for developments which they had represented as being 'already in,' or 'already arranged for.' Several who guaranteed clear titles were forced to make good the guaranty."

It was discovered that the California Real Estate Act, in its provisions governing advertising, related only to written statements. Some dealers whose advertisements had been rigorously censored promptly got busy on the radio. But every word was heard by a department investigator, and his ear was especially cocked for any statements that might be construed as misrepresentation. And at the department's request, as this is written, the legislature is busy working over several sections of the act.

Wherever the wildcat land promoters could obtain lands near the Black Canyon dam site, they have found easy pickings. I went to Las Vegas to study the incipient boom at its main focal point. Being near the dam site and having every prospect of being the nearest settled town to the construction camp, Las Vegas found itself in the throes of a boom within a few days after December 21, 1928.

The Tocsin Rings

By the middle of January it was impossible to obtain a lease on any piece of property in Las Vegas. The day after the bill was signed messages began to pour into Las Vegas from all parts of the United States. They were addressed to the property owners, and nearly every property owner on Fremont Street, the main street of the town, got one. These telegrams said, almost uniformly, in substance: "Don't sell your property until I arrive. Will make offer."

Las Vegans wondered how the prospective purchasers got their names and the

Fremont Street, Las Vegas, Nevada; Twenty-Seven Miles From the Black Canyon Boulder Dam Site

TRACKAGE FOR INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

PHONE WRITE or WIRE FOR

FOSTER RAILS

1 TON OR 1000

Rails—new or relaying—and track accessories for Mills, Mines, Quarries, Cement Works, Industrial Plants, etc. . . . for any type of trackage, inside or outside, sidings, extensions or repairs. Immediate deliveries anywhere, subject to approval at destination.

Phone, write or wire our nearest office for quotation

L.B. FOSTER COMPANY

PITTSBURGH
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK

WAREHOUSES
PITTSBURGH, PA. JERSEY CITY, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.
BALTIMORE, MD. HAMILTON, O. NORFOLK, VA.

descriptions of their property so quickly. Then the county recorder remembered something that explained it: In the year past, many persons, rigged out as tourists—and very evidently, from the looks of their cars and license numbers, they were tourists—had been calling at the courthouse at the rate of five to a dozen a day. "Who owns the property at such-and-such a corner?" they inquired. They obtained not only names but descriptions.

Then, when the word flashed out of Washington the morning of December twenty-first, they were ready. But too many of them had the same idea. The people of Las Vegas realized their property had acquired new value and they hung on to it. The day after the bill was signed, a group of men started at the head of Fremont Street and, traveling its length through the business district—about five blocks—solicited leases from every leaseholder or landholder on the street. But the telegrams from all parts of the country had set the leaseholders and landholders on guard.

When the Town Was Young

One incident I was able to verify within a few hours after it happened. On one of the main corners nearest the railroad station is a confectionery shop. A high-powered real-estate operator from a Coast metropolis wanted that space for an office. The landlord didn't want to go back on a faithful tenant who had been with him for years.

"If you can get him to leave, you can have the place at $100 a month," he told the promoter.

The promoter approached the tenant and, over a soft drink, tried to make the deal. "How much do you hold your place at?" he asked.

"Well, I've got at least $2500 worth of stuff here," the tenant said.

"Want to sell?"

The tenant evidently had not become excited over the boom that was beginning to sputter all around him. "I might," he said.

"Well, I'll give you $7500 for everything you've got in here, and you can move out and keep the stuff; I don't want it. I just want this space."

The tenant was suddenly afflicted with something akin to the ague that stays the hunter's trigger finger in the sudden presence of a deer. The promoter had overshot his mark. The tenant realized all at once that the boom had hit him too.

"I'll be darned if I'll do it," he said finally, when he had found his voice.

Undismayed, the promoter walked down the street a block or so and bought two corners. One of these, consisting of three lots, had been held by the owner for at least twenty years. They were originally valued at between $1000 and $1500—that is, twenty years ago when the new Las Vegas was young and the town was moving to the new town set out when the railroad was built. Two years ago lots of the same economic value were selling at from $12,000 to $15,000, according to a Las Vegas banker—who, by the way, is a member of the Colorado River Commission. For these lots the promoter paid $40,000 cash. The deal was closed in ten minutes. And the news traveled back and forth across Fremont Street like wildfire.

A few minutes later the opposite corner was bought, the promoter paying $30,000 for the lots, and the seller, who hadn't had the two parcels long enough to clear the title to them, incidentally made a $5000 profit; he had paid $25,000 for the lots less than a month before.

When the promoter bought 130 acres adjoining the residential section, paying the unheard-of price of $500 an acre for it, and announced he would build 200 houses immediately, the townspeople took the attitude that he really might do it. And they added a few hundred dollars on to their own property.

A high-powered salesman from Los Angeles was on the ground early, taking everything calmly, as befitted the survivor of many a hectic boom; and yet, for those he considered worthy of confidence, he had plenty of information, and at times he came out of his shell and wore a vivid rainbow around his shoulder.

"This is gonna be good," he said. "You just wait until our gang gets loose on this territory. Why, these people don't know what it's all about. You ask about a piece of property, and instead of taking you to it and maybe making a sale, they step outside the door with you and, by pointing to this place and that, tell you how to get to it! Can you beat it?

"And a ninety-nine-year lease—they never heard of such a thing. They think there is something phony about leasing land for ninety-nine years. 'In ninety-nine years,' one old guy says, 'I'll be dead!' But he's hanging on to his land.

"This is no place for pikers or shoestringers, either. Everything is half cash down and quick pay on the balance. No monkey business here. These birds have to see the cash on the counter. . . . But just wait until some fellows that know what it's all about get here. They'll show 'em."

Boulder Canyon signs of all kinds blare at you in Las Vegas. A sign on one business place reads: Barber Shop. Real Estate.

And what a business the photographers were doing! I called on one to get some pictures—called at seven A.M. I had been up all night, unable to get a room in town, and didn't realize how early it was. But the photographer was up too. His hair was in locks about his ears and down his neck, his face unshaven, his eyes bloodshot from strain and loss of sleep, but he was full of the energy that springs from enthusiasm.

Early Birds After the Worm

"'Morning!" he called cheerily from the shadows of his dark room behind a partition. "Be right out. Boy, I'm fifteen hundred prints behind, and more business comin' in every hour. Everybody wants pictures of Las Vegas and Black Canyon dam site: Real-estate men, newspapermen, tourists—everybody and everywhere in the United States!"

Whoopee!

All Las Vegas rises early in these times. Ten minutes may mean as many thousands of dollars, more or less, in a real-estate deal. The sun shoots up clear and bright, and tints the bluish haze that hangs over the valley; clouds take their places on the near-by mountain peaks. Men with overcoats under their arms swing up and down the streets, huntin' a cuppa coffee.

By ten o'clock the crowds have dwindled. Everybody is either inside negotiating, or out lookin' over some property. Little groups on the corner talk of this or that $25,000 or $50,000 or $1,500,000 deal that either has been consummated or is about to be consummated or may be consummated. Men dash across the street to the abstract and title office with sheafs of papers in their hands.

By sundown the crowds are on the streets again—so many men it looks like an old-time crowd gathered in the county seat for a session of circuit court. Miners, railroad men from the Union Pacific shops, old settlers, teamsters, real-estate men, tourists and their wives, and aviators—Las Vegas has a mail-plane landing field—from all parts of the United States.

A Long Way to Lug a Boat

There is a feeling that Las Vegas' boom, though hectic in spots, is to some extent justified. On account of its nearness to Black Canyon dam site, it will undoubtedly be the first city to feel the direct effects from the added population and attendant commercial demands when construction is under way.

"Why, this burg'll be like an old-fashioned town on a Saturday night," an old borax hauler assured me. "You wouldn't know the old burg eighteen months from now."

In anticipation of some of this Saturday-night business, various card clubrooms were being installed on streets off Fremont Street, and every day saw the repainting of some building that had not been in use for months.

An added feature in the boom is a project backed by a syndicate of which local citizens are the moving spirits. The city and county and the Union Pacific have jointly contributed ninety choice acres, abutting the business district on the north, to the syndicate. The syndicate is to sell these lands and apply the proceeds to an elaborate hotel, estimated to cost more than $1,000,000. The hotel is to be built in the middle of a 3000-acre tract southeast of town. An affiliated project will be, I was told by leading citizens, a residential-estate resort on the tract surrounding the hotel.

Tying into the publicity given the more solid features of Las Vegas' boom, certain promoters are cashing in on projects which the Nevada State Real Estate Board says are not so sound—to put in very mild words what the Nevada board says in words not so mild. There is a certain park proposition, for instance. Every business man in Las Vegas with whom I talked mentioned this park.

The lots are sold from a map "showing water effect at 1250 level." The "water effect" indicates that one who buys in the park will be right on the edge of the 26,000,000-acre-foot lake that will be backed up behind the big dam; a prospect suggesting fishing and boating right at one's door.

But ——

The dam will be 550 feet high; the water level will be, at the bottom of the dam, at the 647-foot elevation mark. Add 550 and 647; you get 1197—which is somewhat less than 1250 feet. Water at this level, according to United States Geological Survey maps, will be more than five miles from the nearest lot in the park—a long way to carry one's boat.

Las Vegas and Clark County, of which Las Vegas is the capital, make no claims that irrigation water from Boulder Canyon dam will mean a thing to the valley in which they lie; again the lift—more than 1000 feet—would be too great for economy. Las Vegas is in the center of an artesian belt. This belt is seven miles wide and fourteen miles long. The single well, put down by the Union Pacific less than three years ago, from which the city gets its water, flows at the record rate of 3,500,000 gallons a day—enough for a city six times Las Vegas' present population of 6000.

Power—that will be Boulder Canyon dam's contribution to the Las Vegas country's development. Within sixty miles of Las Vegas are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty metallic and nonmetallic mines. They need only power for economical development.

Says The Mining Journal of May 15, 1928: "It is doubtful if any similar area in the United States contains more deposits of valuable nonmetallic minerals than Clark County, Nevada." These deposits are manganese, borax, gypsum, lime, silica sands and salt. The metallic deposits are lead, zinc, copper and some gold and silver. In the Goodsprings-Yellow Pine district alone more than $10,000,000 has been taken out in ores.

A Large Part of a Lifetime

Citizens of Las Vegas see all these mineral resources being worked up in smelters and refineries in their territory and shipped out through the local railroad station.

So ——

The dam means different things to different communities: Flood control and irrigation for the Imperial Valley; an increased domestic water supply for Los Angeles and more than two dozen other cities of the Southern California coastal plane; power for Arizona's mines and irrigation for her fields; jobs for workers and contracts for contractors who will come from all parts of the United States when the work starts. These things the boomers rely on in luring customers. They are incontrovertible prospects.

But the boomers paint the picture before the canvas is up. They turn the fascinated eyes of their prospects to the beautiful developments around Los Angeles, and say: "Look! And a few years ago most of that was just 'land waiting development.'"

And in that look they span what has taken place in fifteen or twenty years—a large slice out of any person's lifetime. They gloss the hard work, the effort, the patience, the endless planning and fighting for water—all things of reality; hard, unavoidable facts that attend every solid development. They harness the powers of Hope and Eagerness-to-Get-Something-for-Nothing—or practically nothing.

And lo, the air castle, which needs no plumbing, the gardens of which come already sprinkled with dew, is up and waiting for him who will only sign on the dotted line.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

No Exit

The *Candle* of King Alfred gave . . . . . an *Extra Service*

Alfred the Great, builder of the Ninth Century English Navy, knew the value of time. And when his duties compelled him to labor far into the night he invented a new service for the candle which flickered before him. He ordered that every candle for his private use be notched twelve times, at intervals of one inch. The notches were accurately placed so that when a candle burned three notches, an hour had passed. When an entire candle was consumed four hours had passed. Thus King Alfred's Candle was doubly valuable. It not only made light—but also told time. It gave an EXTRA SERVICE!

• • •

. . . things that give an *Extra Service* are doubly valuable!

That motor oil, for example, which is MORE than a lubricant—which does more than protect your engine—is doubly valuable to you! That Motor Oil is OPALINE—which not only lubricates your engine, but *SEALS the pistons in your cylinders—prevents power from blowing by!*

Opaline is the motor oil which SEALS the space between your pistons and cylinder walls. This space varies in *size!* In a new car, when parts fit snugly, the space is small—only a lighter grade of motor oil can fit into it and seal the power! After 2,000 miles and after 12,000 miles, and over, until pistons are refitted and new rings installed, the space continues to wear larger—and only heavier grades of oil will *keep the pistons sealed!*

You get this *Extra Service* from the *correct grade* of Opaline! It is made in several different grades according to the Sinclair "Law of Lubrication" . When you buy Opaline you get the grade *your* engine needs at its *present* degree of wear, as indicated by the *mileage* on your speedometer! The number of miles your car has been driven tells how much wear there is in your cylinders—indicates which grade of Opaline *fits* that degree of wear and *seals* your pistons, to prevent the power from blowing by!

Having the right grade of motor oil is just as important as having the right quality. It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both! Tell the Authorized Opaline Dealer the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that gives the *Extra Service* of PISTON SEAL!

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Seals power at every degree of wear

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SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK ATLANTA BOSTON CHICAGO
DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY OMAHA

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year. High Compression anti-knock fuel for all engines.

If you want the real story of WILLIAMS OIL HEAT ... *ask the owners!*

THERE'S no mystery about oil heat, but it is always advisable to investigate carefully before purchasing. Don't buy just any oil burner and don't buy on a salesman's story alone. Get the real truth—*ask the owners.*

Let us send you the names of Williams Oil-O-Matic owners near you. Get the *facts* from them—they have tested Williams Oil-O-Matic in their own homes in every sort of weather. They'll give you an unbiased story of what it means to enjoy even, healthful heat without work or worry. Clip the coupon at the bottom of this page—mail it to us—we will be glad to send you a list of owners in your vicinity.

Oil-O-Matic is 10 years beyond experiment

Williams Oil-O-Matic has been on the market 10 years. More than 80,000 owners give it their wholehearted approval. Architects and heating engineers endorse it thoroughly. Williams Oil-O-Matic has to be good to make good with more than 80,000 owners —with heating experts—during 10 years of service.

Williams Oil-O-Matic is the master of all domestic heating problems. Entirely automatic—turns itself on and off without attention—maintains precise healthful warmth—unusually quiet—thrifty of fuel—thoroughly dependable. You can't buy more satisfactory oil heat anywhere.

Our word is good—but go beyond it. Ask Oil-O-Matic owners! Then you'll know the answer. Mail the coupon.

WILLIAMS DIST-O-MATIC HEATING

Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories

For small homes —and moderate incomes

Williams Dist-O-Matic provides genuine Williams Oil Heat comfort for small homes and modest incomes. A true "running mate" for Oil-O-Matic, Williams Dist-O-Matic is also entirely automatic, thrifty, and unusually quiet. You can buy Dist-O-Matic—as well as all other Williams products—on easy time payment budget plans.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
Bloomington, Ill.

"Hit of the Air"—Williams Home Guards

Two Nights Each Week. Tune in Tuesday on Station WJZ and associated NBC stations at 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time. Tune in Friday on WGN, Chicago, 8:30 Central Standard Time

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories

S.E.P.-3-9

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION
Bloomington, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me a list of Williams Oil-O-Matic owners in my city. No obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE POETS' CORNER

Good Morning, America!

THERE are two sights that make my heart feel gay:
Flags in a tumult, and the breaking day.
The dawn, with many flags, is breaking now;
Our oceaned continent takes, from brow to brow
Of golden city, the voyaged light of day!
Light bursts on the Lakes, on each humming, long highway;
Glad-throated whistles cry along the rail;
Assembled townships bid the great dawn hail;
The bright wealth of it showers on farms state-wide;
A continent of forests takes the dawn to bride;
And star-topped, darkling Ranges glow and sing,
Sending up vanguard eagles on the wing!
Flags in a tumult and renewing day
Are two fine sights that make my heart feel gay!
Dawn, in the windows; dawn, that never stops!
Flags, livening the long streets and thick roof tops. . . .
With each discovery men break out a flag,
Sow flags through wildernesses, sprinkle crag
On crag of conquered height with them, where they
Gleam forth to show that Glory trod that way;
And never comes a dawn but men renew
Courage and strength to grapple, and pursue
The problem and the star that leads the sail,
Grasping the helm to drive on and prevail!

—Harry Kemp.

Presence

THERE is a Beauty in the heart of things—
In sky and earth and wind and tree and flower,
And in the song a bird at twilight sings,
And in the soul of man—enchanted hour
Of life that utters forth this soundless sound!
Traces this nameless Name across the sky,
Imprints it deep within the curving ground,
On cloud and earthy clot; here and on high
A Form moves, trailing loveliness; it flees
Before us, beckoning; the very air
Is full of half-discerned mysteries,
And there are broken rhythms everywhere.
Ah! In the tremor of a single leaf
Is passion and delight, is joy, and grief.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

A MAN TO AVOID

(Continued from Page 34)

before them holding her wand before her, with her two hands thrown up.

The plan that Raikes had made was this: That she was to go back and forth, weaving her way among them until they grew used to her being now behind and now before them; that she was gradually to draw them on until they were all behind the pyramid and facing the blank wall, when she was to announce that the wand had turned—to turn it, in fact—and then, in the wild excitement of digging, she and Raikes would make a bolt to where the horses were tied—the only two horses in the whole company—and take their chance of being shot by anyone who was not wholly absorbed in getting his part of the treasure.

But, as almost everyone finds who plays with magic for his own base purposes, magic plays with him. Millie had not been walking up and down nearly as long as she intended to walk when she felt strange little tremors begin to go through her wand. Was it her imagination that it had moved in her firm grasp? She had never thought of its turning of itself. The plan had been that she would tell them it had turned, that she would turn it downward at a convenient spot. But now—yes, it certainly was moving. An excited murmur began to go up from the circle of sharp, watching eyes. She came to a standstill almost in the exact center, just where the sheer wall of the pyramid cast the darkest shadow, and there the wand twisted like a live snake and pointed straight down.

She stood quite dazed, staring at it. A cry went up from all the band: "*El tesoro! El oro!*" They flung themselves forward with spades and pickaxes and the inevitable machete, with tin cups and even with their bare hands. They were all on their knees digging, digging; they thrust her aside; they got in front of her.

She turned toward the steps and saw that one person had not forgotten. Avilla, whose portion was secure without effort, was standing motionless at the foot of the steps, watching not the diggers but Raikes, and he had a revolver in his right hand.

She hesitated a moment, not knowing what to do. She was free as air, except for this one little figure on guard. The crisis had come more quickly than they had expected. She looked up at Raikes, standing four or five feet above Avilla on the temple steps. She meant to ask him what must be done now, and as she looked she saw him fling himself like a catapult, full at the little man below him, so straight, so quickly, that Avilla did not have time to fire. They came to the ground together, landing on a welter of vines and plants, unnoticed by anyone but Millie. All the others were digging, digging only a few feet away, but utterly absorbed; even the man who had been holding the horses had tied them to a tree at the first shout of gold and was now digging with the rest.

She stood rooted, wondering what Raikes was going to do to Avilla—gag him, tie him up? But there was no rope. Then she saw Raikes' long body bend and his knee go up until it rested on Avilla's chest, and his thin strong hands closed about the little man's throat. Oh, yes, of course, naturally he was going to kill him. She felt not the slightest shock or repulsion—she who was too delicate to look at a galled horse in the street; she felt only an intense, absorbed interest. Would it go this way or that? The bodies of the two men moved and heaved together, but always Raikes was on top of the other.

She did not suppose he saw her, for he had not glanced in her direction, but suddenly she was aware he was speaking to her. He said: "Go—to—the—horses!" He panted a little, and at each word she could see the rolling head of Avilla nod a little, as if confirming the order. Still she could not move, still she wanted to watch. How difficult it was to kill a man.

Then Raikes spoke again: "Go on, I tell you!" he said.

She woke from her trance of interest and ran toward the horses. She cut the rope that tied them with her machete, mounted one of them and had both heads turned down the path by the time Raikes came running toward her. He mounted as he started both horses at a run. Jungles are so thickly carpeted that even galloping feet do not reverberate.

"Did you kill him?" she asked.

"Yes. I was sorry you had to see it."

She was surprised to think how little she had minded.

Not a shot had been fired, not a head had been turned. They went on past the spot where less than twenty-four hours before they had talked so bitterly, on down the green tunnel of the path, and came out on the river. The horses went splashing through the shallow water, clattering and striking fire from the stones. But there was no danger, no one on foot could catch them now. They were free, they were safe. Still they pushed the horses on. Little red deer, hardly as large as goats, which had come down for their morning drink at the river, fled, alarmed, and fawn-colored iguanas which had crept out on fawn-colored rocks for the first morning sun wriggled off and into the forest again, but there was no sound of pursuit.

At last they saw ahead of them a column of gray smoke rising from the camp, gray against the green, and blue in the sunlight. A little way off the familiar sound of an ax could be heard, but breakfast for one was still untouched on the table. Through the open flap of his tent Jimmy could be seen, oversleeping in the absence of his chief.

"Lazy dog," said Raikes angrily.

Oh, yes, they were back again. That was the other Raikes speaking.

He flung himself off his horse. "Don't get off," he said. "I want you to go straight on to San Roberto. You can't tell. I don't trust our own Indians yet." He poured out Jimmy's coffee and handed her up a cup where she sat on the horse, looking very young and illumined, with her hair still standing on end and her face like alabaster. "Jimmy!" he shouted, while he made her a sandwich of bread and bacon. An alarmed grunt from the tent. Then to her: "Be off. Be off," he said.

"Without you?" she wailed.

"I'll follow at once. I must speak to Thorley."

"You promise that you will follow me at once?" she repeated.

Somehow there seemed more menace in this separation than in the whole past night.

"Oh, of course—of course." He turned her horse and started it on its way.

She rode alone down the path in the glorious blue and green of the early morning, safe, happy—well, almost happy. A little strain of homesickness for their lost companionship. Why had he left her so soon? How absurd! He would be with her now at any moment. She looked over her shoulder. There was no one coming.

Then at last the rustling of someone behind her. At last—at last. Round the bend of the path came the brown horse, and on its back was Jimmy.

She felt sick with disappointment. "Where's—where's ——" She made that fatal hesitation for a name. Really, after all that had occurred, she could not say "Professor Raikes." Nor would she stoop to the comedy of "the boss."

Jimmy was too much excited to hear her, however.

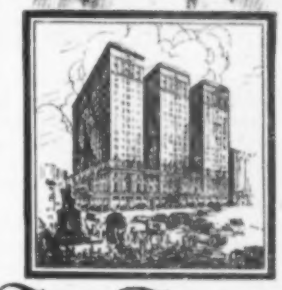
"Oh, Millie," he cried, "for heaven's sake, tell me what happened! To think I was sleeping like a pig while you were in danger of your life. I thought you had gone to San Roberto, and when Raikes didn't appear I thought he had followed you. I was jealous, Millie, and said to myself there was no use in working for a fellow who went off like that without a word, and I pictured you both ——"

"Where is he, Jimmy?"

"Coming in a few minutes. He sent me on in case you felt nervous. Oh, Millie, he says you were so brave. Tell me everything that happened."

That, Millie thought, would be going a little too far, but she was not above enjoying living her "battles o'er," and Jimmy was not aware of great gaps in her narrative.

"You know you look different, Millie—like someone who has been through something great. Weren't you ever frightened?"



Two Famous Philadelphia Institutions

WRITING to a friend in England shortly after the Revolution, Franklin said, "You will be surprised to know that there are in the colonies no fewer than nine colleges or universities."

Were Franklin alive today, he would doubtless be amazed to learn that in and about Philadelphia, there are more than twice the number of colleges and universities that the entire United States could boast of in Poor Richard's day.

One of the original sites of the University of Pennsylvania, founded by Franklin in colonial days, is directly opposite the great Hotel bearing his name. This is the favorite hotel not only of thousands of students in Philadelphia, but their friends and relatives visiting those who seek knowledge and learning in Philadelphia's famous schools.

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"Oh, I won't say that, Jimmy, but he—Professor Raikes—is very bracing. He seemed to feel so entirely calm about dying."

"Oh, no, he doesn't mind dying; he always says so."

"Did he say so this morning?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, he's always said so."

Millie sighed. It was difficult to get a straight answer from one who does not see the importance of the question. She glanced back over her shoulder and wondered why he did not come. Could he be avoiding her? In his place she would not have let this time elapse.

Jimmy chattered on, almost more excited about it than she was. "Wouldn't you know," he said, "that if something romantic was going to happen I wouldn't be in it? But then, of course, if I had, we would both be dead by this time, I suppose. I should never be able to think of a plan like that. He's so clever. It must, in a way, Millie, have been a wonderful experience to go through something like that with Raikes."

"Well, in a way it was," said Millie. Her voice sounded as if it came over a bad telephone from an immense distance.

Something—not exactly a suspicion—made Jimmy say, "I suppose it will always be a great bond between you—a thing like that."

Her doubt suddenly became an agony as she answered, "Oh, you can't tell. It may not be at all."

In due time they reached San Roberto, where, in the little *sala* of the house, Mrs. Thorley was rocking, and stitching flannel bands, as if nothing dangerous or dramatic had ever been known to happen.

"Why," she said, looking up, "what brings you into town?"

Jimmy, glancing apologetically at Millie for stealing her story, allowed Mrs. Thorley to hear a little of the reason. But Millie had reached a point of exhaustion in which even the narration of her own adventures could not rouse her. She said that all she wanted was a hot bath and to sleep.

Well, a hot bath could be obtained, but not in five minutes. A little Indian servant went padding about on bare feet, stoking the stove with coffee wood, filling all the receptacles in the house from kettles to tin boilers for washing clothes. Meantime Jimmy, who had become official historian of the night's events, explained what had happened, and Millie sat waiting, with her eyes fixed on the path that led down from the jungle.

Once in her steaming bath, however, she felt that nothing else mattered—nothing but sleep. She was too exhausted to care whether he came or not, too exhausted and too wise, for now she knew it would mean nothing for her. But when, an instant later, she actually did hear his voice in the *sala*, a thrill like an electric shock went through her and she sprang out of her bath and began to dress as rapidly as trembling hands would allow. She must see him at once.

When she emerged, there was Mrs. Thorley, rocking as before, who said: "Why, Millie, I thought you were going to bed, and there you are all dressed."

Millie looked all round the room. "I wanted to speak to Professor Raikes," she said. Her throat felt dry.

"Well, now, isn't that too bad?" said Mrs. Thorley, alarmingly sympathetic.

"Too bad?"

"I mean you just missed him; he's just gone. He sent Jimmy back to the Casas Viejas. After all, my poor husband can't do all the work, willing as he is to do more than ——"

"Then where did Professor Raikes go?"

"To the capital to report the whole thing. You don't kill a man, my dear, without mentioning it to the authorities."

Of course. He had killed Avilla; she had forgotten. Mrs. Thorley settled back in her chair, rocking as she sewed. "Fortunately the president is a friend of Professor Raikes. I don't think there will be any real trouble. My husband says that human life ——"

"Did he say when he would be back?" asked Millie, hardly troubling to make her tone sound casual.

"I didn't ask him," answered Mrs. Thorley almost proudly. "I don't think people like to be forever pinned down about what they are going to do. When I got married I made it a rule I would never ask Mr. Thorley any questions I could avoid. I do the same with other men. But let me see. He'll get there this evening. I suppose he'll take all tomorrow with his business, and be back the next day or the day after."

That being so, Millie thought she would go to bed. She turned at the door.

"Did he ask for me?" she said. This time she did achieve a wonderfully casual tone.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Thorley. "Yes, indeed, he asked for you, and I told him you had had a bath and had gone to bed, and he said it was a good thing you had—gone to bed, I mean. He seemed to think you needed rest."

Probably she did, but did not seem likely at the moment to get it. She undressed and lay down on her canvas cot, not bothering to shut out the uncompromising light of the early afternoon. She felt a deep, reasonable conviction that, as far as she was concerned, he had gone forever. Incredible but true. She remembered every tone of his voice when he had spoken of renouncing love, that they would never be married, that he would not destroy the woman he loved. That was the voice of the real man speaking. His love for her was real, too; she could not remember the night and doubt it. She knew now it was only death that had given him to her, and life was going to take him away.

Strangely enough, she had no thought of trying to change his decision, partly because she knew she couldn't and that all she would do was to render them both wretched by a scene—she pleading, he refusing. Oh, no, she wouldn't go through that—but partly because she had no wish to do so. All her will had gone. Now, if she had been facing a death sentence, it would have made very little difference to her. He had been right when he suggested that perhaps it was a mistake to escape. All reality seemed very remote. Perhaps, she thought, having looked so closely at the face of death releases you from some of your allegiance to life. She did not care now whether she lived or died. Professor Raikes? A man she had not known existed, two months ago. How was it possible he could make her happy or unhappy? He couldn't—all a fancy, a dream. Her parents? If she knew they were in the next room she would not get up to meet them. Nothing mattered—nothing.

Just as the light began to fade into the short gray dusk of the tropics she fell asleep.

She was waked by a bright light shining on the blue adobe wall of the room, which she was facing. Someone must have turned on the relentless electricity. No. And yet, could that light be sunlight? Even in the tropics the sun does not return a few minutes after setting, and certainly she had only been asleep a few minutes. She turned over with a flounce and found it broad midmorning, and Raikes, sitting with one leg thrown over the other and his arms crossed, looking at her. She stared at him. All her lethargy of will was gone; she felt with agony that she could not let him go without a struggle—that no sacrifice of pride was too great.

He whispered, just forming the words: "She can hear every word and she's sitting there listening."

Millie colored. He had guessed that she was about to say something more intimate than he wished to hear.

Then, very loud and casually, he said, "Well, how do you feel?"

"I hardly know yet. I'm just awake." Then lower: "Where have you been?"

"I went up to the capital to explain to the president why I had murdered one of his countrymen." Then, to prove that he was right, Mrs. Thorley came hurrying in.

"Is she awake?" she said benevolently. . . . "How do you feel?"

"Hungry," said Millie. It was not true, but she knew what would appeal to the older woman.

"Yes, it's nearly lunchtime," said Mrs. Thorley, leaning against the lintel of the door and beaming at her. "We've got a good meal for you."

Raikes uncrossed his legs. Millie thought: "If he goes before Mrs. Thorley does I shall scream. I shall go mad." He crossed his legs the other way. He looked at her. Mrs. Thorley could not see his face, and his look meant something, but Millie wasn't sure what. She said aloud, "I should love a cup of coffee, Mrs. Thorley, now, this minute. Do you think I could have it?"

"I don't know about now this minute," Mrs. Thorley replied; she was a person who liked to make fun of any form of expression not her own, "but I can get it for you in a short time." She disappeared from the doorway. Millie sat up.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

He put out his hand, and withdrew it as Mrs. Thorley returned.

"I wondered," she said, "whether you'd like a piece of toast with your coffee."

"I should," returned Millie gently, "very, very much."

"You don't think it will spoil your luncheon?"

"I'm sure it wouldn't."

She had gone again, and Millie's hand was inclosed.

"I went to the capital."

"To see the president?"

"To see the American minister . . . and a clergyman."

"A clergyman, Tim?"

"Aren't you going to marry me, Millie?" Her hand was almost tossed in her face. "You haven't gone back on me?"

"Oh, Tim, I've been persuading myself, after all you said, that you had decided not to marry me."

"Good heavens," cried Raikes, "I've got myself tangled up with a moron!"

(THE END)

WILSON AND LANSING

(Continued from Page 7)

distinct mystic traits. Again I beg to relate an anecdote. A journalist who occupied a very important position on one of the greatest of London newspapers told me, in January of that year, that, were Mr. Lloyd George not to conform to Mr. Wilson's ideas, the English people would have abandoned him and would have declared that their most authentic representative was the American President! It is true that, at that moment, Wilson had already yielded on the point pertaining to the freedom of the seas, and it is also probable that the English journalist exaggerated the sentiments that he attributed to his country; but the very possibility of such exaggerations showed that no other statesman has had, outside of his own country, and, indeed, in the whole world, a fervor of enthusiasm that can only be compared to that which surrounded the apostles and the greatest saints.

Possessing so great a power, it cannot be said that President Wilson was not aware of it and, even less, that he did not expect to make use of it. On the contrary, he took the greatest care—which, it must be added, was accompanied by the most intelligent ability—in creating for himself a unique situation that actually made him the arbiter of the world, even if such a term was never used. Thus, he stressed the distinction between Associate and Allies, which would not have had any sense if it had not aimed at the constant warning that the Associate intended to reserve full liberty of movements and attitudes without any fetter to his free judgment. Besides, he had his famous Points inserted in the conditions of the Armistice, asking the acceptance of them not only by the conquered but also by the victorious Allies, in such a way that his Points should serve as a kind of code to which tenets all should necessarily and by obligation have recourse in settling any question that might arise.* No one could be a more authorized interpreter of the code of peace than its own author. This, as to the formal side of the situation. As to the real value of his relation with his colleagues, if the outward courtesy was almost always impeccable in the President, he knew, indeed, how to become severe, and then hard, and then, even threatening, when he met with an opposition that resisted his will. His pronounced jaw became set; his word became as heavy with obscure warnings of future evils as that of a prophet of Israel and, in a more or less veiled manner, he let it be understood that, if the opposition continued, he would abandon the conference. On the following day there spread through Paris the rumor that the engineer of the George Washington had received the order to keep the ship in readiness for a possible near departure of the President. Every thought of resistance then disappeared and I can state in a categorical manner that no decision was ever taken by the conference which was opposed to the determined will of the President.

*Some people, outside of Italy, continue to believe that the Italian Government had also accepted the ninth of Mr. Wilson's points, which dealt with the Italian vindications in a restrictive sense—in order to deduce that: Through that acceptance the government had put itself in contradiction with its complete program of vindications. Now, this is false. Italy never accepted the ninth point, and made about it the same reservations that England made on the freedom of the seas, when, on November 2, 1918, in the Supreme Council of War, gathered at Versailles, the acceptance of Wilson points was dealt with in a meeting for the Armistice, I did not fail to repeat my reservations on the ninth point. They were recognized as just; it was only pointed out—and I, too, was compelled to agree—that since the ninth point did not refer to Germany at all, it was useless to take it into account in dealing with the Armistice with that country. I remember that then Clemenceau remarked that to speak to the Germans about the ninth point was equivalent to speaking to Austria about Alsace-Lorraine! It was not possible, therefore, without openly showing mistrust, to claim that the Italian thesis would be undermined. However, President Wilson himself, in all the lengthy conversations that I had with him about the question of our vindications, always admitted that the Italian Government had never gone into any agreement in relation to the ninth point.

Well, how can it be explained that a man who had a program entirely of his own, who had the strength and will to carry it out, did not succeed in the task and, on the contrary, allowed the fundamental solutions of the conference to take a turn entirely different from the ideas that he had shown and, indeed, gave all the weight of his strength and authority to the carrying out of a program different from his own? This is the truly essential point of all the questions that may arise around the Paris Conference; this is the great historical enigma that awaits a solution.

Mr. Lansing feels it very clearly. All his work strives to bring to light the complete failure of Wilson's program and the prevailing of an order of criteria entirely different, if not altogether opposite.

But if Mr. Lansing points out very clearly the consequences—and this would be enough to show the importance of the historical contribution of his memoirs—there always remains the question: What was the cause?

Besides the general causes of deficiencies of technic and method, Mr. Lansing seems to attribute the great Wilson's failure to the fact that Mr. Wilson possessed a personal

(Continued on Page 152)

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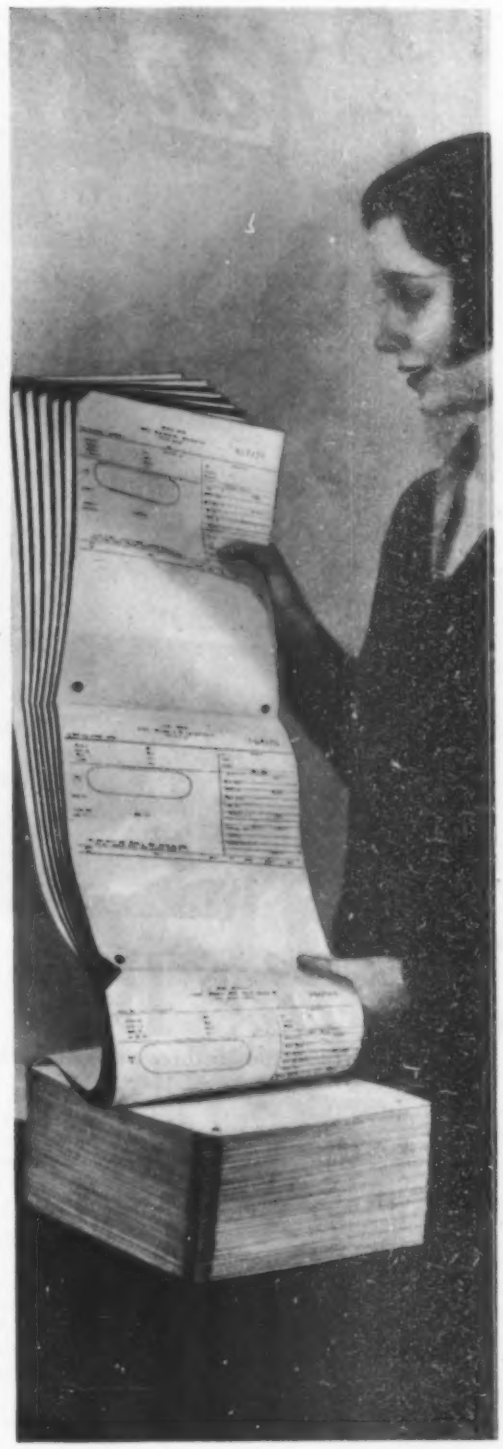

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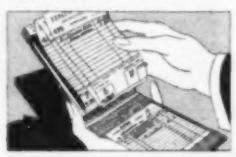

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(Continued from Page 150)

force of resistance that was inferior to the aggressive and tigerlike ardor of Monsieur Clemenceau and to the ability of a most finished arguer like Lloyd George. One should infer that, according to Mr. Lansing, Wilson was partly carried by a stronger will and partly outplayed by a more subtle intellect. I must confess that I don't believe that to be true; and to show it, it is enough to point out the fact that, up to a certain point, Wilson always succeeded in having his way, although he had against him the same persons.

Mr. Lansing has humorously described the duels between Monsieur Clemenceau and myself. I wish I were able to describe those between Mr. Wilson and Clemenceau or between him and Lloyd George, and repeat with more reason the phrase used by Mr. Lansing referring to Clemenceau: That a defeated Wilson was inconceivable for Mr. Wilson. So both Clemenceau and Lloyd George, after having shown in vain, the former his passionate aggressiveness, the latter all the inexhaustible resources of his cleverness, ended by yielding, and they found consolation in discovering a formula that might make their defeat appear less evident.

Yielding Along the Line

However, the most decisive proof of what I state lies in this very simple fact: At no moment, ever, did Mr. Wilson yield or remain with a minority. All that was decided at the conference had his placet; with only this difference—that up to a certain point Mr. Wilson's will assumed a certain direction; and from that point on, his will followed a different direction and, indeed, an opposite one. During the first months of the conference, Mr. Wilson had been irreducibly opposed to all that was later taken as a basis for the Peace Treaty. He did not want the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine; he did not want through the exploitation of the Saar mines Germany's supremacy to be eliminated; he did admit that the amount of reparation should be in a general way based on the damages, but he wanted a definite sum to be fixed within the limits of an ascertained capacity to pay; he jumped up as if touched by an electric current any time he heard any talk of granting Shantung to the Japanese; he wanted the interpretation of mandates to be strict and rigorous; he did not agree to any Franco-English agreement in Asia Minor. This, up to a certain point. From a certain point on, Wilson yielded on the entire line of his resistance; he yielded on reparations, on the occupation of the left bank, on Shantung, on the Saar, on everything.

Wanting the Unwanted

How did this deep and inconceivable change take place? The most intelligent historians of the conference have the intuition of a profound "crisis" through which the conference passed, and which radically transformed its original spirit; but no one gives an explanation that can be seriously relied upon. Also, Robert Lansing noticed the irreconcilable contrast between the original ideas of Mr. Wilson and their application in the Treaty of Peace, but the reasons that he gives—that is to say, that Wilson was outplayed—must be said to be historically groundless. I said, and I repeat, that when Wilson was in Paris his almost divine omnipotence in intelligence and authority was never eclipsed. He always knew what he wanted and nothing was ever done that he did not wish. Only, at the end, he wanted what he had not wished in the beginning.

We repeat, why?

Here lies the great historical enigma, the mysterious force which shaped the destinies of the world. Until this enigma is solved, the history of the conference will not be written.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

David Lloyd George and Lord Reading at a Recent Garden Party

Lord Doughnut's Daughter

LORD DOUGHNUT hadde a daughter fayre,
Ye Ladye Ysobelle,
Like rose and lilye was her fayce,
Her figure yt was swelle;
In alle ye lande there was, I wiste,
Nae swifter damoselle.

And all ye younge and gallant knights,
They sware that Northe of Hades—
Notte e'en ye houris of Paynims,
Ye Fatimas and Zaidees—
There was nae matche of Ysobelle
Of alle ye red-hotte laydies.

Fayre Ysobelle from budoir came,
As sleeke as ony due,
Where she hadde put on cunninglye,
Her make-uppe—see abue.
"Ah, where," sighed she, "can I e'er find
A knight that I can luv?"

Uppe spake her lyttle serving man
With bonnie golden haire,
Uppe spake her loyale serving man:
"O Ladye, Ladye fayre,
Gin ye'll have me for your ane true luv
I'll hocke my tyre spare!

"Gin ye'll have me for your ane true luv
I'll give ye flivvers three."
"Now out upon thee, serving boy!
And what should I want with thee?
Thou'rt nuttye yn thy ivory dome!
Thy wife I'll never bee!

"My luv muste have imported cars
Of manny a type, I ween,
Of open and of clos-ed kinde
And bonnie limousyne.
A Creseous my Kinge must bee
And I shall bee his Queene!"

"Beware! Beware! Thou proude Ladye,
Ere floutest thou my luv!"
She hath ta'en and pushed him into ye lake
With a muckle michty shove—
And doon to ye depths sank ye serving boy
While ye ladye laffed abue!

"O Ladye, Ladye, save my lyffe
And alle I have is thine!
My flivvers three, my tyre spare,
My silver flaske soe fine!"
But ye ladye laffed abune the banke
Lyke gaye hyenas nine.

"Lye there, lye there, presumptious wighte,
Nor ever shalte thou telle
That e'er thou daredest thinke toe wed
With Ladye Ysobelle!
And lette the ringing yn thine ears
Presage thy fun'ral knelle!"

"O Ladye, Ladye, save me nowe,
Yn soothe I cannot swam!
O Ladye fayre, reache forth thine hande
And I'll telle thee who I am!"
But ye ladye turned her backe from ye brinke
And ye serving boy sayed "Damn!"

Adowne the pleach-ed alleye greene
Fayre Ysobelle hath gonne,
For she hears a shoute and a view halloo
And ye sounde of ane auto hornne.
And ye serving boy lyes deade in ye depths,
Alle stiffe and starke and lorne.

Atte ye firste looke that ladye saw
A gallante companye
Of knightly men in classye cars
Come honkinge o'er ye lea.
"Nowe, oh, alacke!" quo' Ysobelle,
"What can this cominge bee?"

Ye leadinge car, alle riche and rare,
Yt stoppeth atte ye gate,
And frome yt bounds a footeman lythe
Who holds yts door agrate,
And slowe and snootye lights a Lord
Of haughtye mien sedate.

Full richely was this Lord bedight
Withe furs and jewels swelle;
And fixinge of his piercing eye
Onne Ladye Ysobelle,
"I greete ye, ladye fayre," quo' he,
"And praye you to me telle

"Where I canne find the serving man
Who serveth here for thee,
For he is heir to muckle wealthe
And subdivisions three,
Which hath been his these goode three monthe,
But founde he coulde notte bee!

"Atte laste I learned that luv of thee
Had kepte him atte your syde,
Where serving meekly he had hoped
To win ye for his bride.
And nowe he ys a millyonaire—
His fathere he hathe dyed!"

Oh, waefulle screamed thatte ladye then
And horride noise did mayke!
"Oh, had I wiste that he was riche,
His lyffe I ne'er had take—
And now his colde, expensive corse
Lyes deepe yn yonder lake!"

They lifted him frome outte the lake
And layed him yn his grave,
And on ye brink fayre Ysobelle
Didde shrieke and rante and rave,
Knowing that he was drown-ed quite
And nowething coulde him save.

Soe fulle of grief and sore remorse
Was Ladye Ysobelle,
She yn her hearte her daggere plunged
And deade she straightely felle—
And soe her weak and wickede soule
Hath founde yts way to Helle!

MORALE

Nowe alle ye gentyle damoselles
Who'd wed a wealthye heir,
Goode warninge tayke bye Ysobelle,
Unluckye ladye fayre,
And nevere drowne a suitor
Who micht bee a millyonaire!

—Irma Peixotto Sellars.

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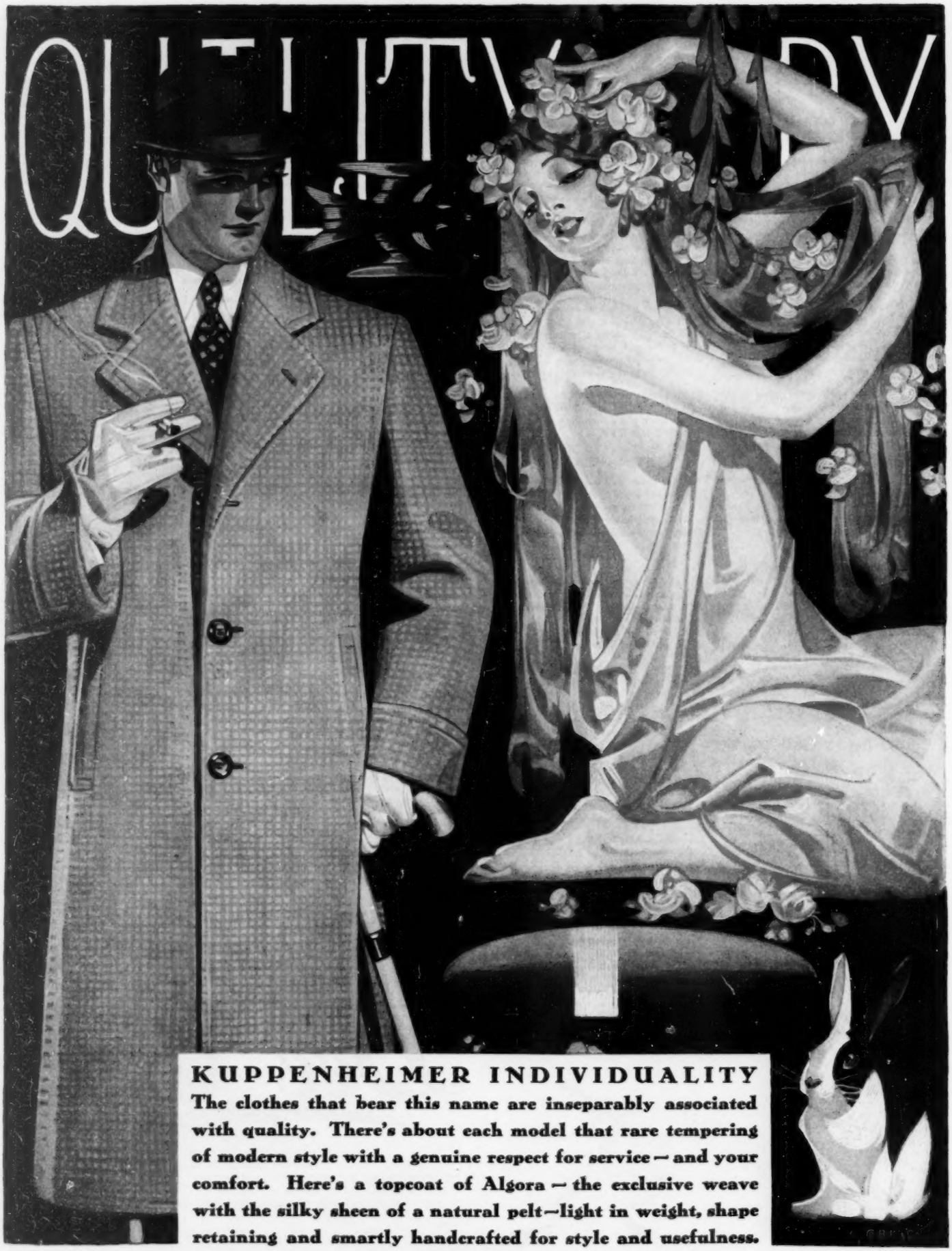

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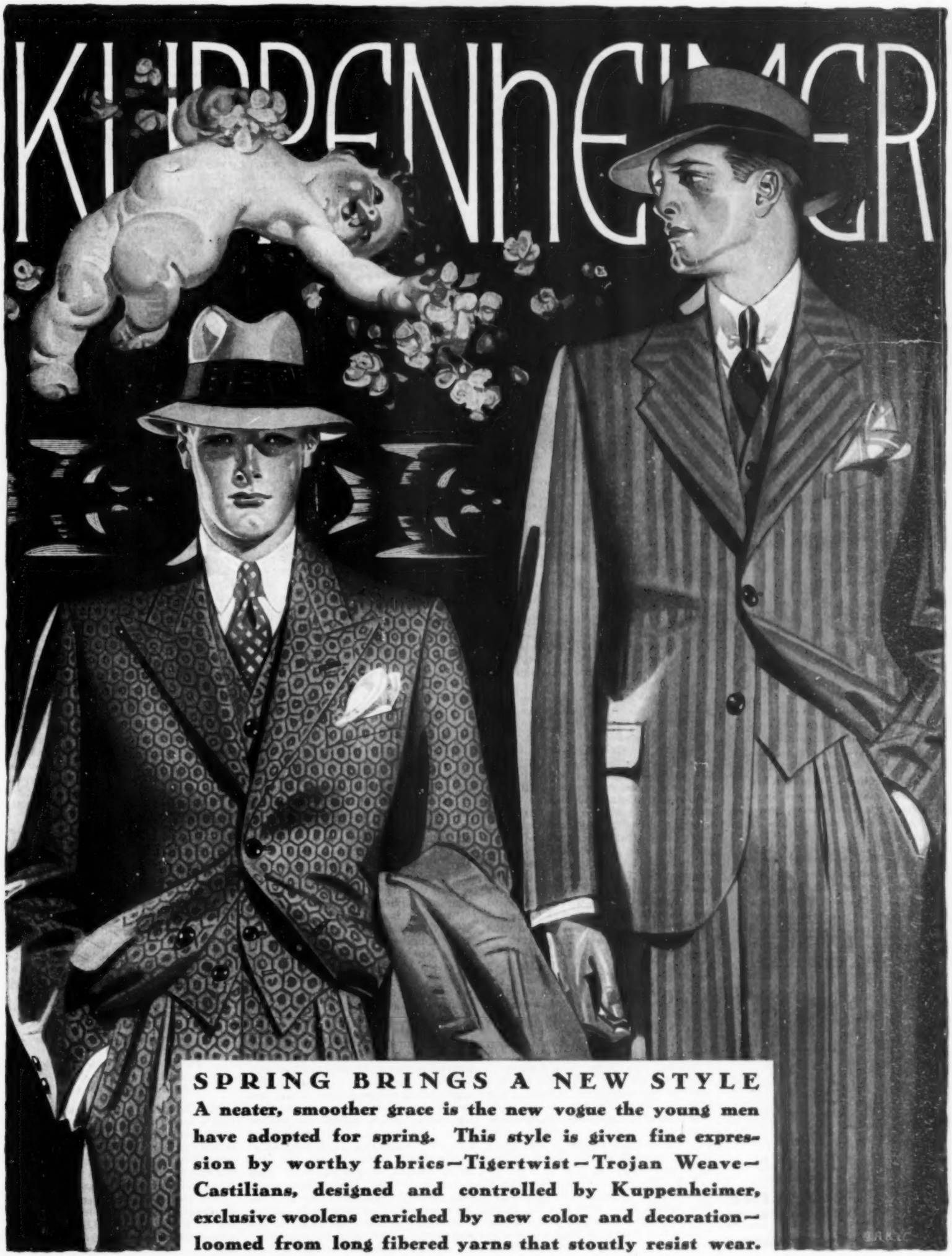

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

THE NECK, AND BUSH THRING

(Continued from Page 9)

I asked my daughters if this young Bush Thring had been tight, but they declared he hadn't, and they said they didn't understand why the older people were making such a hullabaloo over it, because Bush Thring was "all right," and the only reason he happened to have that bottle on his person was because if he left it in his car he was afraid it would be stolen. They admitted that his anxiety in this respect had been a mistake, but they insisted that he had as much right to own liquor as anybody else, and it bothered me quite a little that they should stubbornly maintain this point of view, at their age, though I was sure that they themselves would never join Bush Thring or any other boy in disposing of such a bottle.

It surprised me a little at the beach to find that Mr. Carmichael was almost the severest critic of Bush Thring. "That boy ought to be run out of society," he told me and his friend Mr. Blodgett. "The young people can say all they want to about his not being tight; people don't fall down and have to get stitches taken in 'em except in that condition. What I hate is to see a young man of that age not being able to drink like a gentleman. If he can't do that he ought to stay out of decent society!"

"I agree absolutely," Mr. Blodgett said. "But what alarms me is all these young people pouring it down the way this thing shows they do. The idea of boys and girls in their eighteens and twenties getting tight or drinking at all is pretty painful to me, and it's even disgusting; when they're older and at an age when there's a real need of stimulants, why, that's entirely different."

"I should say it is," Mr. Carmichael put in. "But what else can you expect under prohibition?"

"Not a thing!" Mr. Blodgett told him with strong emphasis. "I don't want the saloon back myself, but while that law is on the statute books society has got to expect just such disgraceful episodes as this Bush Thring affair continually."

Pretty much the same thing was being said in almost every middle-aged group up and down the beach; all the older people were denouncing Bush Thring and the youngsters and prohibition, and wondering what the world was coming to. Myself, I got sort of a conscious, guilty feeling over being the parent of two young daughters who seemed to be a conspicuous part of the outfit being condemned; especially because I could see that the parents who were going for the "wild young people" didn't mean their own children but the children of the rest of us, which included mine. Some things I heard made me pretty nervous. I went up to where Mrs. Massey and a number of ladies were sitting, and I saw that Mrs. Massey looked flushed; I understood why, too, when I heard what Mrs. Bullfinch, who was sitting next to her, was saying.

"What I want to know," Mrs. Bullfinch said, "is just how far all this has gone? Now we know that all these wild stories about their drinking are true, how much of the other things we hear are true too? That's what I'd like to know!"

"But surely," Mrs. Massey told her, "we don't know that they all drink."

Another lady there—Mrs. Allstover—was severe with her. "I don't see how anybody can defend them," she said. "Not after this terrible thing that's happened. The worst of it was the example it set the younger younger people, because there were any number of mere children at that dance, even as young as fifteen. Think of their seeing such things!"

Well, there wasn't anything else talked about that morning, and the next night Mrs. Massey and I went to a big dinner of about forty middle-aged people at the cottage next door to us, that belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Weeder, and found that the subject hadn't been exhausted—not by any means. But that party began rather unfortunately for me, or perhaps it'd be more accurate to say I was in plenty of trouble beforehand, because Mrs. Massey and I were an hour late getting there, and she felt that this was my fault and I couldn't argue this impression out of her. I'd gone deep-sea fishing that morning with a native in a power dory, and his engine broke down about nine miles off shore; we couldn't get anybody to tow us until along toward sunset, and, as I had to dress after I finally did get home, Mrs. Massey certainly gave me fits.

But the dinner party had just sat down at seven or eight small tables when we arrived, and Mrs. Weeder made us feel as comfortable as she could and said they hadn't waited at all on our account; so Mrs. Massey began to feel better, especially as everybody seemed very bright and gay and cordial.

In fact, the whole party were talking all at once and making a great deal of noise, and seemed to be in the highest spirits, even though most of them, so far as I could gather, were still discussing Bush Thring and the doings of the young people. The lady next to me, a Mrs. Dalrymple and right good-looking, though probably some over forty, began to talk to me on this subject as soon as I sat down.

"Don't you think it's the most shocking thing you ever heard, Mr. Massey?" she asked me. "I don't suppose we can expect anything better, though, until we can get a President who'll be willing to repeal the Prohibition Act or something. What I feel so terribly myself is the increase in crime, because I have two little sons of my own. The older one is named for his grandfather, General Francis Dalrymple, and the younger one, Henry, is only nine years old. Do you understand what a mother must feel, Mr. Massey, who has two little sons of that age? When you think of all the hijacking that goes on, and the terrible things you read in the paper every day about murders and gangsters and kidnaping and all this frightful political corruption, don't you think we're living in a dreadful epoch, and don't you see how a mother feels, Mr. Massey? You're a man, I know, and of course you look at things in a different light; but surely, after such a thing has happened at the Saturday night dance at the Jefferson Inn, you can appreciate how a mother would feel about Francis and Henry. I wish you knew my two dear little boys, Mr. Massey, because I think if you did you'd understand what I mean better."

"I've seen them at the beach," I told her. "They're nice, good-looking boys; but I don't exactly get your point. I don't see why they'd give you any worries about hijacking, for instance."

"I didn't mean hijacking alone," she said. "I meant the whole crime wave. What a mother has to face is the thought of her innocent, helpless children growing up into a world of lawbreaking and lawbreakers, under such conditions as have never been known before. And you can't keep these conditions from the children, Mr. Massey; you can't veil their young eyes; you can hardly believe how much they know already about what's going on. Last week, one afternoon, they came back from the movies, and Francis said he hadn't enjoyed it because it was the same old triangle, and he was tired of sex shows; and then only yesterday morning my two little boys were playing outside the window where I was writing a letter, and I heard little Francis shouting 'Bang, bang, bang! You're dead!' at his brother, and little Henry shouted 'Bang, bang, bang!' back at Francis, and said, 'I'm not dead; you're dead yourself!' And then they got cross and called each other little names and had a little fight, so that I had to go out and stop them. Henry had a toy automobile full of empty bottles he'd brought up from the cellar, and it opened my eyes, Mr. Massey, and shocked me very painfully to find what they were playing. Little Henry said he was George Greg, his papa's bootlegger, and Francis was playing a hijacker. Now, I ask you: When innocent little children are playing games like that, and young people a little older are behaving the way they do at the Jefferson Inn, isn't anything going to be done about it? How long have we mothers got to go on simply cringing with fear when we think of the future of our children?"

Mr. Carmichael was at that same table. "If you want to know what I think about it," he said, "it's simply this: I think the Jefferson Inn ought to be boycotted and there ought to be a petition to the owners to discharge the manager. If there'd been competent management that thing would never have happened!"

Well, they all agreed to that, and so did the people at the next table; they joined in with our conversation and said Mary's Neck wasn't safe until a manager could be found who would prevent any boy from drinking anything in the inn or having liquor in a car outside, for that matter. "The whole Neck is down on the Jefferson Inn and Bush Thring," one of them said; and Mr. Carmichael declared he was going to the president of the corporation that owned the inn, and have the manager fired.

"I'm going to tell him the Neck won't stand for that fellow any longer, and I won't stand for him any longer myself; he's got to go. I'm going to do that much," he told us, "because I'm getting pretty tired of everybody talking so much about the prohibition evil and never doing anything. That's the whole trouble—people never do anything. We all know these conditions exist, and yet we sit and fold our hands. My daughter Helen is only five years old, but I wouldn't let her go out driving in an automobile with any of these young people here for anything on earth. Because I love that child; I love her. And even if I didn't want her to get killed I wouldn't let her get the name of being seen around in such company. I wouldn't let anyone drive her in an automobile except me, and I've already made that a rule that she's got to live by when she gets old enough. She can't go out with any boy in a car, because you never can tell whether a boy's been drinking or not unless he falls down and breaks whatever he's got on him. If my daughter ever steps into an automobile it's going to be one I'm driving myself!"

He was very stern as he said this, but right afterward he looked mollified and smiled, because the people over at a table in the corner began to sing just then. This was a table where the host, Mr. Weeder, sat, and the people he had with him there were laughing and kind of cutting up and having a pretty jolly time.

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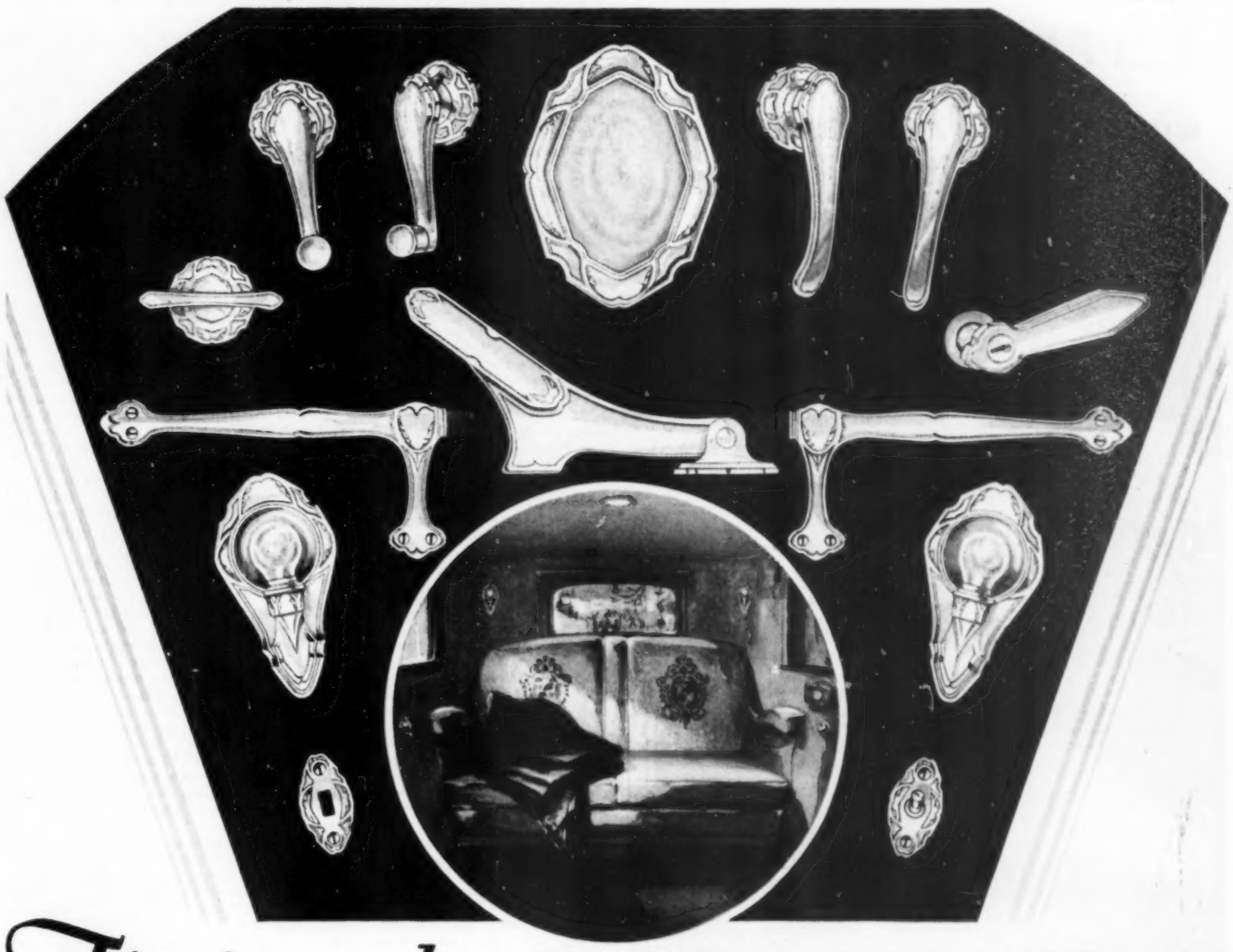
Mr. Carmichael couldn't look stern and sing a song like that at the same time, which was the reason he had to modify the severity of expression he'd worn when he was talking about not allowing Helen to go out with boys in any car he wasn't driving himself. He sang louder than anybody else.

Mrs. Dalrymple didn't seem to approve and began whispering to me about him: "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Carmichael; he always makes such an exhibition of himself."

(Continued on Page 158)

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT



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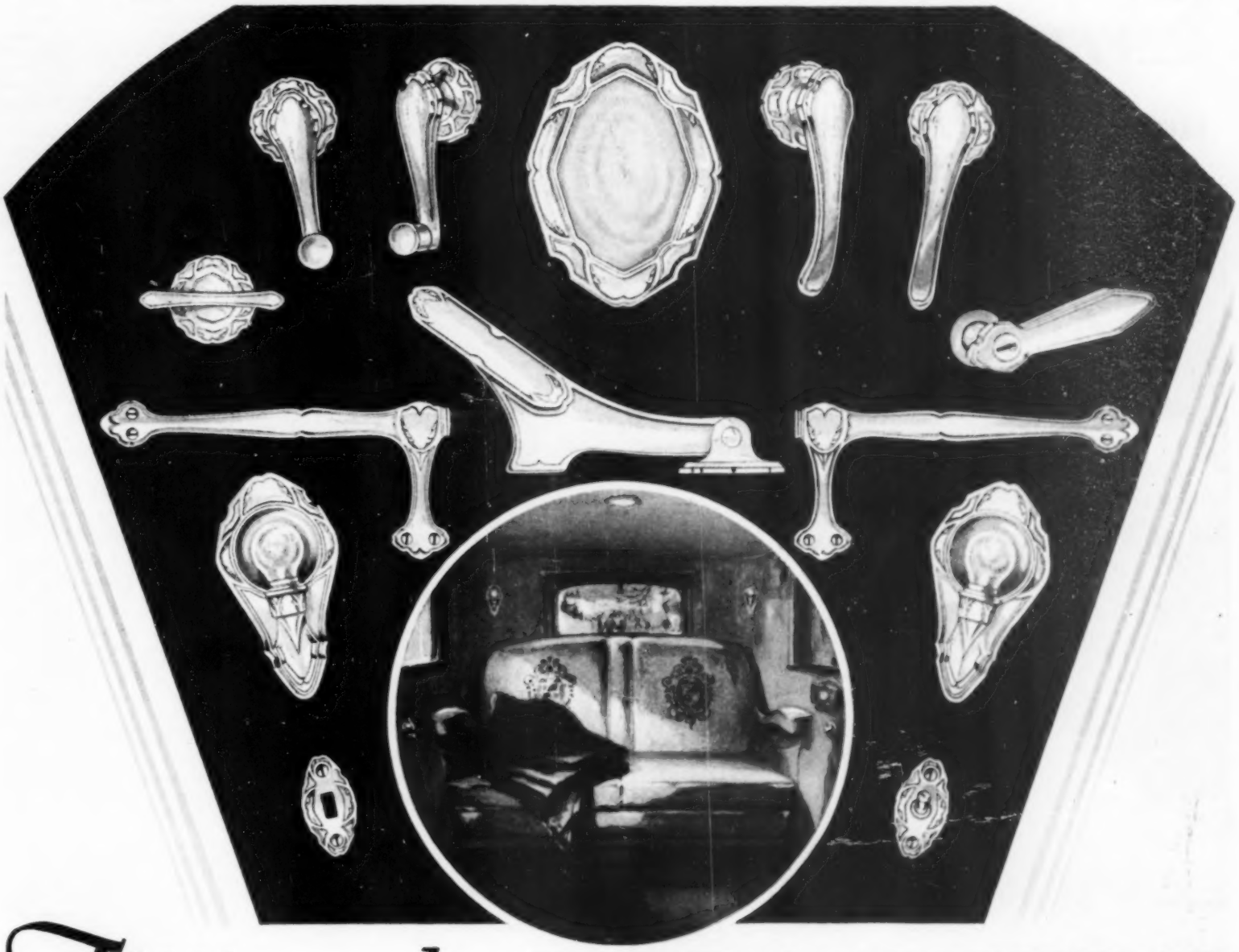
Mrs. Dalrymple didn't seem to approve and began whispering to me about him: "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Carmichael; he always makes such an exhibition of himself."

(Continued on Page 158)

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT



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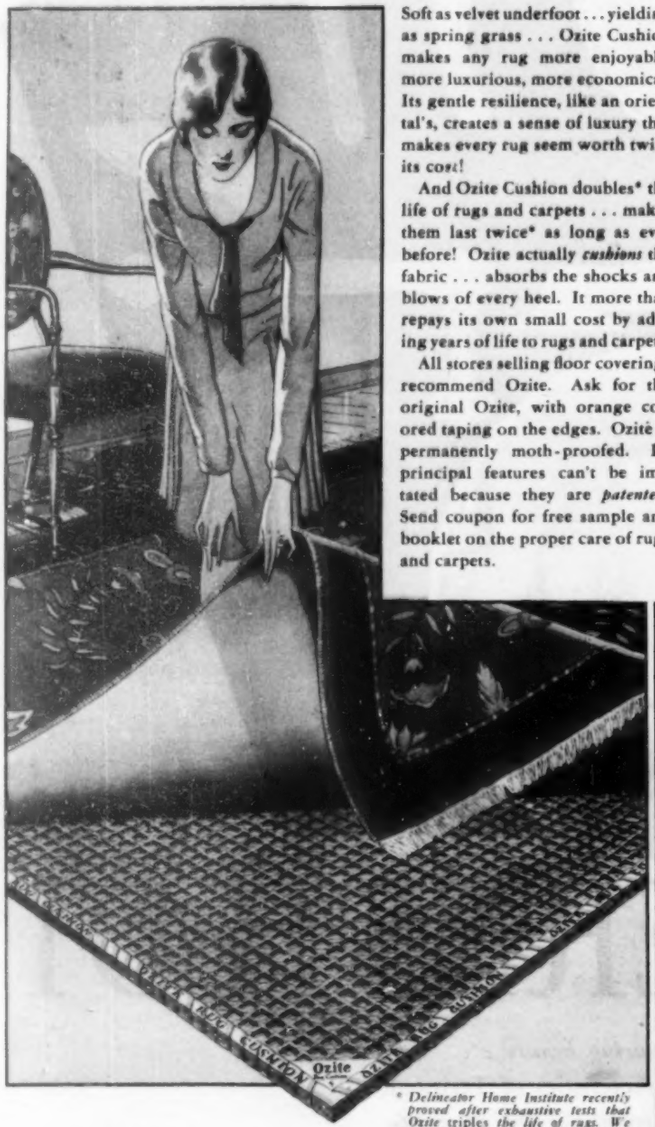

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* *Delineator Home Institute recently proved after exhaustive tests that Ozite triples the life of rugs. We will gladly send a copy of this report.*

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CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells Street, Chicago

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(Continued from Page 156)

But it didn't seem to me that he was making an exhibition of himself particularly; he was just singing like the people at that other table, and keeping time on the edge of his plate with his knife and fork, the way they were; and to me it seemed a pretty innocent kind of jollity. The only thing that surprised me about it was that people who appeared to feel so badly and speak with so much severity about the episode at the Jefferson Inn and the dangers of life for young children could brighten up so quickly and feel so lively. I was a little depressed myself, thinking of Clarissa and Enid, and the general condemnation applied to everybody of their age, but I tried to look gay and keep myself perked up into the spirit of the occasion. Evidently this was being a mighty successful party, and when we left the table and went out to the other rooms and the piazza, most of these middle-aged people began to frolic almost as if they were children again.

Mrs. Massey and I had been to quite a number of small dinners at Mary's Neck, but this was the first big party we'd joined up with, and it was pleasant and surprising to see how jolly and unconscious and informal these people were when they got together in this way. Mr. Weeder and two other gentlemen and three of the ladies went parading up and down the long living-room with their arms about one another's shoulders, and singing:

"We are pals, happy pals,
We are all just boys and gals.
Whoop 'er up for a merry time
togethah!
For we're all just boys and gals,
And we love our dear old pals
In every kind of weathah!"

Every now and then they paraded into Mr. Weeder's study, stayed in there a while and came out again, singing louder than ever. There was another group of seven or eight doing almost the same thing; they went into Mr. Weeder's study, too; then they'd come out and tramp up and down the piazza in the moonlight, singing The Old Oaken Bucket, and one of the ladies pretended to be a jockey riding the piazza railing for a horse, shouting "Gee-up, Dexter!" and whipping with the poker, while the rest played that they were cheering her on to win races. This seemed pretty light-hearted for people mostly over forty to be doing, and I noticed that some of the younger members of the Weeder family, a couple of girls and a boy between twelve and fifteen years old, were looking on from out in the yard with some playmates of theirs, and seemed to be enjoying it too. When I went in again a man was passing around a tray of pretty sizable highballs, and I said to Mr. Blodgett, who was helping himself to one, that it didn't appear to me any artificial stimulus was needed for people already enjoying themselves so thoroughly in their natural high spirits.

"Yes," he said, "it's a lovely evening; but you missed the foundation."

"What was that?" I asked him.

"A solid hour," he told me. "One solid hour of cocktailing before dinner. Perfectly beautiful!"

I didn't take a highball myself, because I don't like them, and just then Mrs. Dalrymple called to me to come and sit with her and some other ladies, and so I went to join them. They were talking pretty loudly; but they had to, because Mr. Weeder and his group of paraders had begun to play poker at a table right near and were making a terrible noise.

"We're back on the same subject, Mr. Massey," Mrs. Dalrymple said to me. "We were discussing what ought to be done about the Jefferson Inn and that boy, Bush Thring, and we want to get your opinion."

Mrs. Allstover was one of this group, and she took up what Mrs. Dalrymple was saying. "It's the whole question of the young people, not just this one instance of wildness," she said, and she took some ice out of her glass and put it in an ash tray. "What ought to concern us parents is their general behavior, not merely this Bush Shring sing—I mean this Bush Thring thing. What I mean, being the mother of a son just grown to manhood myself, the way the girls of this generation try to attract the boys alarms me as much as anything. I simply can't get over the way they dress; and nobody can tell me that wearing knee-length skirts doesn't have a most deleterious effect. Why, if I'd worn such clothes when I was eighteen or nineteen I think my father would have whipped me!"

"So would mine!" Mrs. Osgood, another lady of this group, chimed in. "I often wake up at night thinking of the danger my own son is exposed to from these modern girls. For instance, look at the way they smoke! When a young man and a girl get to smoking together ——"

Mrs. Dalrymple interrupted; she was smoking a cigarette herself, in a long, amber holder, and she laughed. "No, I think we ought to be a little broad-minded about that. I've always believed that a girl has just as much right to smoke as a boy has. It's these short skirts that I object to, because of their deleterious effect. They can't help but have that kind of effect, because what I say is, human nature is human nature every time. Don't you think so, Mrs. Bullfinch?"

"Yes," Mrs. Bullfinch answered, "I do. I believe you're right."

"Certainly you are," Mrs. Allstover put in, and she appealed to me. "Don't you think so, Mr. Massey? Don't you agree that human nature is human nature every time?"

"Well, I don't know," I said, because I was a little embarrassed by the question. The clothes these ladies were wearing didn't seem to be very different from what they were criticizing, and the way they were sitting around in them made me feel kind of conscious while we were on that subject, and I was afraid they might have the idea I was affected by human nature myself, which wasn't the case; and I didn't like to commit myself in any way that would make it appear it was. "What I mean," I went on, getting red—"I mean we're all pretty much used to 'em by this time, so we hardly notice any more, and I doubt if the boys think anything about it. My own two daughters ——"

But of course all the ladies broke out at me there and said they'd never dreamed of thinking anything about human nature as connected with my girls; they all agreed that Enid and Clarissa were perfect, and they'd never dreamed of criticizing them; they were talking about the other girls entirely.

"It's the whole subject of the younger generation," Mrs. Dalrymple said, "and what sort of men and women they're going to grow up to be—that's the problem we parents have to face." She paused for a moment, because the man with the tray was going around again and stopped beside her. She declined any more, but finished the glass she already had and put it on his tray. Then she went on: "What's brought the question to a head is this Push Shring thing." She coughed and corrected herself, speaking slowly: "This Bush Thing—this Bush Thring thing. I mean, there's one terrible phase that is the worst of the whole situation and it's what we parents ought to regard most seriously of all, because we ought to regard it that way if we have any regard not only for our own children but regard for the future of our country. Don't you all think so?"

She spoke with a great deal of earnestness and pretty impressively, and, though I couldn't quite make out her meaning, the other ladies all looked serious and seemed to agree with her.

"Every single word you say is true," Mrs. Bullfinch said; and the others nodded and said indeed it was.

Mrs. Dalrymple looked a little cross. "Wait till I come to the point," she told them. "What I mean is, the most terrible evil of all the evils of prohibition is the

(Continued on Page 161)

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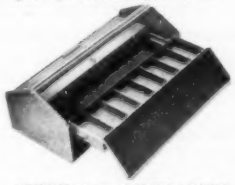

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(Continued from Page 158)

affect on our children and our young people in teaching them disrespect for law. Isn't that what they're learning all over the United States? Aren't all the little children in the land growing up to hold the very Constitution of our country in disrespect and contempt? Isn't that the worst of the evil?"

At that, the whole group broke out into exclamations that showed how enthusiastically they agreed with her.

"You put your finger on the very spot," Mrs. Allstover told her. "It's just what my husband and I have said a thousand times. What sort of citizens is this disrespect for law going to make of our children?"

"It's exactly what Mr. Bullfinch says to me practically every day," Mrs. Bullfinch put in. "'What right have a few bigots,' he keeps asking me—'what right have a few bigots to take away the personal liberty of the whole country and bring on this crime wave and teach our children to grow up disrespecting the laws?' Mr. Bullfinch says these bigots ——"

She went on, but nobody could hear her because all the ladies began to talk at once, telling how their husbands said the same thing and how strongly they agreed with them, and besides, Mr. Carmichael came up to the group just then and joined in. He didn't sit down with us; he just kind of leaned on Mrs. Bullfinch, holding his glass over her as he talked, so that she got nervous and changed her seat. But he went on leaning against the side of the chair and didn't seem to notice. "You're absolutely right, Mrs. Bullfinch," he said, and he was frowning severely. "That's what my little Helen's got to face—an utter disrespect for the laws of her country. I love that child. I tell you I love her, and so does my wife love her. Mrs. Carmichael loves her, too. I love her and she loves her and we both love her, and we're her own father and mother. I don't mean the rest of you don't love your own children, because there wouldn't be any reason for you not to, and so you probably do, because they're all in the same boat and have got to grow up with this disrespect for law hanging over 'em; and until that amendment is repealed we can't do anything to abate it—not a thing! We're helpless—absolutely helpless. We're helpless to help our children—helpless to help little helpless children. We're helpless to help little helpless children and they can't help themselves, and we can't help ourselves, so we're helpless."

He went on talking about helplessness that way, but it was hard to hear him because there was so much noise, and Mrs. Dalrymple told me not to pay any attention to him anyhow.

"Everybody has the greatest sympathy for his wife," she told me. "Mrs. Carmichael is a perfect martyr to him, because she can hold so much more than he can without showing it; it spoils all her pleasure in going out."

But Mr. Carmichael was determined to make himself heard. "Can't you ladies listen to me for one minute?" he shouted at them. "I've got something important to say about this affair of Push—Puss—I mean that boy. Are we going to fold our hands as if we were absolutely helpless?" He seemed to get angry, and he shook his fist at Mrs. Allstover for emphasis. "You may be helpless, Mrs. Bullfinch," he said. "But I'm not; I'm not a helpless man! I'm going to have the manager of the Jefferson Inn fired by nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and I'm going to have Push Bring sent away from here on a long, long sailing voyage. Am I right or am I wrong?"

Nobody answered him, maybe because just then a phonograph broke out with the loudest kind of jazz in the next room, and the racing people came in from the piazza pretty noisily. They were trotting in single file, stooped over, and shouting "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" pretending they were Indians. Then some more people came out of Mr. Weeder's study, where they'd been all the time; they were singing about how they were dear old pals and just boys and gals, and they joined the Indians, and all of them went into the room where the music was; and Mr. Carmichael went with them, and he and Mr. Blodgett waltzed together until they bumped into the man with the tray and all three of them fell down.

Then, just as this happened, a most awful squealing broke out, and at first I thought it was Mr. Carmichael, and that he must be hurt; but he didn't have such a treble voice as this squealing was in, so I saw it was something else. It came from outside a window that opened on the piazza, and pretty soon I understood what it was, because a nursemaid looked in at the window and spoke to Mrs. Weeder, who was at the poker table with her husband's party.

"It's Master Charlie," the nursemaid told her. "I can't get him to go to bed, and he kicks and fights me something dreadful because he says he wants to keep on watching the party. I can't do a thing with him!"

Mr. Weeder pushed over a pile of chips he owed one of the ladies and told the nursemaid to bring Charlie to him; so she came round in the door, leading the little boy by the hand, and Mr. Weeder patted him on the head.

"Kiss da-da good night," he said; and little Charlie did it, and kissed his mother, and then marched off with the nurse like a little man.

Everybody said what a sweet, obedient child he was; then the ladies where I was sitting got back again to the subject we'd been talking about before; and somebody shut the doors into the room where the phonograph and dancing were going on, so we could hear ourselves.

"Besides this disrespect for law that they're learning," Mrs. Osgood said, "there's another angle to it that bothers me whenever I think of it. What I mean by another angle is simply another view of the same proposition. If children aren't brought up to respect the law they simply haven't any respect for it, and that's the angle I was speaking of as the other view you could take of it, if you were looking at it from a different angle. For instance, if you do look at it from this angle I'm speaking of, what other conclusion can you come to? Mr. Massey, naturally you're a man, and so, of course, being a man, you'd probably be apt to take a man's angle yourself; but I wish you'd explain these different angles to us and give us your opinion. Besides being a man with that angle, you're a father, too, and that would help to explain. Would you tell us, simply and plainly, what you think about it?"

What she said confused me considerably, and I told her I was afraid I didn't understand her question, so Mrs. Dalrymple made it clearer.

"It's like this," she said. "What troubles us is the fudility of it all—I mean the futility of it all—and we want to know if you see any remedy? Mr. Carmichael doesn't often speak very wisely, but there is something in what he said. Are we as helpless as he believes? Are we simply to sit with folded hands and see our children growing up to learn this disregard for law that distresses us all so terribly?"

"Let me understand you a little better," I said. "I'm still a little confused about your question. If I get it anywhere near right, you're asking me whether or not I can imagine anything you could do that would help to keep your children from growing up with a disrespect for the law and the Constitution. Is that correct?"

"Yes," she told me, "exactly. That's what we want to know."

Well, I didn't want to be a wet blanket, but since she put it that way and all these ladies leaned forward as if they thought I might be going to say something important, it seemed to me that I really ought to tell them. I was going to do it, too; but just then the man with the tray came around again; and this time there was a big bowl of bubbling punch, with ice and

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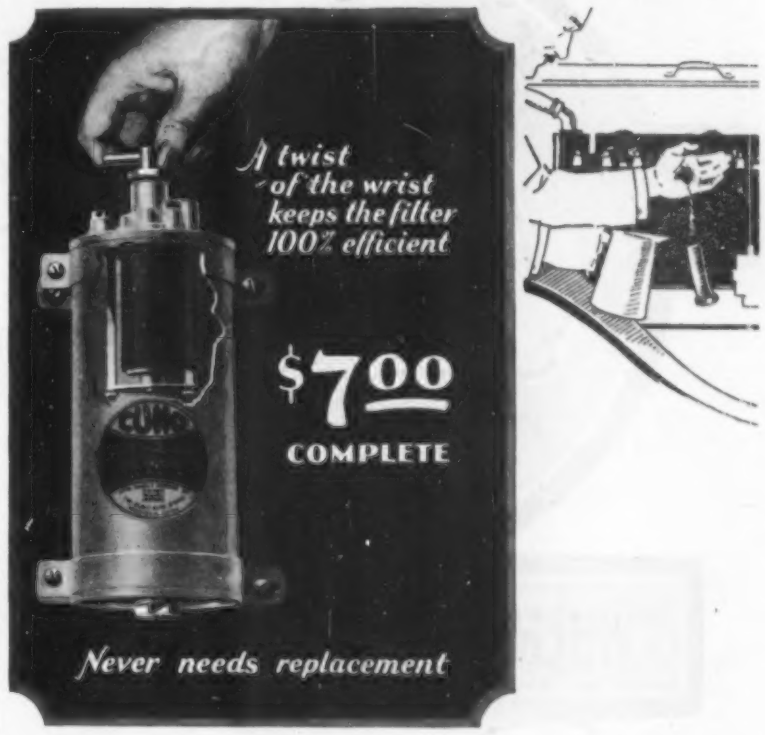
Do you mix dirt with your oil?



"Of course not," you say. Yet you leave dirt there when it once gets in. For even changing the oil won't remove *all* the dirt—and more keeps accumulating. The oil picks up these abrasive particles and carries them to the motor—*unless your filter is really filtering.*

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For any car having pressure oil system, but not equipped with filter, ask for Model No. 105—$8.00 complete, including necessary brackets.

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If your dealer has not yet stocked the CUNO Auto-Klean OIL FILTER, send order and money direct to us for immediate delivery, stating make, model and year of car. Prices slightly more in Canada.

FOR TRUCKS, BUSES AND OTHER PURPOSES—Two standard sizes are made for use on motor cars, buses, trucks, domestic oil burners, Diesel engines, machine tools and similar equipment whose filtration requirements are practically standardized.

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At the A&P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries

(Continued from Page 161)

fruit in it, and Mrs. Osgood gave a little cry of delight.

"Wait, Mr. Massey," she told me. "This is a champagne punch, and no one in the world knows how to make it like Mrs. Weeder. Wait till we all get our glasses filled and then tell us what you were going to say, and we'll enjoy your remarks infinitively more and everything'll be simply delicious! Wait just a minute, Mr. Massey."

I waited, of course, but just when they had all fixed themselves with supplies and said they were ready for me to speak up, somebody opened the doors into the room where the dancing was going on, and Mr. Blodgett and Mr. Carmichael came out, dancing together, but not managing the steps very well; and Mrs. Carmichael was trying to separate them and make her husband listen to what she was saying about hiring a car to go home instead of letting him drive, which she wasn't going to do, because she had some regard for her life, she told him. Then all the other dancers came out with their arms around one another, and singing:

"We are pals, happy pals,
We are all just boys and gals!" . . .

At that, the ladies who'd been sitting with me joined in the song, waving their glasses; and most of 'em stood up to kind of swing with the song and make it louder, the way people do when they get in the spirit of a thing like that; so I knew they hadn't expected me to say anything very useful in response to their question, after all. And Mrs. Massey came to me just then and said for heaven's sake let's go home, because she couldn't stand the noise any more and was getting a headache. So we told Mr. and Mrs. Weeder good-night, and got away.

Walking across from the Weeders' lawn to ours, I told Mrs. Massey about the question the ladies had asked me, and she said she was mighty glad I hadn't answered it, because all they'd have felt was that I was some sort of a narrow-minded fanatic or something that wanted to spoil everything, and it would have made me thoroughly unpopular and not have done one bit of good to anybody. I said I guessed she was right, and of course she was; and then we walked up our own piazza steps, and there in a wicker chair, talking to our two girls, sat nobody on earth but Mr. Bush Thring. He jumped up right away and said he'd been waiting to see me, which surprised me pretty uncomfortably, but I took him into the house and asked him what I could do for him.

Of course I couldn't help feeling a little prejudiced against him, the way anybody naturally does when a whole community goes around saying how terrible somebody is, and besides, when you hear anybody's name as much mispronounced as I'd heard his, it sort of sets you against him a little bit, even though there isn't any reason in such a thing. But I couldn't help noticing that he was a right manly-looking boy in spite of all this; he was serious, too, and kind of quiet and modest.

"Sir," he said, "I thought I ought to speak with you before coming to your house to see your daughters again, because I don't want to be here if you don't want me here, and if you don't, I'd rather have you tell me yourself than put either Enid or Clarissa to the embarrassment of your having one of them tell me you don't want me."

"Well, that's fair," I said. "Go on."

He did. "I know that since last Saturday night I've been talked about pretty severely, but it seems to me I might be able to say a word for myself to people whose houses I like to go to, and let them judge for themselves. I hadn't had a single drink out of that bottle I broke, Mr. Massey, as it happened, but I don't say I didn't mean to use some of it later, because I did. Four or five of the other boys and I were going to have a little party among ourselves down on the beach with cold lobster and something to drink. That's all there was to it, except for the accident of my falling down. I'm twenty-two myself, and the other boys who planned the lobster feast are about my age, and what we all are sorry for is that there were a number of youngsters around sixteen or so at the dance, and of course it isn't good for them to think that we older fellows are running rather wild."

"So that worries you?" I asked him. "What about the people older than you? Don't you think such a thing might have a bad effect on middle-aged people too? Don't you think it might help to make them feel a disrespect for the law and the Constitution?"

He looked troubled. "I hope not," he told me. "I don't think there's much harm, sir, if boys of my age have a little party like that now and then, if they don't carry it too far and just have a good time among themselves. But I do hate to see older people doing too much in that line. It may be inconsistent, sir, but you'll find that most everybody of my age feels that the worst of the whole prohibition evil is the way the older people seem to be showing more and more disrespect for the law and the Constitution, the older they get."

"So you don't think ——" I began; but we had to stop talking for a minute because the noise at the next cottage got so loud just then. Besides the singing and music and dancing that was going on, there was a big thumping and bumping and some more louder singing than ever, and then the racket of an automobile engine in the driveway, being raced, and I heard Mrs. Carmichael shouting: "Get him out of that car, Mr. Blodgett! Don't let him throw the clutch in!" And Mr. Carmichael was singing some more about how they were all just boys and gals, and seeming to have quite a little fight at the same time with Mr. Blodgett, who was using a good deal of language.

"Yes, sir?" Bush Thring said, when there was a chance for us to hear each other again. "You were asking me?"

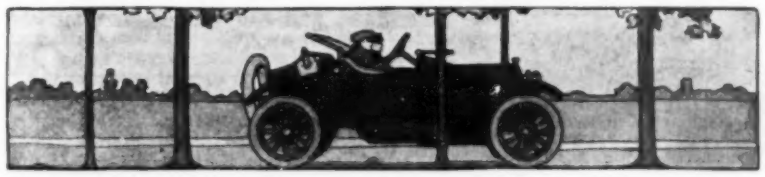
"Ever since I came here," I told him, "I've been hearing more and more about how wild all you young people are, but I haven't been able to find out exactly how wild you really are. What do you think about it yourself? Do you think any other people are a little wilder than you are, maybe?"

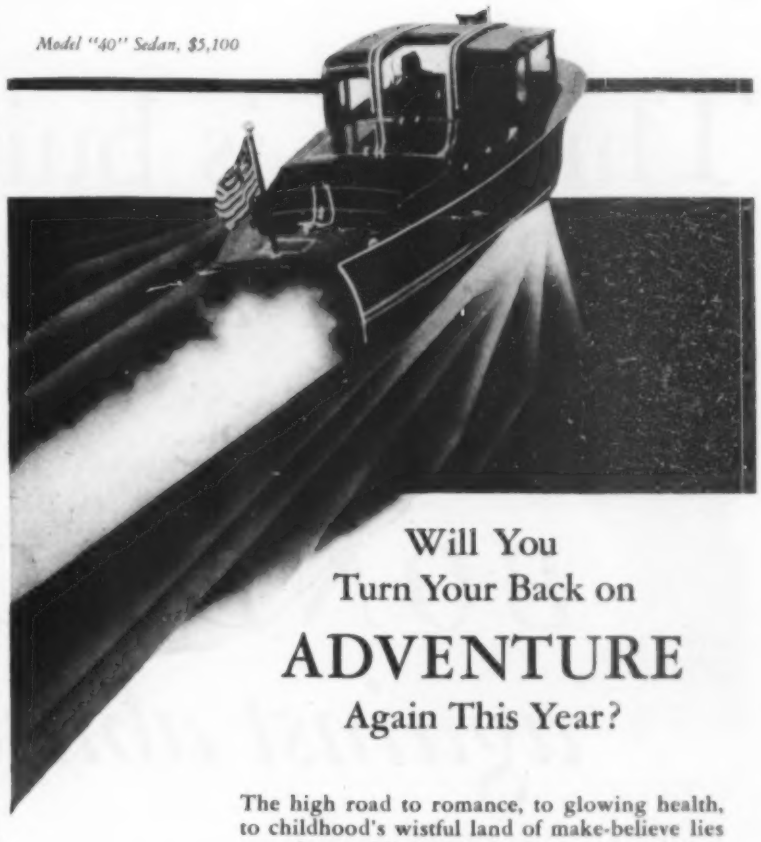
"Do I think?" he asked me, and I could see he was going on to say quite a good deal; but I stopped him.

"It's all right," I told him. "You've stirred things up enough at Mary's Neck without starting any arguments of the kind I see you're thinking of. It's evident that somebody else is always the wild one; but we'll let that go; there's another question I want to ask you. It concerns this disrespect for the law and Constitution you said was bothering you. Do you think there's anything could be done about it?"

He frowned, looking thoughtful. "Yes, sir," he said, "I think a great deal could be done to remedy the situation. I think if these middle-aged and older people could be got to take this question seriously and give up their ——"

"Never mind," I told him. "Go back to the piazza and talk to the girls about it, if you want to; I've already got too much on my mind."





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A guarantee that is a seal of confidence

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CONVICTION OF SIN

(Continued from Page 19)

"If it works out it works out," Carl said, pronouncing judgment, "and if it don't work out it's a good setback fur him once."

Hearty fragrances filled the kitchen next morning. The fragrance of sausage, the fragrance of browning batter cakes, the fragrance of frying new-laid eggs. Carl liked to drench his cakes with the broken yellows of his eggs and eat them in great dripping forkfuls. It was shortly after daylight and the Holzoppel family was blinking sleepily.

"Carl." The old man put his knife and fork down quietly. Something in the appearance of his sons' clothing had caught his attention. He closed his eyes and opened them again, and they clung to the coat of his first-born. "Carl"—his voice was unbelieving—"what makes it, with your coat?"

Carl's hand fumbled self-consciously where his buttons had been and where now there was a neat unornamented line which marked where the plain side of his coat had been pulled over and fastened with hooks and eyes. "I've went Plain," he said stolidly. "Max too. We've went Plain." His eyes sought his sister's.

"They found it in their hearts," Alfie prompted. "You found it in your heart for to join the Plain People, didn't you, Carlie?" Her tone was honeyed. "Only last night they asked me would I sew the hooks and the eyes on for them."

"Max." The old man's eyes went to his other son. "Max." His voice broke. His hands were unsteady on their shoulders. "Boys—stand up once, boys."

They stood. "We—we went Plain." Max shuffled sheepishly.

"Carl." Their father's voice was still uncertain. "Maxie." He stood up too. He put a hand on a shoulder of each and bowed his head. He prayed. The others listened, red creeping up the necks of his sons, up the cheeks, up the temples. The breakfast grew cold and still he prayed. He brought his old Bible out and read a chapter from it and blew his nose and sat down. Mrs. Holzoppel got up heavily and scraped charred remnants of batter cake from her smooth black iron griddle in a daze and poured fresh batter on. She lifted a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. She came back smiling to the table.

"For a long time I have prayed it in my heart," the old man said.

"And me—me, too." Mrs. Holzoppel's apron came up again and fresh tears started.

"But I didn't think ever that I should live to see this day." Jake Holzoppel looked at his two stalwart sons and his eyes rejoiced. He helped himself generously to hot griddlecakes. Alfie picked a morsel of food up daintily with her fork and placed it in her mouth.

"Such a talking to as you gave them last night, pop," she said archly. "They took it right into their hearts. Ain't it, Carlie?"

"It is so," Carl groped for words redly. "Such words you had, they stuck by us. We talked them out down in the lane. 'Why ain't you Plain?' you asked us. 'Your pop is Plain, and your grandpop before him was ——'"

"Runnin'—always runnin' out by parties, by dances and by motion-pitcher shows," Max said lugubriously. "You had right, pop. It will be different by us now. We—we talked ourselves into goin' Plain once."

"All new clothes we couldn't buy us at once—that we knew—but Alfie ——"

"I snipped the buttons right off of their coats and shirts," Alfie said self-righteously. "I sewed the hooks and the eyes onto them. I"—she cast her eyes down now in sweet humility and her voice became almost inaudible—"I maybe will join too. I—I got it in my head to think about."

"Och!" Jake Holzoppel was speechless. "Och, mom!" He looked about at his chastened family with unbelieving eyes. Only last night they had stood up to him, they had talked the heresy of the young, the heresy of the new jazz-mad generation that he trembled for. And now look at them. "Och, mom!" He was helpless before his unwonted emotion. He could only harpoon a fresh helping of griddlecakes and begin eating industriously. "You could maybe cook me another egg, mom," he said gently.

Alfie seemed loath to start to school. She took her apron off and washed her hands at the kitchen sink. She went up to her room and felt about with her hands on the bottom of one of her bureau drawers. From under the heaps of freshly laundered underthings she retrieved a box of powder and a box of rouge. She made her face up daintily. You never knew who was going to drive by the mile and a half of highway that led to the school. Rubbing a rouged finger delicately across her upper lip, she knelt softly down by an open register in the floor. Her room was above the kitchen and in winter a pipe brought heat from the kitchen stove to this hole in the floor. She put her ear down close to the grating. She listened.

"Och, boys!" She heard her father boom at length, and she hugged herself tightly. "We got to get started on those there potatoes today. It comes our turn for the trucks pretty soon." He spoke with huge complacency. His crop was probably the best in the county and he'd realize a neat sum from it this year. "I got the tractor all cleaned and oiled as far back as last week a'ready." His complacency spread. "You could maybe take her out this morning, Carl, and Max this afternoon."

The boys were silent, and Alfie leaned closer to the grating, hugging herself more tightly.

"We ain't got no time to lose," their father said sharply. "If a frost comes once it will maybe learn you to move."

"It don't seem to me I could very handy take the tractor out this morning," Carl said slowly. Alfie put both hands to her mouth to silence a little squeal of delight.

"What!" Her father's tone was suspicious. "Well," he grunted, "Maxie, then. You, Maxie ——"

"It don't seem like I—I ——" Max came close to choking. "It don't seem like I could very handy take the tractor out this morning either, pop."

"Whatever!" Alfie heard her father's voice go up in astonishment, and she rocked back and forth on the floor. "You go out and start that there machine!" he roared at them impartially.

"It don't seem I could, pop," Carl said sorrowfully. "It goes against me that I should run that there tractor, now I've went Plain."

"You hist yourself onto that there tractor!" Jake Holzoppel roared. "You've went Plain and you can't dig up my potatoes fur me! What's them two things got to do onto each other?"

"I could dig them fur you with a pick," Carl said gently.

"Yes, pop," Max agreed, "with a pick we could upturn them fur you easy."

"Easy? Easy!" The storm gathered force. "With a pick you could dig up all them acres of potatoes yet! Easy you could do it? You think you're smart, don't you?" he inquired furiously. "You stop that there dopplich talk with me oncet! I'll learn you!" The room shook and the grating rattled as he clumped up and down. "Get that there tractor out oncet!" he bawled.

"I won't drive no tractor," Carl said flatly. "It's an automobile, that's what it is. I won't drive no automobile. I have went Plain."

"I've went Plain, too," Max echoed. "That there is a contraption of the devil. I won't put no foot in it."

"A tractor is a tractor and an automobile is an automobile yet," their father said with dangerous calm. "Boys," he pleaded. "What makes you so dumb yet anyhow, boys? Come on with, now, out by the barn. We ain't got no time. We got to get them potatoes out of the ground or the trucks will be down on us a'ready."

"A tractor is a wehicle of evil, pop," Carl said wearily. "It come to me only last night a'ready what it was. It wouldn't set right with my conscience should I take a thing like that and ride myself on it."

"Didn't the good Lord give you arms fur to do your work with?" Max questioned gently. "Would it set right with Him that you should ride such a machine up and down your fields?"

Alfie had slipped down. She circled about them, her eyes wide. "Och, boys," she chided, "suppose the frost should come."

"Frost! Frost, yet!" It was to her father as a red flag waved in front of a bull. "She has right. Listen to her oncet."

The storm broke again. Jake coaxed. He pleaded. He shouted until the solid old house seemed to shake on its foundations and until Mrs. Holzoppel sat down on a chair and rocked back and forth, her apron to her eyes, but they would not be moved.

"You make jokes by your old pop, I guess, ain't it?" he inquired at length, weakly.

"It ain't no joke by me," Carl asserted obstinately.

"Nor by me it ain't no joke," Max upheld him firmly.

"Should I have to go out and hire fur to git my tractor run fur me?" He looked at them incredulously.

"Pop"—a worried frown appeared on his elder son's brow—"it wonders me you would leave a sinful contraption like that there be run on your land even. It wonders me you would take profit from potatoes dug up out of the ground by such a sinful means." He jumped quickly to avoid a blow which grazed his head.

"Tractors is sinful? Tractors is sinful yet!" the old man shouted. "I have to go out and hire off my work fur me, is it? My own sons stand up to me and tell me what is sin and what ain't, do they? Mom, bring me my hat. Mom here"—he quieted himself with a mighty effort—"she will tell you there ain't no sense by your words, boys. Tractors ain't sinful; you tell it to them, mom."

"I don't know," mom said slowly. She looked up at her tall sons in their neatly hooked jackets and a new and half fearful respect came into her eyes. "Maybe they have right, pop," she said. "Maybe tractors is sinful yet. It makes a noise like the judgment comin', still." She shuddered.

His lips moved, his face was beet red, but no words came. He strode out. His feet clumped heavily over his clipped lawn and over the neat pattern of his farm yard. Alfie peeped after him.

"He's goin' out to hire," she reported gleefully.

She was a red flash going by the barn door while he harnessed old Jerry. She was in her red sweater, her chin ducked down, her books hugged tightly in her arm. She hadn't been able to tear herself away from her corner until now. She was running to be on time for school, and a color pressed up into her cheeks and put the rouge to shame.

"Look oncet." Elvira Winstetter nudged her seat mate, Emmy Deeter, a few moments after school took up. "Look how teacher makes queer behind that g'ography," she whispered excitedly.

Emmy looked with interested small blue eyes. "She's cryin'," she discovered.

Elvira hitched her thin body to a half-standing position and peered more closely. "She hain't not cryin'," she contradicted. "She's laughin'."

Teacher was laughin'! The two small girls, ever alert for new manifestations of phenomena on the part of this so-pink-cheeked young teacher, pulled their own

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dog-eared geography books from the desk and hunched down behind them with smothered sympathetic snickers.

"Where's pop?" Alfie came rather cautiously into the kitchen again at 4:30. "What are you havin' for supper, mom? Where's Carlie? Where's Max?" She moved about nervously. She took a yellow apple from the pan on her mother's lap and bit into it.

"Schnitz and knepp," said Mrs. Holzoppel heavily. "Pop's sittin' in the room there"—she lowered her voice cautiously—"tryin' to find it in the Bible if it says anything about takin' in the crops with anything else but your hands. Carlie is out fixin' around by his hogpen. Max is in the barn maybe. I don't want to live through no such a day again ever."

"H'm." Alfie chewed. "They didn't dig no potatoes today, did they, mom? I saw the tractor out in the field, though. How'd it get there?"

"Your pop hired young Ed Doltz fur to dig fur him." Mrs. Holzoppel sighed. She lifted apples and pared them, long spirals of skin falling into her pan. "No sooner he got started, though, than your pop was out stoppin' him. It began to worry him in the head that the boys had right maybe—that tractors was maybe sinful." She shook her head slowly. "I don't know, Alfie"; the glance she cast at her daughter was sore beset. "What fur thoughts have you on it?"

Alfie moved carefully to the doorway which commanded a view of her father with his Bible. "If automobiles is sinful, tractors is certainly sinful too," she said clearly. "He stopped Ed Doltz from runnin' it, did he?" She came back to her mother and picked daintily at her apple. Her face was suffused with pink.

"He come in and asked me what fur thoughts I had," her mother went on mournfully. "'Is it just as sinful to have a tractor as to have an automobile on your land yet?' he asked me. I don't know." Again Mrs. Holzoppel's sigh sounded. "Maybe it is, yet."

Her father came in to supper. Carl came in. Max came in. They ate boiled apple dumplings, schnitz and knepp. There was no talk. Alfie filled great heavy cups full of coffee and set them by their plates. Now and then Max looked at her. Carl looked at her and she looked at Carl.

"Pop"—she slipped back into her chair after replenishing the milk pitcher—"Forrest, the farm agent, stopped to pick me up in his car. I wouldn't step in with him, though. 'My pop doesn't give me the dare to step in an automobile,' I told him. He started his engine up to go and then he stopped it again on him. 'Has your pop got his potatoes in yet?' he asked me. 'No,' I said. 'Tell him to hurry,' he said. 'Tell him it comes in over the radio from the college there will be frost.'"

Carl stirred in his chair. Max stirred. Jake put his spoon down and pushed back his chair. He got up in silence and went from the table, out of the room.

"Och, Alfie"—her mother looked at her reproachfully—"look how you went and spoiled his supper on him."

"Frost so soon yet!" Max scoffed, but in a voice curiously weak. "Colleges know everything, don't they?"

"Maybe they do, then," his sister said pertly.

Carl ate slowly. He had nothing to say. There was a new quality in the glances he exchanged with Max. The two went slowly down the lane after supper. They were sitting there quietly on the wall when Alfie joined them, her red sweater buttoned up to her chin against the sudden chill in the air. Max and Carl looked off over the potato slopes and smoked their cigarettes. They were bred-in-the-bone farm boys and the threat of frost with potatoes in the ground deprived them of talk. The scheme had seemed well enough last night, their hunched shoulders said, but frost on the potatoes—on the crop on which they had labored all summer. They were quiet.

"You made that up out of your head." Carl turned on her suddenly.

"I made up nothing." She kicked gently with her heels against the stone wall. "It comes over by radio there may be early frost."

Max twisted a lock of his front hair. Carl stamped his cigarette out carefully and threw it into a field.

"Och"—Alfie hugged herself, twisting her small body right and left—"to see pop's face once when you told him you have gone Plain!" They were silent. "To see his face when you told him it went against you to run tractors," she gurgled.

"More than six hunert bushels per each acre we should have got this year." Max's head was in his hands and his voice was tortured. Carl looked at her and away again. He stared levelly ahead at the potato slopes.

"Carlie—Max"—she had a sudden fear—"you wouldn't back out on me now, boys?"

No. Grunts were wrenched from the depths of their thrifty German souls. They wouldn't back out on her. How could they make such fools out of themselves as that there? Would she shut up, Max inquired ominously.

She shut up. She left their uncongenial company after a little bit and sauntered back up the lane and through the orchard. There was a white moon. The corn was beyond the orchard. The corn was high and shut off her view of the potato fields. Coming out at the other end of the orchard, she followed the line of the corn and came to a clearing. As she stood there a figure came up from the other side of the ridge. First a head, then shoulders and arms, then trunk and legs—it seemed to be part of the earth itself. Its shoulders were sunk and its great hands opened and closed. It was Jake Holzoppel brooding over his potatoes. He walked heavily one way and then turned and walked as heavily the other way. He went slowly, and hastened his pace, and went slowly again. He was driven here and there, ploddingly.

"Och, pop!" Alfie slipped back into the shelter of the corn and laughed down into the security of her cupped hands. "Such a prancing." She watched. "The religion is pulling him one way and the price for them potatoes is pulling him the other way, yet!" She squeezed her slight body until her giggle became audible. One eyebrow went up and the other down. She pulled a dried tassel from an ear of seed corn and held it to her lip, taking a zigzag course back toward the orchard. "Maybe something will learn him something yet," she murmured enigmatically, stroking the corn tassel, winking one eye.

The cold had intensified next morning. Alfarata made a flying leap from bed to close her windows and then stood motionless. There was a white rime on field and fence and tree. Every twig and leaf and blade of grass was delicately outlined.

"Mom"—she couldn't keep the tremor from her voice, stepping into the big kitchen—"did it freeze then?"

"Not—not yet." Mrs. Holzoppel's fingers picked at her apron. She stood at a window and looked out over the fields. "Your pop didn't sleep all night with the worry," she volunteered. "He called the boys up at five o'clock to go out with and dig with the picks yet. They have been out diggin' a long time a'ready."

"H'm." Alfie reflected on this, giggling a little. "Is pop crazy?" she inquired then, tranquilly. "It would take till Christmas to dig up all those potatoes with picks." She attacked her breakfast daintily.

"It wonders me ——" Her mother turned from the window. She went heavily down on one knee and took a little pan of freshly baked biscuits from the oven. "It wonders me whether it is more sinful to use a tractor oncet or to leave all them potatoes freeze in the ground on us, Alfie." She looked at her daughter, a deep line forming between her eyes.

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 166)

"If automobiles is sinful, then tractors is sinful, too," Alfie reminded her. "It didn't come into my head that way till the boys spoke words about it," she confessed.

"Maybe," her mother said tonelessly. "Maybe. It is all our profit lost fur us, however." She twisted her apron again and looked out over the farm in patient bewilderment. "All our profits froze in the ground on us, maybe."

Alfie hummed a light tune as she went down the lane. At the highway she met the farm agent's coupé turning in.

"Hello!" Forrest opened the door and hailed her. "Where's your father, Miss Holzoppel? Has he started getting his potatoes in yet?"

"He's over in the fields with the boys." She tilted her head in the direction of the south slopes. "They started on them this morning."

"Well, it's about time," the agent grunted.

"With picks, Mr. Forrest."

"With what?"

"With picks. This way." She demonstrated.

"What do you mean?" The agent stared. "Good Lord, did you make it clear that a freeze was expected? Is your tractor broken? Can't your father borrow one?"

"Yes, I did, Mr. Forrest. No, it ain't—isn't broken. You see"—she swung her books—"pop doesn't uphold to tractors any more."

"Doesn't what!" the agent barked. "Has he lost his mind? What do you mean, he doesn't uphold ——"

"It comes to him, and to the boys, too, that tractors is sinful, Mr. Forrest," she said smoothly.

The door of the coupé slammed and the car jumped forward, up the lane.

Alfie watched it. "He's going to talk to him some." She frowned. "Maybe it is better I should be there too." She cut across the field.

Carl and Max had been digging potatoes since daybreak. They rested now from their labors, their heads sheepishly down. They fastened their eyes each upon a clod of earth at their feet and listened to the farm agent. Their father stopped working, too, but did not seem to listen. His eyes followed the potatoes outward, row upon row, slope upon slope, then came back to the almost invisible line of darker earth where he and the boys had been working with their picks. His money crop ——

"What kind of foolishness is this, anyhow, Mr. Holzoppel?" the agent inquired as Alfie came up. "Do you want to lose your crop? Didn't your daughter tell you we're looking for a big freeze?"

"Yes," the old man said dully, "she told me a'ready."

"Then for crime's sake get your tractor out. Boys"—he turned to Max and Carl—"you're better farmers than this."

"They have joined up with the Plain People, Mr. Forrest," Alfie explained gently. "Look at their coats once. It goes against their conscience some to ride a tractor." She placed herself carefully behind the farm agent and her father, and winked at the boys. They did not, however, return the signal. They merely looked blankly at her.

"Yes," they agreed mechanically, "we—we've joined up Plain."

"Come on, now, boys. You ought to have two or three tractors busy here." The agent coaxed. He pleaded. He swore. He threw his arm about the shoulders of Jake Holzoppel and reasoned with him. He went, after a long time, back across the fields, defeated.

"I have got it such a mix-up in my head," Jake had repeated over and over again, his bleak eyes on the potato slopes.

The marks of a great weariness were on the boys that night as they sat on the wall and smoked.

"It's colder even some than it was last night." Max pulled his sweater collar up about his ears and stared straight ahead.

"It's good and moonlight," Carl mused. "I got a notion"—his eyes sought the potato slopes and the pain in them became acute—"I got a notion to get that there tractor out tonight yet and work," he said desperately. He looked at Alfie.

Max's head went down into his hands. "It don't seem like I could stand it," he said, "to set here and let the potatoes freeze on us, and not—not do nothin'."

"Boys!" Alfie turned alarmed eyes on them. "Wait, Maxie. Wait, Carl. Wait one more day yet. Something may turn itself up. Didn't you say it would be a good joke on pop should the whole crop freeze on him?"

"Maybe I did," Carl admitted, "but there ain't no sense to it. All that there money gone from us!"

"Gone?" She laughed. "Anyways it goes, doesn't it? Into the bank, or somewheres. It don't buy no automobile for us. It don't buy no fun for us."

"Fools, Mr. Forrest called us oncet," Max remembered resentfully. "'You're a pack of fools,' he shouted at us."

Alfie turned away from them. She thought, forefinger pressed to her white front teeth.

"Didn't Claire Unverdorben think you were a fool maybe, too, the night you asked her to the dance?" she mused. "The night you couldn't go with in her brother's car, but had to harness up old Jerry. Maybe"—she laughed softly—"maybe she thought you were a fool, too, that she isn't for makin' any more dates with you when you call her up." Max's ears were fiery red, and Alfie turned her attention to Carl. "How far does pop's money in the bank or his potatoes out of the ground get you with Bertha Doltz?" she inquired interestedly. "It comes in my head that maybe a roadster like Harold Wingert has would get you some farther with her. You might even cut him out or whatever if you had such a roadster once." Her voice was smooth, soothing. "Maybe Claire and Bertha think it in their heads that you are some foolish, too," she reflected.

She was silent for a moment, leaving them to their thoughts. "I have heard it that Bertha Doltz will maybe get herself engaged to Harold Wingert," she said then, casually. "He takes her everywheres, they say."

Carl's shoulders had slumped again.

"Claire Unverdorben too." Alfie sighed, as one who gossips half to herself. "It wouldn't surprise me none to hear she had got herself promised one of these days. There's a popular girl for you. Good times, she likes. Goin' places, and goin' fast. . . . Och, it's cold!" She jumped lightly down from the wall and clapped her hands together briskly. "If it frosts tonight"—she tilted her head at the still moon and closed one eye—"it will maybe show pop how stubborn he is in the head anyways."

"Good enough fur him if it freezes," Carl muttered.

"It's a lie—those words you spoke about Claire Unverdorben." Max looked at her out of tormented eyes.

Again the Holzoppel family breakfasted in silence. Again the mercury had dropped tantalizingly to the very edge of freezing point, placing Jake Holzoppel on the rack, and had climbed again. Jake hadn't slept. Four times before she went to sleep Alfie heard him up, and once she had peeped out of her door to see him toiling up the stairs, his night shirt flapping about his legs. At five he'd gone out with the boys to the fields. Digging was an anæsthetic now which blotted out their thoughts as they waited for the frost.

Alfie, freed today from her school-teaching duties, helped with the breakfast. Jake finished first. He washed sputteringly at the kitchen sink and went silently upstairs. He came as silently down in his best suit and walked out of the house and across to the barn. Alfie moved to the front window and watched him go down the lane behind old Jerry.

The boys went draggingly back to their field and Alfie busied herself with household tasks. The house wasn't a very pleasant place to be in. Tears kept coming to Mrs. Holzoppel's eyes. She wiped them away with her apron and more tears came to take their place.

"Anyways," Alfie thought drearily, turning from the front window toward dinnertime, "anyways ——" She turned back again, for a shining something had caught her eye. The shining something was coming up the lane; it was stopping in front of the house. She went slowly out.

The boys came slowly in from the field, their eyes upon it too. The three moved as though hypnotized toward a glittering maroon car of the sedan type which had stopped in their lane. A smiling salesman was sitting behind the wheel, a bulkier figure was beside him. Alfie caught Carl's arm.

"Pop"—she drew her breath in sharply—"pop ——"

"Boys!" He fumbled with the door of the car and got heavily out. He stood in front of them, his great legs set wide apart. "Boys—Carlie, Max." He wiped beads of perspiration from his forehead. "I been thinkin' it around in my head some," he said quaveringly. "Maybe—maybe it makes different sins by different generations yet." Humility was on him like a strange garment. "Maybe it makes one sin by you and another by me, one sin by me and another by my pop and my grandpop even. Maybe it would set right by you to drive an automobile where it wouldn't set right by me. I—I have it in my head how my grandpop"—he mopped his brow again—"took on when my pop bought first a buggy fur to ride in. 'The Amish,' he said, 'don't uphold to pleasure chairs.' Boys"—a pleading note came into his voice—"maybe I been such a doppelhead like him even. Maybe it made sin fur him to ride in a buggy and fur me to ride in an automobile yet. But fur you—maybe it would even set right by you fur to drive a tractor, boys. Max. Carlie. I bought this here automobile fur you this morning a'ready. Here it is now. Could you maybe"—his voice went low—"drive my tractor ower my fields fur me, boys?"

Carl's hand was on the shining surface of the car. "Pop," he said, and swallowed—"pop ——" But his breath was taken by a flying figure which went by him. It was Max, taking the fence with a leap and running like a flash across the field. "Hey!" Carl let out a roar of rage. "You come back here oncet! I'm first! I'm first with that there tractor!" He whipped his coat off and took after the speeding figure.

Alfie came slowly up to the car. She surveyed it from beneath lowered lashes.

"Well"—the salesman raised his voice—"I drove her out here. Now how do I get back to town?"

Jake didn't hear him. His huge back was turned square upon the pleasure car and his eyes were on his potato slopes. The music of the spheres was in his ears as, with an immense clatter, the tractor got into motion.

Alfie's eyebrows went up and the tip of her tongue came into view. "I could drive you back." She slipped into the driver's seat and her hand fell upon the gear shift. "My Uncle Absalom, he learned me how." She wriggled joyously. The salesman clutched wildly at his hat as they hurtled forward, caromed down the lane, turned into the highway on two wheels, and were off. They slowed down then to twenty, to fifteen, to ten miles an hour.

"She'll do a little better than that," the salesman ventured.

"I know." Alfie leaned her head back serenely. Her foot went up and down on the accelerator and the new car went into an ecstatic jump dance on the highway. "I ain't in any hurry, though," she confided. "I got nothing to do." She looked at him from under dropped eyelashes. "Except maybe sew some buttons on."

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AN ADDED STARTER

(Continued from Page 44)

Smiling Jimmie lit a cigarette. "Goin' downtown?" he asked.

"I don't believe so," said the Whining Kid. "Are you?"

"I guess maybe I will," Smiling Jimmie said. "Shoot a game o' pool before I turn in."

The Whining Kid yawned ostentatiously. "I think I'll go in an' wrinkle the sheets," he said. "I'm tired."

"Check," said Smiling Jimmie. "See you later."

A bit of silence. Smiling Jimmie did not start for town, nor did the Whining Kid move toward the house.

"Thought you was goin' downtown," the Whining Kid said testily after a time.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "I heard somewhere that you was goin' to bed."

"I can stand here for a minute if I want to, can't I?"

"Sure," said Smiling Jimmie, a rasp of irritation in his voice. "You can stand there till snow flies an' I won't call up the board o' health!"

"Well?" the Whining Kid challenged him.

Smiling Jimmie muttered an oath and walked swiftly away toward the business section, just opposite to the direction taken by the Hanley sedan, en route to the Bayside, and turned the corner. A moment more the Whining Kid waited and then walked up onto the porch of the cottage and stood there for perhaps two minutes. Thereafter he moved cautiously out to the sidewalk once more and peered intently at the corner around which Smiling Jimmie had disappeared. Satisfied, he stepped out and walked briskly in the opposite direction.

A block away, Smiling Jimmie, peering around a hedge, saw him and swore. As soon as the Whining Kid was out of sight Jimmie crossed the street and broke into a run. He was panting when he arrived at the front entrance of the Bayside, just in time to meet the Whining Kid, who had traveled the shorter route in a more leisurely manner. They faced each other, glowering.

"You dirty crook!" the Whining Kid said bitterly. "Pool, huh?"

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "You lousy little liar! Bed, huh?"

They entered the lobby together and were stopped in their tracks by the same sight.

Jed Hanley was a real horseman. The range of his acquaintanceship ran from multimillionaires in the Social Register to ragged swipes on the tracks. He neither toadied to the rich nor patronized the poor, being a real believer in the old race-track saying: "All men are equal, under the turf—and on it." In consequence he numbered among his friends many who could not comfortably meet and mingle.

The sight that stopped Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid was Elsie Duncan, seated near her uncle, surrounded by a number of nabobs with whom the two hustlers had not even a bowing acquaintance. More, they knew perfectly well that they could never achieve even so slight a degree of intimacy.

Among those grouped about Miss Duncan were Ted Gadly, a wealthy young fly-around from Pittsburgh, who owned a string of horses as a casual side line to his major sports, which were scandals, roulette and yachting; Merle Edgeley, of New York and Asheville, North Carolina, polo fanatic, who bred hunters and owned a stable of jumpers; Col. A. J. Sibley, of Boston, a ruddy-faced, white-mustached old beau who reeked of aristocracy and had never been able to determine which he liked best, the thrill of a nose finish, the glow from a fine old brandy or the smile of a pretty young girl. There were others—men and women who fitted in the group.

Elsie Duncan caught sight of Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid. She smiled and waved to them. Those about her turned to see whom she was greeting and favored the two hustlers with repellent stares.

The two boys returned Miss Duncan's salutation awkwardly and wandered away to sit together in a remote corner.

For a time they maintained a hostile silence, but their partnership in misery demanded speech.

"High-hats!" the Whining Kid muttered, glowering at the distant happy group.

"That Gadly!" Smiling Jimmie said bitterly. "Read what that dancer in New York did to him last year? That's the kind of a guy he is."

"Gadly!" said the Whining Kid. "What about that pop-eyed old terrier Sibley? He ought to be home with a hot-water bottle, takin' pills for the pip. An' look at him! Pink-nosed old rum hound!"

"Fine bunch o' sweet-scented goats!" Smiling Jimmie said. "Skin their money off of 'em an' try an' sell what's left for a dime a dozen! What do you say we drift?"

"Suits me," said the Whining Kid. "This is a lousy hotel, anyhow, ain't it?"

"Just a gyp joint," Smiling Jimmie agreed. "Never anybody here."

They went out and started toward their rooming house.

"Hanley ought to have better sense'n to get her mixed up with a mob like that," the Whining Kid said as they walked along.

"Her mother was right," Smiling Jimmie declared. "Girl like that ought to be kept away from the track."

"Ought to be kept away from people like them in there, anyhow," the Whining Kid agreed. "'Course the real racin' crowd's all right—all except some o' them night-bloomin' jocks."

"Some o' the trainers are nothin' to give nice people for Christmas," Jimmie reminded him.

"Um!" said the Whining Kid. "I know plenty owners around could be boiled in carbolic acid an' still dry dirty."

"The hustlers are the worst," Smiling Jimmie said moodily. "Gives me the needles to think o' some o' the mob I know gettin' acquainted with a girl like that."

"She wouldn't know the good from the bad," the Whining Kid said miserably.

"How do you get that way?" Smiling Jimmie said angrily, halting. "You tryin' to tell me she's dumb?"

"Not dumb," the Whining Kid said—"good. She's too good to know the difference. See what I mean?"

"Oh!" said Smiling Jimmie, mollified. "Good? Yeh, maybe you're right."

"We ought to kind o' look after her while she's around," the Whining Kid suggested.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "Well, don't try any funny business while you're lookin', or ——"

"Funny business!" the Whining Kid retorted. "Funny business yourself! If you're goin' to talk that way ——"

"You heard what I said."

"All right. I'm tellin' you! If I hear of you gettin' fresh around that girl, I'll ——"

"You'll what?"

"Plenty!"

"Is that so?"

"Believe it an' keep out o' trouble."

"Yeh? Who's goin' to make any trouble for me?"

"You'll find out!"

"Listen," said Smiling Jimmie, "who said anything about gettin' fresh around her?"

"You did. You told me not to."

"That goes!" said Smiling Jimmie.

"And it goes double!" the Whining Kid retorted.

Early the next morning Smiling Jimmie and the Whining Kid split. They paid their rent, and, baggage in hand, departed at separate times. They turned up under the same roof, however, each registered for a room in the Bayside, paying more per day than they were accustomed to spend for a week.

In the afternoon they both appeared at the track equipped with clubhouse badges—an additional unusual expense. Miss Duncan was with friends on the clubhouse veranda. Friends at a track, however, have frequent business at the *mutuel* windows or the paddock, and the Whining Kid managed a few wonderful minutes with her between the first and second races. He succeeded in getting her to back his pick in the second—an eight-to-one shot that romped in.

Smiling Jimmie tried to get through to her, but was shut off time and again and kept having to take back until after the fourth race, when he managed to shoot through a hole between young Gadly, who left her side for a little time to cash a ticket, and Merle Edgeley, absent seeking information in the paddock. She told him of her winning on the Whining Kid's tip.

"He picked that one off the cuff!" Smiling Jimmie assured her scornfully. "Everything in the race got tangled up behind that lizard. He had enough luck in that one race to bring a good colt through on top every start for two seasons! But look here, I got one that's right. See that Number 6 on the odds board—Special Delivery? Twenty to one in the first line, an' he's right. I know they're tryin' with him an' I know he's ready to beat anything he's goin' against. Just a thin dime's worth o' racin' luck an' he's in."

"Twenty to one!" Miss Duncan exclaimed. "I never can get it straight! Does that mean that I get twenty dollars for a two-dollar ticket or ——"

"Forty feet an' your two bucks back," Smiling Jimmie corrected her.

She thought it would be lovely if he would get her two dollars' worth of that. He went to buy the ticket and the Whining Kid took advantage of the opening to come through.

"I got another winner for you in this next," he said excitedly.

"That's frightfully sweet of you," Miss Duncan purred. "But Mr. McCann told me the winner of this one. He's gone now to buy me a ticket."

"What'd he give you?" the Whining Kid demanded anxiously. Miss Duncan told him. "Special Delivery!" the Whining Kid exclaimed, horrified. "Did he give you that? Oh, listen here, Miss Duncan, that's terrible! No kiddin'. I hate to see you took like that. He don't know nothin' about that rabbit! He's just stabbin' 'cause it's a long price, an' if everything else fell dead it might live long enough to get in an' make him a great picker with you. Special Delivery! Slow Freight—that's what that sore-legged old mouse ought to be named! Pink Slip's goin' to win this next. He's four to one out there now. Lemme get you a ticket on him an' you'll get back what McCann's losin' for you an' some besides."

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" Miss Duncan cried, entrancingly distressed. "I guess I'll just be a good gambler and if I lose my old two dollars I'll just forget it. Oh, here comes Mr. McCann now."

"I'll duck," the Whining Kid growled. "I'm scared I'll lose hold o' myself an' smack him down for puttin' you on a glued-down old leather rockin'-chair like Special Delivery."

"Are you sure Special Delivery's going to win, Mr. McCann?" Miss Duncan asked anxiously.

"He been beatin' the drum about it?" Smiling Jimmie asked darkly, indicating the receding form of the Whining Kid.

"Mr. Tyler says Pink Slip's going to win," she said.

"Pink Slip!" Smiling Jimmie exclaimed. "Listen, Miss Duncan, there's only two things sure about racin'. One is that a sucker'll lose his dough if he sticks around long enough; the other is that a sucker'll stick around long enough to lose his dough. Everything else is maybe. Special Delivery

(Continued on Page 172)

CAMPFIRE BANANA CREAM—Cut 30 Campfires in pieces. Whip ½ pint cream, adding a pinch of salt, and sugar to sweeten. Fold in marshmallows and ½ cup nut meats and place on ice. Mash 6 small, ripe bananas through ricer and add 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Fold into marshmallow mixture and serve in individual glasses. Garnish with a whole Campfire and maraschino cherries.

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(Continued from Page 170)

might get left at the post or cut down or somethin' an' lose, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If he loses an' Pink Slip wins, I'll get out there in the middle o' that track in front o' all this crowd an' do a mile on my hands an' knees right after the race."

"Oh, Mr. McCann, I wouldn't want you to do that."

"I'm just promisin' to do it to show you how sure I am," Jimmie explained earnestly.

He looked up and saw young Gadly approaching with a no-admittance look in his eye, mumbled a farewell and departed hurriedly for the grand stand to watch the race.

The race was a mile and seventy yards. The field was off, bunched, fighting for advantage on the first turn. Special Delivery, a slow breaker, was eighth around the turn.

"Layin' pretty!" Smiling Jimmie muttered tensely. "Right where he belongs!"

Pink Slip was running fourth at the same stage of the race. Only a few yards from Jimmie, in the row below him, the Whining Kid observed this and yipped his mind.

"Possum an' sweet potatoes!" he screeched. "We're off wingin'!" Jimmie, hearing, located him and swore to himself.

Into the back stretch they swung, the positions of Special Delivery and Pink Slip unchanged. At the half the boy on Pink Slip made his move. The horse turned on a dazzling burst of speed and quickly took the lead.

"Ride him, jock!" the Whining Kid howled. "Let him roll from there! Oh, look at that eagle fly!"

"He'll quit!" Smiling Jimmie assured himself. "I know that beetle. He'll flatten out like a smashed egg when he hits the stretch."

Special Delivery was seventh at this point and showing no signs of developing into a contender for the distant Pink Slip or the two running head-and-head three lengths back of the leader. The Whining Kid looked around and saw Jimmie.

"What's that on top?" he yelled, pointing at the flying field on the back stretch. "Pink Slip, ain't it? You go tell 'em! Special Delivery! Lost in the mail, boy! On his way to the dead-letter office right now. Yay!"

Smiling Jimmie did not reply. He was watching Special Delivery intently, muttering feverish encouragement to the distant horse:

"All right, baby! Easy does it! Don't wait too long. 'Bout ready now, baby! Let's go! What's the matter with you? Turn him loose, jock! Let him down! Come on, over there! What d'you think this is? Hey! Send him along, jock! Stir him up there, you muddle-headed sap!"

They were turning out of the back stretch. Pink Slip was still a good three lengths on top. Special Delivery was coasting along in seventh position, a good twelve lengths back of the leader. And there the monkey in the pilot house decided to start his drive. A few lengthened swift strides and Special Delivery was sixth. A few more and he was fifth. Fourth swinging into the stretch, and coming fast in the middle of the track, but Pink Slip was still eight lengths to the good and showed no signs of weakening. And then, clear above the rooting of the crowd, sounded two shrill voices: "Come on, Pink Slip!"

"Special Delivery!"

"Hold it, Pink Slip!"

"Take him, Special Delivery!"

Special Delivery was coming fast, but Pink Slip had a sickening lead.

"We got him!" the Whining Kid shrieked triumphantly.

"He moved too late!" Smiling Jimmie moaned.

And then, less than a sixteenth out, Pink Slip faltered. Smiling Jimmie's screech of triumph rose like a high violin note over the thunder of the crowd. It was a fighting finish. A tiring horse with a good lead and a strong finisher coming fast with yet much to make up. Nose to rump, head to saddle, neck to neck, Special Delivery fought up on Pink Slip, both boys riding with whip and heel, voice and hand. No eye a yard off the line could tell which pair of flared nostrils bobbed in on top. The roar of the crowd died. A tense silence. The wait for the telltale numbers. A roar again as they went up 4, 7 and 6. Special Delivery first, Pink Slip second, Labor Day third.

Shouting jubilantly, Smiling Jimmie hopped over the back of the bench in front of him and jostled his way to the Whining Kid.

"Pink Slip!" he jeered. "What glue factory'd you pick that one out of?"

"Lucky stiff!" the Whining Kid snarled. "That thing o' yours ain't win a race in ten starts, an' he'll never cop another! Why, if my boy'd made his move sooner —— Did you see him turnin' into the back stretch? Got in a jam an' Pink Slip was bumped. Pretty near knocked to her knees!"

"Bumped!" Smiling Jimmie cried. "Hear him yelp! Why, if that boy on Special Delivery had made his move a sixteenth sooner he'd 'a' won by three goin' away! Whoever told you you knew a horse from a butterfly? Pink Slip!"

He jostled on, chortling happily, hurried to the clubhouse and was rewarded by a jubilant hand wave from Miss Duncan, still beset, however, by Gadly and Edgeley. He hung around wistfully on the edge of the crowd, hoping for a chance to speak to her in a spare moment, but drifted away, muttering, when he saw the Whining Kid waiting near by with a brainful of the same bright idea.

In the paddock he located Jed Hanley and drew him aside.

"Look here, Mr. Hanley," he said earnestly, "you know I've been a kind of a friend o' the Whinin' Kid."

"Um!" said Hanley. "A kind of a one."

"We had a bust-up this mornin'," Smiling Jimmie went on.

"I heard about it," Hanley said.

"Yeh?" said Smiling Jimmie. "Who told you?"

"The Whinin' Kid," said Hanley. "He come around to warn me you were no kind of a bozo to be hangin' around my niece."

"Oh!" said Smiling Jimmie, horrified. "The dirty crook!"

"Think so?" said Hanley. "Isn't that what you want to tell me about the Whinin' Kid?"

"Oh, well—yeh," Jimmie admitted. "But listen, Mr. Hanley, that's different. It ain't that I want to knock him. He ——"

"No different," Hanley said shortly. "If you want to know what I think, you're both right. Now listen! You two barn sparrows are all right where you belong, but you don't belong any place except where you are. That's my story. It may be wrong, but I'll stick to it till I find out different. Each one of you's scared the other one ain't fit to be friends with my niece. I ain't worried. You can both of you see my niece any time you can crowd through, an' talk to her just as long as she wants to listen. I can maybe save you some trouble by tellin' you ahead o' time that neither one of you has a chance with her. She's built kind o' light back o' the eyebrows, but I'll lay good odds she ain't thin enough between the ears ever to fall for a hustler."

"I could get into some kind o' business," Jimmie reminded him.

"You'd be surprised how many are ahead o' you," Hanley said. "Hustlin' in business an' hustlin' around a track are two different jobs o' work, Jimmie. An' don't ever forget that a sucker's just a guy bright enough to make money in his own line an' dumb enough to toss it off tryin' to beat somebody else's racket. You can pick up some money around the track, but business ain't your racket, Jimmie."

"I could learn it," Jimmie insisted stoutly. "Look here, Mr. Hanley, did you ever read this?"

He took a folded newspaper clipping from his inner coat pocket and handed it to Hanley. Jed glanced at it and handed it back.

"Sure!" he said scornfully. "That piece o' hooey they ran about you and the Whining Kid in the Baltimore Courier last spring."

"It ain't hooey!" Jimmie cried. "I know the fella that runs that paper, Mr. Hanley—know him well. It says here about me ——"

"Blah!" said Hanley.

"Never mind!" Jimmie muttered. "You'll see!"

At that moment the Whining Kid, on the clubhouse veranda, was proudly handing Miss Duncan a similar clipping.

"Did you ever," he was saying, "read what they printed about me in the Baltimore Courier last spring? See, it says here about me ——"

The rest of the Havre de Grace meet and the twenty-three-day session at Laurel. Then on to the opening at aristocratic old Pimlico in Baltimore. On the morning of that opening day Harry Jason was seated in his office just off the city room of the Baltimore Courier, chatting with the visiting head of a New York advertising company. Jason, editor of the Courier, was a buoyant young man in his early thirties, only a few successful desk years away from his reporter days.

The office boy entered. "Man by the name o' McCann," he said.

Jason shook his head. "Can't place him. Find out what he wants."

After a moment, the office boy returned. "Says to tell you his name is Smiling Jimmie."

Jason laughed. "That's different. Send him in." He turned to his caller. "Get this, kid," he said, chuckling. "Great character. Little race-track hustler. Teamed up with a queer fish known as the Whining Kid. They tipped me off to more winners when the horses were running at Pimlico last spring than I ever had before in all my life."

"Play 'em, do you?"

"Occasionally, just for the kick of it. Everyone around here does, more or less. Great pair, these two. Ran a little feature yarn in the Sunday about them last spring and it tickled them pink."

The door swung open and Smiling Jimmie entered, hat in hand. Greetings and introductions over, Jason asked the purpose of the call. Smiling Jimmie, fingering his hat brim nervously, glanced sidewise at the advertising man.

"It's kind o' personal," he said. "Could I see you alone for a minute?"

"Sure," said Jason, rising and opening a door. "Right in here, Jimmie. Excuse me a minute, Ben."

Ten minutes later Jason returned, having let Smiling Jimmie out another way. His eyes were wet with mirth.

"This is good!" he chortled. "These two kids have gone crazy about some girl that's hanging around the track—some trainer's niece. She's been kidding them along, evidently, and ——"

The advertising man was still in Jason's office a half hour later when the office boy entered.

"Man says his name is Sharkey Tyler, the Whinin' Kid," he said.

"The other one!" Jason exclaimed. "Look, Ben, duck in the other room there and listen in on this. It's liable to be good."

The Whining Kid was in conference with Jason for some fifteen minutes. When he left, Ben came in from the next room and the two laughed themselves to tears.

"Isn't that a scream?" Ben gasped. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll talk to her," Jason said, panting from the effort of long laughter. "I'm going to the opening this afternoon, anyhow, and I know most of the racing crowd. I can get an introduction. Did you ever hear anything funnier?"

Early morning at the track—morning of the eighth day at Pimlico. Horses working. A scattering of clockers, hustlers, trainers, jockeys and exercise boys. Smiling Jimmie, standing, arms hooked on the rail near the judges' stand, intently watching a two-year-old filly breezing down the back stretch. Jed Hanley came from under the grand stand, crossed the lawn and clapped him on the back.

"Well," he said, "that's that, hey?" Jimmie stared, uncomprehending. "Don't you read the morning papers?" Hanley asked.

"Ain't seen one this mornin'," Jimmie said. "I come out to the track a little after four."

"Elsie's married," said Hanley.

"M-m-married!" Jimmie stuttered, aghast.

"Last night," said Hanley. "Eloped!"

"M-m-married!" Jimmie stuttered again. He grabbed Hanley by the coat lapel. "Not that no-good Gadly," he said, agony in his voice. "Not him, Mr. Hanley!"

"Nope," said Hanley cheerfully. "Young squirt here in town by the name o' Harry Jason, editor o' the ——"

"Jason!" Smiling Jimmie cried. "Why, he was —— Oh, the dirty crook!"

Hanley frowned. "I hear different," he said. "They tell me he's ——"

"The dirty crook!" Jimmie repeated excitedly. "Listen, Mr. Hanley, I was the one got him to meet her. He was goin' to tell her about me—you know, stuff like they printed in that story in the paper about me. He promised he'd —— Oh, the dirty crook!"

"Like that, huh?" Hanley said grimly. "Just a Number 2 Miles Standish!"

"Who?" said Jimmie miserably.

"You don't know him," said Hanley. "Well, buck up, Jimmie. Maybe it's all for the best."

He moved away. The Whining Kid came out from under the grand stand on the run, looked wildly about and located Jimmie.

"Jimmie," he called anxiously, hurrying to him, "listen! Did you hear ——"

"Yes," said Jimmie savagely, "I heard!"

"The dirty crock!" the Whining Kid wailed. "Oh, Jimmie, the dirty crook! Jimmie, he promised me he'd see her an'—you know—tell her about me an' ——"

"Promised you!" Jimmie exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Jimmie," the Whining Kid said tearfully. "It was my fault. I asked him to see her for me an'— you know—I thought 'cause he was the editor o' the paper an' —— Oh, the dirty crook!"

A black colt went thundering by, a little colored exercise boy crouched on his back, hand-riding him hard.

"What's that thing?" the Whining Kid muttered.

"Black Tea," Jimmie mumbled.

"Nice action," said the Whining Kid.

"How you been doin'?" Jimmie asked.

"Pretty good," said the Whining Kid. "Been diggin' so hard to get winners for —— Oh, the dirty crook!"

"Same here," said Jimmie glumly. "Got a better bank roll than I've had in two years. . . . Damn it!"

"I bet he was just kiddin' us last spring when he printed that story," the Whining Kid growled.

Jimmie laughed bitterly. "Catch any man talkin' me off my own racket again!" he exclaimed.

"Where you livin', Jimmie?" the Whining Kid asked.

"Belvedere!" Jimmie said shortly.

"Me too," said the Whining Kid. "What's the sense o' our payin' hotel rates? Let's look us up a good room somewhere in a private house."

"All right," said Jimmie. "We're both flush now an' we still got the rest o' this meet an' Bowie to go. If we throw in together an' work as hard as we been workin' ——"

"Sure!" said the Whining Kid. "Know that system o' progressive bettin' we were usin before ——"

"That's it!" said Smiling Jimmie. "We'll go back to that an' stick to it. An' listen! One thing we don't want to ever forget."

"What's that?" the Whining Kid asked.

"What Pittsburgh Phil said to the bird that wanted a tip," Smiling Jimmie said. "He said to him, 'Young man, if you want to make money at the track, always bet on an added starter in a stake race.'"

"Yeh?" said the Whining Kid.

"He knew somethin'!" Smiling Jimmie said with conviction. "Come on, let's eat!"

Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect anti-acid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquillize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

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CONCENTRATED FOR THREE REASONS

"MORNING MOUTH"

Everybody has it..Astring-o-sol corrects it!

That fuzzy, metallic taste is the familiar symptom of a universal condition—"Morning Mouth." Most of us get up with it. ASTRING-O-SOL is the ideal corrective. Gargle a few dashes in a quarter glass of water. You will banish "Morning Mouth" and impart a delightful zest and cleanliness to mouth and throat. ASTRING-O-SOL also combats unpleasant breath as no less powerful mouth wash can, by attacking the germ-cause. Being concentrated, its action is (1) more positive, (2) it costs less, and (3) it can be diluted to suit your personal taste. Your druggist sells and recommends ASTRING-O-SOL. Ask him!

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Does more! Costs less! Tastes better!

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Sydney, Australia DETROIT, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada

For a free three-day sample of ASTRING-O-SOL write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 52, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Michigan

Use this COUPON *for* FREE SAMPLE

Name _____

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It might be YOUR kitchen

Pressure, temperature or vacuum—any one of these three agents can cause the hot water tank in your kitchen to burst like a 20 millimeter shell or fold up like a tent in a cyclone. You can see for yourself what might happen—unless you have a Stack 3-Way Relief Valve on the job.

The Stack 3-Way Relief Valve is the only valve that gives *triple* protection. It positively prevents (1) a high pressure burst, (2) a high temperature explosion, (3) a vacuum collapse. Your plumber will gladly install it in your system—whether coal, gas or oil—at no trouble and very small expense.

Don't wait for a blow up. Clap on this triple insurance against destruction and danger at once and know that your home and family are safe.

The Stack 3-Way Relief Valve is made and guaranteed by the makers of Nelson and Stack Relief Valves, the standard for every domestic hot water service.

Write, now, for our Catalog giving complete information and prices.

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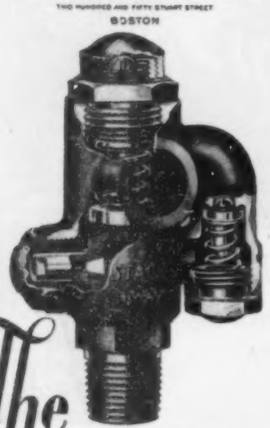

The STACK 3-WAY RELIEF VALVE

The Stack 3-Way Relief Valve protects domestic hot water tanks, storage or instantaneous water heaters against bursting, explosion or tank collapse.

Adopted as standard by leading gas companies.

THE ROAD OF REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 27)

One big corporation operating a grocery chain had only 4500 stores seven years ago; now it has nearly 18,000. In big cities like New York and Philadelphia, seventy cents out of every dollar spent by the public today for groceries go into a chain system. One company owns five out of every 100 groceries in the United States, and it does an annual business of approximately $750,000,000.

In competition with this largest concern are 850 other chain-grocery companies operating more than 64,000 stores. The number of chain shoe stores has jumped from 1600 to more than 6000 in three years. One chain of restaurants serves 15,000,000 meals annually in thirty-four cities, and the movement goes on apace in nearly every line, including bakeries, hardware, sporting goods, clothing, meat, music, furniture, stationery, drugs, candy and barber shops.

In the policy of mass distribution, like mass production, there is the lure of immense savings from curtailed overhead and substantial reductions in practically all departments, extending from the one that makes purchases to the one that handles deliveries. Thirty-seven buyers make all the purchases for one great company. More than 2000 buyers would be needed if the stores were independent. The largest grocery chain contracts for 500,000,000 dozen eggs a year at prices that the small retailer finds hard to match.

Inefficiency in distribution now reduces the buying power of the American people more than $7,000,000,000 a year. The chain system has grown out of this. Its success is hard on the little fellow. Out of 80,000 retailers in eleven cities, 22,000 did a gross business of less than nine dollars a day last year. One may well ask how the proprietors of these stores hire help, pay rent and still make a living. Sales of chain stores have doubled in eight years, while the sales of department stores have gained only 31 per cent.

We are pursuing a fallacy when we try to hold to the notion that our advance can go on continuously in a straight line. We shall not be able to climb to higher levels by merely increasing the dimensions of what we have, and at the same time stimulating consumption. Our civilization will continue to be lopsided until science temporarily slows up on the construction of more and greater machines and the expansion of present production facilities, and gives a bit of attention to reshaping human nature to fit our highly automatized era.

Still a Crude Art

We might stop for a moment to see how much of truth there is in the recent flood of opinions from our overseas critics. They say that our talk of prosperity is open to question and point out that poverty still exists in the United States to such a degree that there is a long waiting list at all of our institutions and social agencies given over to the care of aged persons having no income or means of support. We are told that 70 men out of every 100 at the age of sixty-five are dependent, maturity being relegated to the sidelines, as is evidenced by a survey showing that seven American employers out of ten will not consider a man over forty-five or a woman over thirty-eight.

It is also set forth that business in the United States is still a crude art—not an organized profession. Our preventable fire losses have now reached an annual total sufficient to maintain and operate our Navy for four years or build enough homes to shelter 490,000 people. Every minute of the day and night in America somebody's home or place of business is being burned. The result is a yearly loss of 15,000 lives and $562,000,000 in property. This means that $11,000,000,000 must be put to work at 5 per cent interest to finance this national bonfire.

Tens of thousands of tons of steel in buildings and machines are consumed each year by the flameless fire of rust, most of which waste might be prevented by the development and use of nonrust metals. There are twenty-one times as many murders per unit of population in the United States as in England, and our murder rate has doubled in a quarter of a century. Crime costs us $13,000,000,000 a year, which is more money than we advanced to Europe during the World War and the two years that followed.

In many of our cities the residents inhale not only the exhaust gases from thousands of motors but a tablespoonful of soot and dirt every twenty-four hours. In New York City there are eleven rats for every person, and aside from other damage, these rodents consume $55,000,000 worth of food a year. The toll of several serious diseases is higher than ever before, and we are shouldered with a hospital maintenance charge of $3,000,000 a day. As for our care of that most important of all machines—the human body—suffice it to say that 2 per cent of our entire population are incapacitated by illness all the time, while more than half of our people are suffering from some kind of ailment every day in the year.

One-Eyed Optimism

These are but a few of the shortcomings set forth to challenge our boasted supremacy. The chief threat to American business at present is overconfidence in the handling of a multitude of new problems. Too many of our people have thrown their old copybook maxims out the window and adopted the common notion that the future will disclose only a series of ups, with no valleys anywhere in sight.

There is much lacking in the current advice to "buy common stocks and have your income grow as the country grows." In case of deflation instead of inflation, where would we get off under such a bold plan? There is nothing new in the present idea of the investment trust that goes in for a diversified list of securities. During the violent boom in Great Britain from 1887 to 1890, the speculative rage extended into nearly every kind of promotion, and common stocks were most in favor. Hundreds of British corporations became what we now call investment trusts. Everything went well so long as the market continued to rise. But the real worth of an investment trust is shown in a declining market. Heaven help those who start on this royal road to fortune at a time when the price level is at or near a peak.

Our one-eyed optimists are now exercising an influence no less misleading than that of the chronic pessimists who are never able to see anything but disaster ahead. To perpetuate success we must see both the good and the bad in current conditions. American brains have not suddenly transformed the world from a state of semibarbarism to a condition of perfection.

Fallacies are accepted and spread without question or thought. For example, the average American notes the seemingly unending streets of fine homes, the long lines of motors and the numberless other evidences of record wealth in our country, and at once concludes that his modest $8000 a year places him in a class that ranks well down the list so far as annual income is concerned. But a little investigation would show this same citizen that he is a fortunate member of a small group of lucky people who make up considerably less than 2 per cent of our total income receivers. He may hold his head high in the knowledge that out of every 100 people he meets on America's Main Streets, 98 of them get less money per year than does he.

We boast of living in an electrical age, when the truth is that our average household expenditure for electricity daily equals only the cost of half a package of cigarettes, a single street-car ride or one-seventh of a haircut. We go shopping for a fur coat without knowing that the pelt of the common rabbit now makes up fifty-eight varieties of seal, coney, fox, beaver, leopard, mole, lion, nutria and squirrelette. The rabbit seems to be even more prolific under an alias than under his own name.

Science has helped us greatly and will help us more, but we assume too much when we expect that it will eventually annihilate practically all of the laws of Nature. There is real danger in our adopting outright some of the present popular conceptions of life's values as outlined by certain enthusiastic advocates of the purely scientific viewpoint. We may as well dismiss the notion that we can step aside from creation's scheme and separate ourselves from the common order of things.

Deep-lying instincts tell us that man has a personality and that the drama of our individual lives has significance.

Scientific thought may twist and turn and theorize to its heart's content, but it will never dispel the feeling of humanity that there is a mystery and a meaning hidden in the universe. When our great materialistic monuments have piled up in decay we shall find man still insisting that there are intangible values which surpass in importance many of those now considered so supremely essential.

Science is making it possible for us to build a superior civilization, but there is no evidence to indicate that it will give us a wholly new philosophy of life. This is true because we are more than our minds, and our instincts are stronger than our reason.

What we need most right now is a balanced point of view with respect to our machine civilization, which has become the chief topic of world conversation. All of us must grasp the truth that Europe and America represent two different civilizations that are highly competitive. One of these great peoples is destined to assume the leadership of the white race. The population of America has multiplied by twenty while that of Europe has only tripled. We lack somewhat in the matter of a historical background, but we have established our life on economic foundations and forces that serve as a satisfactory substitute for Europe's political organisms.

What are American Standards?

We have turned from romanticism to realism. In 1914 fiction was 40,000,000 copies out of 175,000,000 books printed. In 1925 fiction was only 30,000,000 out of nearly 425,000,000 copies. Here is proof positive that America has gone in for serious reading.

Now we must determine whether we have built up merely a new society in a new world, or a sound nation having that unity of thought and ideals so essential to national cohesion. Many insist that our immigrants of this last generation would lose their attachment for their adopted country if material prosperity in the United States disappeared.

Certainly there can be no denying that our rate of material advance has completely outstripped our biological progress. No display of cleverness in the development of ingenious mechanical devices will save us from the consequences of human decadence. Millions of our people have been mentally unable to finish the courses in our public schools. More than 2,000,000 Americans are defective mentally to such an extent that we are forced to provide them with institutional care.

A while back we wanted greater production, and this meant cheap labor, so we closed our eyes to early ideals and brought in some millions of unskilled laborers from the lowest levels of European populations. What a change in breed from the pioneer days when convicts and camp followers represented only a small sprinkling among the

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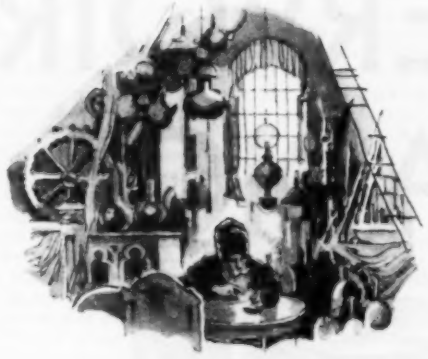
THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T CHANGE



Daggers and prayer wheels, devil masks and Buddhas, carpets in dusty bales, rotten screens, water jugs, arms and a thousand other oddments were cased or piled or merely thrown into the room. Thus Kipling describes, in "Kim," an Indian storehouse. . . . . . .

WITH 2,000 years' start in commerce, Easterners, because they would not change, allowed America to gain commercial supremacy with new ways of making, handling, storing, and displaying goods.

For the economical storage, handling and display of materials, the Lyon organization has developed, during the past twenty-eight years, a long line of steel storage equipment—cabinets, lockers, counters, shop boxes, shelving.

Lyon Steel Shelving is saving space, time and money in thousands of stockrooms, warehouses, and toolrooms. It does not wear out and does not become obsolete. Lyon Steel Shelving is standard and easily adjusted to changed conditions. You can take it down, move it and quickly set it up again without loss. New units of Lyon Steel Shelving can be added to older ones without trouble and with absolute uniformity in appearance. You can buy just a few units of Lyon Steel Shelving—if you need only a few—or you can make a complete installation by a plan prepared by your own and Lyon Engineers.

There are other Lyon Products for every storage need of every business—cabinets for offices, counters and display cases for stores, equipment for shops, lockers for schools, factories and clubs.

Write for "Cutting Costs with Lyon Steel Equipment," or for special book on any Lyon Product.

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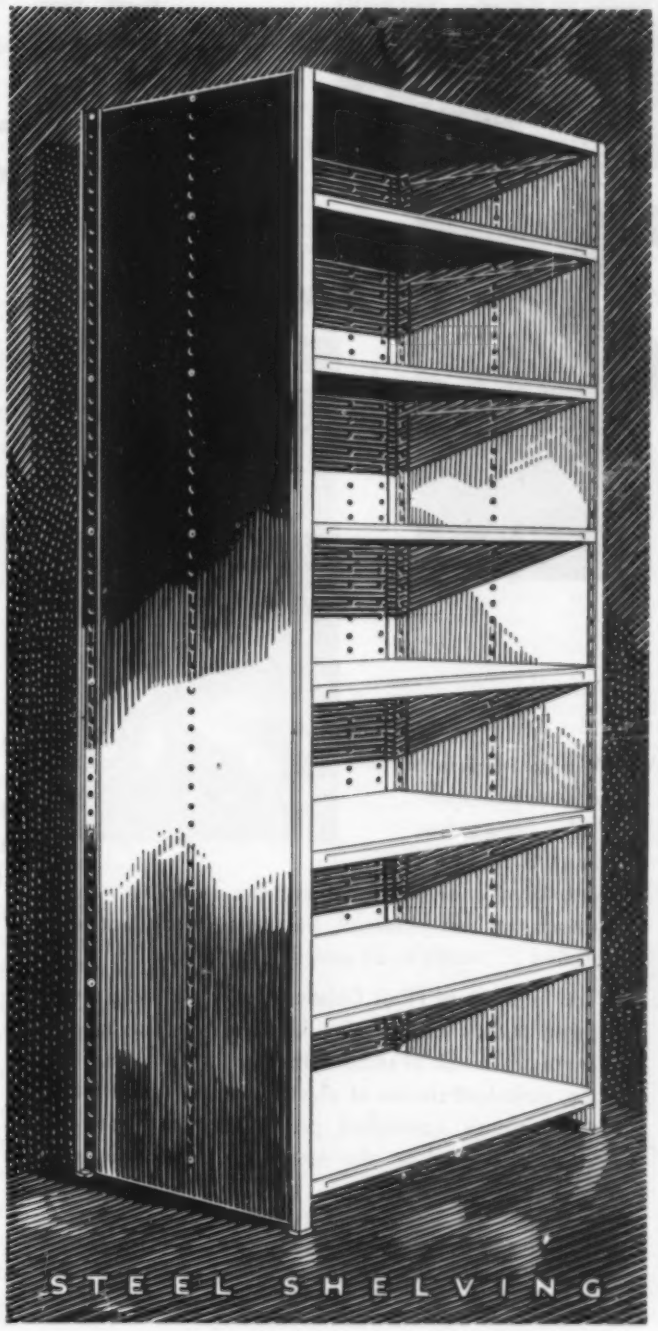

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STEEL STORAGE *and* DISPLAY EQUIPMENT

SHELVING · CABINETS
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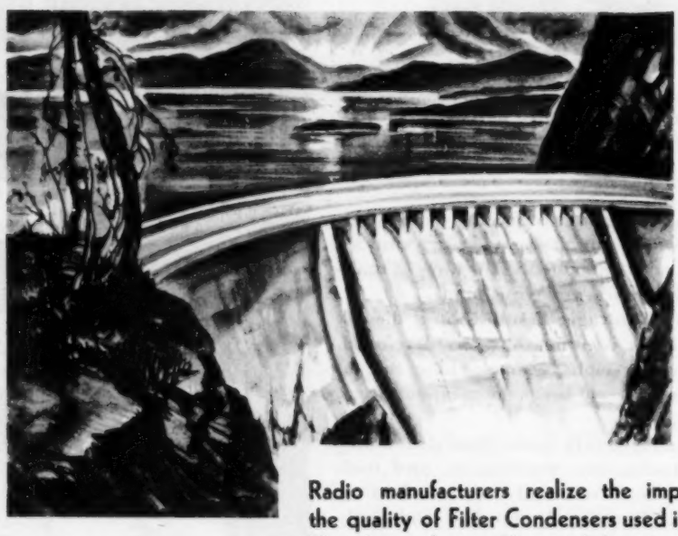
STEELART FOLDING TABLES & CHAIRS

The FILTER CONDENSER ...RESERVOIR OF RADIO



A BRAWLING stream dashes down a mountainside . . . a turbulent torrent of unbridled energy. And then, the reservoir . . . waters, no less powerful, but calm, placid, controlled . . . ready to do man's bidding.

The function of Filter Condensers in the radio set presents a definite parallel. Unseen, unheard, they are the reservoir of radio. Into them flows the surging, turbulent stream of electrical energy. Out of them comes controlled power...smooth, constant, regulated to the needs of perfect radio reproduction.

Radio manufacturers realize the importance of the quality of Filter Condensers used in their sets. They know that condenser defection can result in complete radio failure, and even the destruction of other and more expensive parts. As a result, ⅔ of the R. C. A. licensed manufacturers use Polymet Condensers.

The preeminence that the Polymet Manufacturing Corporation has attained in condenser manufacture is directly attributable to modern production methods, careful testing, and accurate rating. The result — superlative condenser performance — is recognized by every radio producer, from the set manufacturer and professional set builder to the amateur radio experimenter.

Make certain that your next set is Polymet equipped—it is an assurance of quality.

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Filter Blocks
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POLYMET PRODUCTS

UNITED KINGDOM: A. H. Hunt, Ltd., Tunstall Rd., Croydon, Surrey, England.

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(Continued from Page 174)

hardy, adventurous settlers who sought refuge as well as opportunity in the New World overseas. There was nothing particularly angelic about our forefathers, and most of them came here to avoid poverty and oppression. But they did love their newly adopted country and were ready to give their all for the perpetuation of its established institutions. The stock of this breed is far superior to that being produced by the malcontents, paupers and defectives who were brought in thoughtlesaly by those who gave ear only to the cry for mass production.

Now we are paying for our carelessness. In our midst are many people who, instead of being thankful for the advantages of America, have hastened to display an antagonism toward our most cherished ideals and principles. Though we are trying to put an end to the United States being used as a dumping ground for foreign undesirables, this change of policy came too late to prevent an interbreeding which brought a serious mental and physical decline in our human stock. The reports of the draft boards during the late war showed conclusively that we do not live up to the reputation established by our pioneers.

When we talk of tomorrow, we may well inquire as to what we are now doing to add inches to our stature, to reduce feebleness of body and mind, and to decrease insanity, poverty, lawlessness and crime. Utter ruin will overtake the stock breeder who pays as little attention to the composition of his herd as we pay to the composition of our population. It is alarming to face the conclusion that although we are spending more money in the United States for education than any other country, the average intelligence of our citizenship in some sections is declining.

Instead of making the most of our chance to better the race, we have gone in for numbers at a sacrifice of quality and type. We practically ignore inheritance factors and place all our trust in environment, failing to recognize that heredity provides the organism, whereas environment is only the stimulus that sets it in action. Our present plan of amalgamation is tending to eradicate all national, racial and color lines. Even the whites and the blacks in America have gone on interbreeding at a rate that has increased the population of mulattoes in our negro population from 11 per cent fifty years ago to 21 per cent today.

Maturity Not Senility

The future of the United States will be determined largely by the character of the type of human that comes out of our present melting pot. If we are content to witness a breeding of our race from the lower levels rather than from the top, and are willing to close our eyes to the necessity of applying to our human stock the fundamental principles of good animal breeding, then we must face the certainty of extinction of the most gifted lines by the dry rot of luxury and indifference. To ignore this question is to increase the likelihood of our joining the ghostly procession of so-called superior civilizations that marched across world stages set up in Egypt, India, China, Persia, Greece and Rome.

Truly, ours is the road of revolution. The scientist and inventor must complete the work of civilization where politics dropped it. America's progress has been relatively unimportant when compared to the advances that must be made in order to free life of its major miseries and safeguard business against endless dangers.

In the coming era, when some new invention or change of fashion throws thousands out of employment in the United States, we shall have an effective plan for starting new economic forces to employ idle labor in the useful service of still further supplying human wants. We shall keep the door of opportunity open to maturity, remembering that many of the world's most remarkable achievements have been wrought by men and women of threescore or more. Goethe, Galileo, Herbert Spencer, Bancroft and Verdi produced their masterpieces between the ages of seventy and eighty-five. Joseph Jefferson was still a great actor at seventy-five, and Handel wrote one of his immortal oratorios at the same age. Hindenburg, Clemenceau and Balfour are still factors, though their ages are eighty-one, eighty-seven and eighty respectively. Elihu Root prepares elaborate briefs at eighty-three, and Edison at eighty-one is searching for new sources of rubber.

We are coming to the end of the premature scrapping of stored-up human values. We shall dismiss the fallacious notion that mental activity goes backward instead of forward after the age of forty-five. Progress will no longer be achieved at the expense of certain elements in the community. We shall clearly recognize the inconsistency of striving to prolong the span of life if individual usefulness is to be brought to an untimely end.

From Other Worlds

In the decades that have passed, practically all of our expansions of money in circulation by means of bank loans have been on the producer side. We were committed to the policy of volume at any cost. Tomorrow we shall have a satisfactory plan to finance consumption as well as production. At the same time we shall recognize that high-powered salesmanship can make poverty of wealth. We shall not subject sensible economy to ridicule and perpetuate false pride to an extent that requires an exercise of great moral courage for one to wear last season's hat or drive a car two years old.

Not every human consideration will be subordinated to that of the machine. Business men will abandon the idea that it is cheaper to pay an annual tax of hundreds of dollars to cover their share of the cost of crime and corruption than to give a number of days of valuable time to the work of bettering conditions. This change in viewpoint will put an end to the present plan of turning government over so largely to incompetents.

Hundreds of dreams will either fade away or be shorn of every semblance of practicability. The heat in the earth is thirty million times greater than that stored in all of our coal seams, but it will be there untapped when our children's children are getting their supply of heat from the bituminous coal beds that still lie in abundance under their feet.

Research has proved the feasibility of producing synthetic foods in huge factories. But as man now uses only one two-hundredth of the earth's total yearly food supply, it will be generations before the farm will give way to the factory.

We shall dismiss the loose talk about giant airplanes and get clearly in mind the definite limits of aviation. One horse power will support and propel at a reasonable speed a maximum gross weight of twenty-five pounds, and this important factor can only be altered slightly by reducing engine weight. The vehicle that will serve mass needs tomorrow in air transportation will be the airship, not the airplane. The airship, like the ocean liner, floats in its own medium and increases in effectiveness as the size increases. The airplane ceases to be an airplane the moment the engine stops. Beyond a certain weight, already attained in manufacture, the efficiency of the heavier-than-air machine commences to decline. The plane is supreme in speed; the dirigible has most of the other advantages. Soon the American who has a fortnight's holiday will be able to spend ten days of it in Europe.

The maintenance of leadership in coming years will require never-ending research and an ability to read quickly and correctly the signs that loom ahead. The revolutions brought about by iceless refrigeration, the motor car, the electric pump, the radio and hundreds of other innovations will be duplicated in dozens of fields. Any arbitrary action to push prices beyond a fair level will set thousands of engineers and chemists to the task of perfecting new and better methods and materials. Our thanks are due the research worker more than the legislator for the protection now afforded the public against extortion by corporate interests.

There is no doubt that the scientific achievements of tomorrow will surpass those of yesterday. The mere fact that we have more knowledge and more useful tools makes this a foregone conclusion. Just as technical investigation of the by-products of cottonseed added ten dollars to the value of the cotton crop for every bale grown, so will other forms of research add hundreds of millions of dollars each year to the nation's credit account.

Oxygen is one of the most common elements the earth contains, and it is a practical certainty that a way will be found to separate it out of the air at a cost of five or ten dollars a ton. Cheap oxygen will effect radical changes in gas manufacture, steel production and other major industries. Laboratory processes in chemistry and medicine will thereby be greatly improved. Of paramount importance is the fact that oxygen enrichment of the air in combustion processes will make possible for fuel use those strata of carbonized rock now regarded as absolutely worthless.

Some idea of the astounding developments of tomorrow may be gained by merely touching one of the new fields in which science is now pioneering. I have reference to the miracle-making qualities of the radiations that come to us from the distant heavens.

We now understand that of all the octaves of light waves that flood the earth, certain groups of rays invisible to the human eye possess astonishing properties. Chief of these are the ultra-violet vibrations.

We have been waiting for something to force us into a healthier civilization, and it seems that now we have it. More ultra-violet light means a material reduction in the prevalence of the common cold, which now represents a chief threat to life and the principal cause of absenteeism and low efficiency in business. It means the elimination of rickets through the banishment of smoke. It means vitaminized foods, better milk, and eggs with more calcium in them. It means a new viewpoint concerning clothes and a policy of dressing according to the weather rather than to the season.

Bags of Sunshine

Wonderful was the discovery of the relationship between invisible light waves and vitamins. It has permitted Commander Byrd to take with him on his trip to the South Pole many bags of sunshine in the form of edible cereals that were previously subjected to a prescribed dose of ultra-violet rays.

This treatment imparts the effects of light to many foods. It enriches them with vitamin D, which substance is the antonym of darkness and is essential to the development and maintenance of strong bodies in both animals and plants. Without vitamin D we cannot assimilate and use the calcium, lime and phosphorus contained in the foods we eat. The result is a lowered resistance to disease.

Knowing that irradiation of our skin by unskimmed sunlight, rich in violet rays, safeguards our health by pouring vitamin D into the blood streams of our bodies, we shall turn more and more to lighter clothing and eventually to fabrics that transmit some of the vital rays of sunlight. We shall refuse to live and work behind windows that shut out the ultra-violet rays. We shall burn smokeless fuel entirely for a similar reason, and shall use no heating systems which do not properly moisten the winter air; and our summer air will be comfortably cooled. Respiratory diseases from parched membranes will diminish and the winter become as healthful a season as the summer.

It is startling developments of this kind that render futile the great cry that has gone up recently for the stabilization of business. The truth is that there will be a continual upsetting of normal price relationships by a multitude of new inventions and chemical

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discoveries. For example, current developments in the manufacture of synthetic perfumes indicate the approach of the end of a profitable flower-growing industry in Southern France.

The natural perfumes not only are limited in number but they cannot be standardized for the reason that the odor of the flowers varies with the character of the seasons and the uncertainty of the harvest. Synthetic perfumes are limitless in the number of new odors that can be produced. Their price will be lower because the chemist can manufacture as much perfume in a small factory with a few vats and stills as can be secured under the old process from a large acreage of growing plants. Production of perfumes with strange and fascinating odors will necessitate the creation of a new language to deal with these products. An interesting craft will arise, entailing as much of an exercise of artistic genius in the blending of perfumes as is required of the painter who specializes in the combination of delicate colors.

One of the oldest of American businesses is that engaged in the manufacture of gas, and yet we find this century-old industry on the eve of revolutionary changes. Research discloses that instead of merely producing heat, our gas plants will produce an agent of cold as well as a wide variety of basic chemicals and motor fuels. The fuel product of tomorrow will be produced in such harmless form that it can be breathed in quantity without danger or discomfort. The chief by-products in the manufacture of this nonasphyxiating gas will be oxygen and solid carbon dioxide, or dry ice. The oxygen will be used in the chemical industries and for welding, while the solid carbon dioxide will have an unlimited field as an agent of refrigeration in millions of homes.

So there is only disappointment ahead for people who believe we are coming to the end of ups and downs in industrial life. Trade slumps are brought on by numerous factors not of business origin. Oftentimes the causes are international in character. Depressions have resulted from adverse weather conditions, the uncertainty of business men's forecasts, emotional waves, unexpected innovations, saving and investing, widespread overproduction, banking operations, the flow of money income, profit making and insect invasions. The yearly losses of farm crops caused by insects now total more than $1,000,000,000. If a single pair of insects destructive to plants were to increase for three years without hindrance, there would be around 6,000,000 of the pests in existence.

Iodine for Woolly Sheep

Though the rewards of success will continue to increase as the years go by, the perils of business will surely continue to multiply. Most of the great disclosures of technical research were accidents impossible to anticipate. Liquid oxygen and hundreds of other amazing discoveries were the results of sheer chance. Insulin was given us through the accidental observation that the removal of the pancreas produced diabetes.

An American chemist seeking to obtain thyroxin from the thyroid glands of sheep was impressed by the fact that those sheep having glands yielding large quantities of thyroxin were heavy wool growers; the others were scrawny and thin-haired. Physiologists were called in and supported the conclusion that an inactive gland serves to retard bodily and mental processes. This information was passed on to the sheep growers, with the advice that they feed iodine to their flocks. The outcome has been an increase in the production of wool.

In the era now commencing new professions will spring up on all sides. Instead of mere specialists in heating, we shall have thermal engineers who will work with problems of cold as well as those of heat. The same solar energy that gave us fuel to warm our homes also created the agent that cools our food and drink. The heat problems of the refrigerator and the power plant are identical, though reversed in the order of operation. The thermal engineer will have a lineage extending back to the ancient priests of the sun god. He is the one who must solve the riddle of the electron and write the answer to the phenomena of material existence.

Far-reaching developments are coming in chemistry, physiology and psychology. The field of metals and their alloys is almost a virgin one for research. In the span of a few years aluminum has practically remade the household kitchen, while tungsten has revolutionized the art of illumination. Six years ago the new metal, beryllium, sold for $5000 a pound. Today its price is forty dollars, with the trend still downward. It will enable us to produce more alloys with amazing properties. When employed in X-ray tubes, it transmits the rays seventeen times as well as the aluminum heretofore used.

Chemistry's chief problem, however, is not the production of more new materials, but the discovery and development of ways and means to kill germs. One of the eminent surgeons of Europe stated recently that sterilization in the human body has so far met with defeat.

He said that with a few exceptions, all recent attempts to produce drugs that will kill germs without destroying the natural defenses of the body have ended in failure. The majority of people who die before the age of forty are the victims of attacks by microörganisms.

A Kitchen Weather Bureau

The great scientific disclosure of tomorrow will be the chemical formula for the substance in healthy blood which has the power to kill a disease germ. The body protects itself from microbes by chemical means. Here we have the most important secret of the ages, and one that science is challenged to unlock. The task set for the chemist should not be impossible in view of the fact that urea, sugar, and even living tissues are already being manufactured in the laboratory.

Certain animals can be induced to yield antitoxins to combat a number of diseases, but we have made almost no progress whatever in overcoming such infections as pneumonia, caused by germs that do not produce a toxin. In such cases we are merely treating symptoms, not eradicating root causes. Chemistry, in the years before us, will turn much of its attention from the problems of industry to pioneering in the field of biochemistry. Where could there be any greater accomplishment than the production of a widely effective antitoxin that would add years to the average span of human life? What disclosure would match the development of effective measures to eliminate humanity's greatest affliction, the common cold? The stabilization of commodity prices is insignificant in comparison.

Tomorrow will be an age of refinements changing not only customs and practices but all forms of business. The scientific viewpoint will penetrate even to the kitchen, for the housewife will recognize that humidity and air temperature play an important part in the success or failure of cookery. When the hygrometer shows a humidity above a prescribed percentage, the cook will understand that she must either cook the food longer or use a higher temperature for the same length of time. If the barometer shows an atmospheric pressure below thirty inches, the cook will be warned that she must do something to prevent the cake from falling and the eggs from boiling softer than usual. Millions of dollars are now wasted each year in homes where cooking is carried on independent of scientific devices. Kitchen weather will become a matter of wide importance.

New knowledge will bring us so many radical changes that the dollars of future investors who are overcomplacent or unwary will be surrounded by hazards. Hundreds of products will be marketed by automatic machines. When the country is covered

(Continued on Page 181)

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(Continued from Page 178)

with air routes over which taxi planes and rigid airships will operate on set schedules, and when the proposed development of highways, waterways and high-pressure gas and power mains has been brought to realization, villages will grow rapidly into cities, isolated districts will become strategic centers, mountain-top values in many places will surpass those of the low-lying valleys, and realty prices generally will be revolutionized.

When we turned to concrete construction in the field of public buildings, especially the theater, it became necessary to use "porous plaster," heavy velvet draperies and other makeshifts to correct echoes and reverberations. Research has just disclosed that a vibrating diaphragm placed beneath the concrete of a room will make it as resonant as a piano sound board. Unseen and unknown, the microphonic ears diffuse and banish echoes. This merely indicates what research is going to do to the arts and industries.

The Price of Civilization

The course of business in the years ahead will be influenced by scores of factors never before considered. Health, comfort and convenience will be deciding arguments. Soon the average citizen will regard noisy streets with as much disfavor as he now does those that lack sewers. Landlords who build offices and dwellings that admit disturbing noises will be held as much at fault as those who now allow roofs to leak or gas to seep into the basement. Legislative restrictions on such noisemakers as riveting machines, motor trucks and street cars will not only affect engineering designs but will save much equipment that now goes to pieces from lack of care.

We may orate about prohibition, argue the pros and cons of the Government in business, and loudly insist that the foundation of democracy is individual freedom. But we might as well accept the inevitable conclusion that personal liberty in America must be subordinated to public welfare. Mass living is forcing us to place more and more restrictions on individual action. Chemical wastes from a mill can no longer be poured into rivers or creeks that supply water for others to drink. The citizen suffering from an infectious disease cannot roam the streets at will. We have smoke ordinances, parking regulations, censorship and obscenity laws, and one-way streets.

The tendency to prohibit will increase rather than diminish in the future. Life will be revolutionized as greatly in the next generation by purely social necessities as it was by the mechanical developments of the last quarter century. It will be the business of government to eliminate contemptible forms of graft and to lay a heavy hand upon all who seek to exploit the citizen or endanger his welfare. Trucking traffic will be obliged to adjust itself to night hours. Automobiles engaged in through travel will be forced to use by-pass roads to avoid towns and cities. It will be a duty of the state to correct physical infirmities that prevent dependent citizens from entering the wage-earning class. Just as the Government is expected to meet the necessities of war, so will it be considered the job of state and Federal forces to design and enforce measures to reduce the peaks and valleys of our industrial life.

Whereas government ownership in general business is undesirable and destructive, reasonable government regulation must be accepted as essential and constructive. We habitually make a nuisance of even the greatest blessings. The airplane is a marvelous machine and the modern microphone is an amazingly ingenious device. But when advertising puts the two together and envelops a great metropolis in the unearthly roar of sound amplified a hundred million times, completely distracting the attention of hundreds of thousands of busy workers, we are forced to recognize the futility of any policy that subordinates public welfare to self-interest.

Until the Millennium

Science found the world of business in darkness and has succeeded in letting in the light. It has substituted truth for deceit, generosity for cruelty, and given a moral consciousness to what was once a thing of shame. Standardization, simplification, uniform systems of cost accounting, improved transportation, increased exports, ingenious sales plans and diversification of production have all played parts in bettering conditions and in widening opportunities for individual accomplishment.

But disappointment is in store for those who see ahead only an era of unalloyed success and happiness. The closer our expectations approach the truth, the better prepared we are to overcome difficulties. There will be no end to price fluctuations and business upheavals until salesmen all die, invention ceases to function, new ideas disappear, research is abandoned, science is buried, competition gives way to monopoly, the purchasing value of the dollar becomes constant and human nature has been brought to abhor fraud and speculation.

RED TOBAL

(Continued from Page 25)

with the panther, the wolves displayed no interest in Red Tobal and his mate. With numberless deer to prey upon, they would not turn aside in pursuit of new and untried game. Then, early one warm afternoon, in sunny open woodland where the tall pines stood far apart and a green carpet of short sweet grass covered the level forest floor, Red Tobal fought his first pitched battle with the wilderness.

He was grazing quietly with the shaggy mare when suddenly, down the wind, a wolf gave tongue. Immediately, as though this had been a signal, the clamor of a great pack filled the woods. Tobal, already in full flight, saw them coming under the column-like trees—saw, too, that the mare lagged far behind him, running stiffly, laboring at every stride.

His own hurts were healing well; hers were still raw and angry, for the panther's claws had cut deep into her haunches; and now, leaping suddenly away as the wolf cry smote upon her ears, she had reopened the deepest of her wounds. Blood oozed from it and pain almost paralyzed her left hind leg. Almost at once the wolves were all around her, running silently beside her, and next moment two of them sprang at her throat.

She screamed, and at the sound a strange thing happened to Red Tobal—instantly there was something in him that was stronger even than his fear. He whirled and came racing back to her, and before they could pull her down he struck them, a snorting, squealing demon of flashing teeth and flying hoofs, scattering them like leaves. The smell of blood gave them courage. They rallied and closed in on him, fighting wickedly, leaping up at his throat, chopping at his flanks, trying to hamstring him as they hamstrung deer. He was the center of a mad whirling mêlée, while the mare, swaying weakly on her legs, looked on with wild, terror-stricken eyes.

Almost in an instant Red Tobal was red with his own blood. His legs and haunches were ripped in half a dozen places, but he was unconscious of pain. Biting, kicking, plunging, he fought his way through and leaped clear; then, wheeling, he charged through the brown-and-gray mob of them, and rearing high in their midst, struck downward with his fore hoofs, breaking a she wolf's back.

They drew away from him then, eying the she wolf avidly where she lay writhing in agony, and Tobal charged them again. They fell aside and let him pass, and the stallion whirled to find them in a struggling, ravening mass upon the she wolf's body, tearing her limb from limb.

He was on them once more like a thunderbolt, trampling them down, pounding them underfoot, his bared teeth and curled lips foul with hair and blood. For a minute, perhaps, they fought him, and a yellow wolf, fastening on his neck, clung there like a giant leech until Tobal, rearing high and whirling in a half circle, flung the beast from him. Then, all at once, they were gone—all except the dead mangled she wolf and two others that dragged themselves painfully over the ground, their crippled legs trailing behind.

This was Red Tobal's first pitched battle with the wilderness, his first pitched battle with fear. Thereafter fear was never again his master, and though for a time he still experienced it often, he never gave way to it completely, never forgot everything else in an overwhelming surge of terror.

The wolves, thenceforward, he treated with a fierce disdain, and they, finding him always ready for battle, left him severely alone. The black bears, which were almost as numerous as the wolves, were entitled to greater respect, but Tobal learned gradually that not one in five of them would come on if he held his ground. Thus, in time, the bears became mere incidents in his daily life, though he was careful, when a big one approached, to remove himself from its path before it had drawn too near. Among his four-footed foes, only the huge alligators of the rivers and lagoons and the long-bodied, velvet-footed panthers, that moved without a sound along the forest trails, held their place as enemies to be dreaded always, antagonists with whom no liberties could be taken.

He avoided the alligators by keeping away from the waters where they lived. The panthers he saw seldom—they were far less numerous than the wolves and bears—but occasionally he scented them and little by little he acquired knowledge of their ways. He learned that, like the bears, they varied much in size, but he did not learn until long afterward that they varied also in courage; that while some of them would attack him instantly, in general they were daunted by his bulk and preferred to prey upon their accustomed victims, the deer.

The respect in which he held the whole panther race as a result of that first encounter prevented him from making this discovery; as soon as he saw or scented one of the big hunting cats he sought safety in flight. He passed no more under leaning tree trunks or overhanging limbs from which an enemy might drop upon his back. He avoided the edges of dense thickets; he kept out of jungly tracts of woods so thick that they could be traversed only by following the narrow paths made by the deer; he learned, while grazing in the broom-grass savannas, to watch for a slow, sinuous, weaving motion of the tall grass blades as though a huge serpent were winding through them.

A dramatic incident impressed this last lesson upon his memory. By that time, fortunately, the flesh wounds received in his battle with the wolves had practically healed, while the mare's injuries no longer hampered her activity. Tobal was grazing with the mare in a grass savanna where many deer in groups of three or four were feeding. Presently, down the wind from him, he saw four young does that had been grazing together lift their heads and go bounding away.

They ran perhaps fifty yards, then halted and stood at gaze, looking back toward the spot from which they had fled. Red Tobal, puzzled, searched the surface of the savanna, but could see no enemy. He saw, however, near the place where the deer had been

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feeding, a slow progressive movement of the grass—a queer, rippling, winding motion of the tall, close-growing stems.

It drew nearer and Tobal watched it curiously. The whitetails had resumed their feeding; the light breeze blowing down the savanna prevented any hint of danger from reaching the red stallion's nostrils. Nevertheless, he whinnied a warning to the mare and the two stood watching while that strange movement of the grass came slowly nearer and nearer.

At last, perhaps in a momentary lull of the breeze, Tobal caught a faint telltale scent. He snorted and wheeled in his tracks; and up from the grass, where the weaving movement had been, a great yellow-brown flame-eyed beast leaped high and came bounding on. For a minute it was a close, desperate chase, for the panther for short distances can run at race-horse speed; but when once Red Tobal and the mare were fairly under way, the big cat dropped behind and quickly abandoned the pursuit.

There was one other scent that Tobal feared, one other enemy against whom he was constantly on guard. Esteban Solis, the sternest Indian fighter among the captains of New Spain, had taught him to hate and fear the red men, against whom Solis waged cruel and relentless war. Solis had never sympathized with the policy of the priests and friars, who labored to convert the Indians. His policy, on the other hand, was always one of ruthless domination; and somehow his hatred of the Indians had communicated itself to the stallion that he rode on a hundred dangerous expeditions in the wilderness.

Thus, long before he became a masterless horse in a primeval forest where only red men dwelt, Tobal had learned that these red men were his enemies; and long before then he had learned to know them by scent as well as by sight, to recognize them far off as beings of a different order from the white men among whom he lived.

It happened that the region to which he had led the shaggy mare, after leaving the ruins of Fort San Felipe, was far removed from any village of the Edisto, and thus months passed before he had scent or sight of a human enemy. But early one September morning, not long after his adventure with the panther in the broom-grass savanna, Tobal received a startling reminder of the existence of these two-legged foes.

He was lying with the mare on a bed of pine straw close to an opening in the woods, where the ground was low and moist and where many tall white herons were standing at rest in the bright sun. Presently Tobal saw four wild turkeys fly out of the woods and sail across the opening, close over the heads of the white birds standing there. Something had frightened the turkeys, Tobal knew, and he rose quickly, his head high, sniffing the breeze. The mare caught his alarm and got to her feet, and the two stood motionless, watching and listening.

For some minutes nothing happened; then, on the farther edge of the savanna, a white heron took wing, another and another, until the whole great flock of five hundred or more was in full flight. All at once, Tobal saw, across the savanna, a long line of Indian hunters, walking abreast at intervals of twenty paces, advancing out of the woods into the open space where the herons had been resting.

Tobal turned and trotted into the forest, the mare at his heels. But the keen eyes of more than one hunter had seen the two horses and a shrill whoop rose from the advancing line. Tobal did not know that this whoop was a signal. He did not know that the Edistos often hunted deer in this fashion, one party of hunters marching through the woods in a far-flung rank, perhaps a quarter of a mile from end to end, and thus driving the game toward other hunters waiting in ambush. He trotted on, the mare just behind him; and because the Edistos, in arranging their deer drives, always took careful note of the direction of the wind, so that the fleeing game would get no warning of danger in front, Tobal and the mare ran full into the ambuscade awaiting them.

Suddenly an arrow sang past him, missing him by a hair. At the sharp, remembered sound, he sprang forward as though a hornet had stung him, and another cane shaft stood quivering in a pine trunk at his left. He wheeled and raced off at right angles to his former course, the mare, as always, following in his track. Three more arrows sped by them as they ran, but none touched them, and presently they were clear of the ambuscade and safe.

Tobal did not know that, for a brief momentous interval, as he raced off amid the far-spaced trees, a tall thick-set Indian standing behind a giant pine had covered him with bent bow, but had not loosed the shaft. He passed in his headlong flight within twenty paces of this hunter, and at that distance the Indian could have driven his arrow halfway through the stallion's body. Red Tobal, even if he had seen the Indian, could not have understood the light in his small, black, eager eyes.

Two days later swift runners passed through all the villages of the Edistos. Cherokee hunters had encroached on the Edisto lands and had ambushed a messenger sent to warn them away. In the great round council house in the Edisto chief town the Old Beloved Men and the chiefs sat for long hours around the sacred fire. They offered sacrifices and consulted the signs. The omens pointed to war.

Painted and feathered war parties took the trail and returned with Cherokee scalps; once and again the dreaded Cherokee war whoop sounded in the outlying Edisto towns. It was a busy time for Alusta, war captain of the Edistos—his first war as leader of his tribe. He had become war captain when his predecessor was killed by a Spanish bullet in the attack on Fort San Felipe; this quarrel would test his cunning and skill. The Cherokees were a powerful nation, but they lived at a great distance, among the inland foothills and the high blue peaks of the Appalachians. Alusta fought a wary campaign, luring the red mountaineers down to the swamps and canebrakes of his own low country and harassing them there.

Red Tobal knew nothing of all this. It did not occur to him as strange that during that autumn he caught only once or twice the scent of human enemies. The Edisto braves were fully occupied. They had no time for hunting the red stallion and the shaggy mare seen by a party of their hunters in the late days of summer while driving deer—a stallion which they recognized at once as the horse that the hated Spaniard Solis had been riding when he was killed. But again and again that autumn, while following the war trail or lying wakeful in some ambush under the stars, Alusta thought of that day when he had bent his bow against the red stallion and had not loosed the shaft.

He desired the red stallion. The instant he saw the horse he coveted him. Horses were strange to the red men. They had never seen a horse until the Spaniards came, and, their customs fixed through countless generations, it had never occurred to them that they, too, might utilize the horse—echo-clucco, or the great deer, as they called the animal—in warfare. Moreover, they believed—and their wizards and conjurers encouraged this belief—that the Spaniards had some magic power over their horses, enabling them to control these mighty beasts, and that the red men could not learn the secret of this power. Hence, on the rare occasions when Spanish horses fell into their hands, the Edistos killed and ate them and continued to fight and hunt on foot as their ancestors for thousands of years had fought and hunted.

Alusta, a deeper Indian than most, saw, vaguely at first, then more and more definitely, the error of this policy. He did not know what the Spaniards' secret was, but he believed that it might be learned. The Indians often tamed the common deer, and he believed that they might tame the

(Continued on Page 184)

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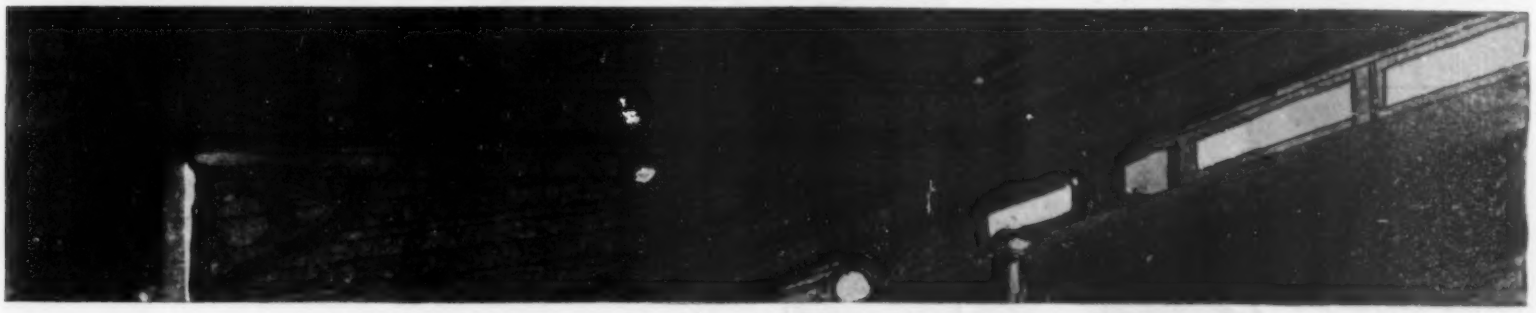

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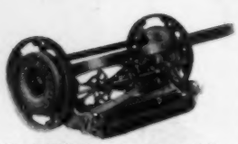

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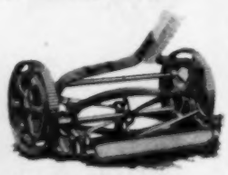

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(Continued from Page 182)

"great deer" also if the effort were made. He had tried—vainly, for he had no authority then—to stop the slaughter of the horses taken at Fort San Felipe. When suddenly, on that day of the deer drive, he discovered that Solis' stallion had survived, there leaped into Alusta's brain, as he stood with bent bow aimed against Red Tobal, a vision.

It was a splendid—an intoxicating vision. He saw himself owner and master of this red stallion, riding him, ruling him as the Spaniards ruled the horses that they rode. How he would do this, how he would capture and tame the stallion, he did not know; but the idea, flashing into his mind as Tobal raced past him that day, held his hand so that no arrow sped from his bow. The idea grew swiftly, developing and expanding in his cunning brain. He foresaw what glory would come to him if he, alone among Indian warrior chiefs, rode the "great deer" as the Spaniards rode it. His fame would spread far; it would extend through all the neighboring nations. Perhaps a time would come when he would be chief not only of the Edisto but of all their kindred tribes—Combahee, Yamasee, Coosaw and Kiawah.

The Cherokee war intervened. Alusta had no time to give to the red stallion. At last, when the scalps taken by both sides were equal, peace talks were held and the quarrel ended. A plan that had shaped itself in Alusta's mind ripened into action. Day after day, ranging the forest alone, he studied Red Tobal's ways, using the utmost care that no hint of danger should reach the stallion's nostrils. Then, well content, confident that success was only a matter of time, he laid his ambush.

Red Tobal and the shaggy mare roamed far and wide. Autumn had passed and winter had come—the sunny, brilliant winter of the lowland South. The great flocks of herons and ibises had disappeared; in their place came companies of tall cranes, some white, some golden-buff, to stride with slow stately steps along the moist edges of the shallow pineland ponds. The turkeys, their numbers swelled by the summer's increase, walked in flocks of a hundred or more through the level leaf-strewn woods. The deer, more numerous than ever, grazed in droves of forty or fifty in the cane savannas; now and again small bands of elk came down from the hill country and the mountains to enjoy the richer browsing of the lowland glades.

Once a vast army of wild pigeons swept over, their swift-flying legions darkening the sky. They passed on—from early morning until late afternoon there was no break in that incalculable feathered army—but down from the air road which they traveled came other hosts of wild fowl to swarm upon every river and marsh—squadrons of great white swans, clamorous regiments of geese, wild ducks of many kinds in untold multitudes.

A new vigor pulsed in the veins of Red Tobal and his mate. Day after day the air was still and crystal-clear, the sky bright blue. Sometimes in the early mornings a thin film of ice coated the edges of the streams and the little pineland lakes, but only once came a flurry of snow. Tobal ranged far not because of any shortage of food; the grass in the savannas was always green and all along the edges of the swamps were large beds of tender maiden cane. A spirit of restlessness throbbed in him, a spirit born perhaps of perfect physical fitness and an assured self-confidence.

This latter was the more important. It had been growing in him, developing slowly, and now it had flowered. In the mare also a change had taken place, but she had not changed as Tobal had changed. Her senses had grown sharper; she was better able now to read the signs of the forest, to interpret its scents and sounds. But she was still a tame thing gone wild against her will, a child of tame generations, with centuries of domestication behind her, thrown by a strange chance into a primeval wilderness.

The change that had come over Tobal was far deeper. It was not, in reality, a forced and unwilling response to new conditions, a new environment. Rather, it was increasingly a joyful and eager stirring of latent impulses and desires long submerged, needing only the touchstone of opportunity to quicken them into life. Something deep in him had been awakening slowly and now was fully awake. He had become a part of the wild life of the wilderness; he was one now with the deer and the panther and the bear and all the wild creatures of the woods and swamps.

He was one with them, although he had no friendship for them, although some of them were his relentless and dangerous foes. He had learned to live life as they lived it, to face the dangers that they faced, to meet them on their own ground at their own game. He had not conquered the wilderness; no wild creature could do that. But he had learned its hard lessons, he had met the stern tests that it imposed. He was sure of himself now; and in a somewhat altered form, his old pride, his old arrogance, returned. He no longer feared the wilderness, although he knew and recognized its dangers. It was his home, his refuge. It might destroy him in the end, but he loved it and gloried in its freedom, and he was not afraid.

The thing that happened happened without warning. Tobal and the mare ranged far, but night after night they returned to the same place to sleep; and coming and going to and from this safe refuge, walled in by thickets of cassena and partly surrounded by a shallow pond which no panther would cross, they used one of two deer paths. Four times, in passing along one of these paths, Tobal, always in the lead, brushed unknowingly against Alusta's snare. The fifth time the trap closed on him.

He did not see it. A small holly, over which a smilax vine had clambered, stood here beneath the pines and thrust its evergreen branches across the deer path. The deer that used the path passed under this leafy barricade, but Tobal, much taller than the deer, always brushed through the holly foliage, deriving a certain pleasure from the gentle scratching of the twigs along his shoulders and back. One morning, as he pushed through this yielding barrier of dark-green leafage, something tightened across his chest and slipped up along his throat.

He could not see it, but he took it to be a loop of smilax, and he pressed on through the holly branches and beyond them. The loop across his throat did not break as he expected; he put his weight against it and it tightened instantly, clasping his throat and neck. In sudden alarm, he leaped forward and dashed along the path—a jerk threw him back upon his haunches so violently that he toppled and nearly fell. He stood still, trembling in every limb.

Alusta watched him from the concealment of a pine trunk fifty yards away. So far the Indian's task had been easy. His noose, of jack-vine and hickory fiber, made doubly strong and supple by a process well known to the Indian hunters, had been hidden skillfully amid the holly twigs above the path. The stallion had thrust head and neck clear through it as he pushed through the evergreen foliage. Once it had tightened on him, it would hold forever, and the long buckskin rope to which it was attached, and which was in turn made fast to a stout sapling, was strong enough to hold a buffalo bull.

Alusta waited and watched. His black eyes glittered like the eyes of a coiled snake; the muscles of his copper-brown body, shining with bear's oil and naked except for a deerskin about his middle, were tight and hard; two long eagle feathers in his hair, roached in a crest and reddened with puccoon root, trembled with the intensity of his eagerness. Yet craftiness taught him patience. There was no hurry; he wanted to see what the red stallion would do. He had, of course, selected his hiding place with due regard to the direction of the wind. The

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wild horse could not scent him. Something, he thought, might be learned—something that might help him in taming his captive—if he studied the stallion carefully before revealing his presence.

Red Tobal stood like a statue of bronze. The quivering of his limbs had ceased. He was absolutely motionless, as still as though the life had gone out of him. It had gone—the new free life that he had learned to love. His head was high, yet somehow he had changed. The proud curve of his neck had vanished, there was a strange laxness in his body, like the laxness of utter fatigue; he seemed smaller, thinner than before.

The shaggy mare, cropping the grass under the pines thirty yards away, lifted her head and looked at him uneasily. She was wondering, perhaps, why he lingered here where the grass was short and sparse. She whinnied to him, but Tobal did not answer her call. He did not turn his head or move.

He understood what had happened. The noose about his neck, the tug on the buckskin rope had told him the whole story in the winking of an eye. In a flash, at the touch of those familiar fetters, Tobal knew that he was again the captive and the servant of man. The buckskin rope had fallen slack; it lay loose upon the ground, half hidden in the short grass. But Tobal knew that it was still there, still holding him prisoner. Alusta had expected him to struggle desperately. Instead, he stood wholly docile, utterly still, waiting. Presently, he knew, the hand of a man would be laid upon his neck.

The Indian uttered a low grunt—a grunt of satisfaction mingled with surprise. His thin lips moved in a faint smile. His task might be simpler than he had supposed. The wild horse might not, after all, be hard to conquer; his wildness seemed to have vanished already, at the touch of the jack-vine halter, the pull of the buckskin rope.

Suddenly a light broke upon Alusta, his crafty eyes gleamed with a new brilliance. He had discovered the secret of the Spaniards, the secret of their power over the horses that they rode. There was no mystery, no magic—or if there was magic, he had learned where it lay. It was the rope that quelled these powerful beasts, that conquered them and made slaves of them so that men could mount upon their backs.

There before him was the proof—at the pull of the rope the red stallion's spirit had broken. Pride swelled in Alusta, the vainglory of the successful warrior. In a low voice he began to chant the words of his song of triumph, the pæan of victory that he sang when he had slain an enemy.

The song worked on him like wine. He had done a great thing; he would do a greater one now. Single-handed, he had taken the red stallion. Now, single-handed, he would tame him, if he needed further taming, and perhaps that very day he would ride him home in triumph to the chief town of the Edistos. He saw, as though it were visible before him, the amazement of the warriors and the women, the fame and the glory that would be his when he came riding out of the forest mounted on that great animal of the Spaniards that no Indian had ever ridden before.

Alusta moved out from his hiding place behind the pine. Beside his hip his quiver of spotted fawn skin held his arrows of hickory and of cane. In his right hand he carried his locust bow: but as he walked forward, he shifted the bow to his left hand and with the right drew from his belt a bright keen knife of fine Spanish steel that he had found when Fort San Felipe was taken. He would not need the knife, but he would have it ready. His lips still chanted, almost inaudibly, the words of his victory song, yet now he was cool and wily and watchful. His eyes, as he advanced slowly, were riveted upon the stallion.

The shaggy mare snorted at sight of him and galloped off amid the pines. Alusta noted again what he had already observed—that she was heavy with young. Red Tobal turned his head and gazed at the approaching Indian. The stallion made no effort to break away or run. His nostrils quivered, his muscles tightened, a light—a light that Alusta could not see and would not have understood—gleamed momentarily in his eyes. For the first time Tobal knew that the man whose captive he had become was not a Spaniard but a red man, one of that race that he had always hated and feared.

Alusta walked up to the stallion. He placed his right hand—the hand that held the knife—on Tobal's neck. Tobal flinched; his head drooped as though the weight of the Indian's hand had pressed it down. Alusta stood motionless, his hand on Tobal's mane.

The Indian's eyes glittered with triumph, but he was frowning—he was, for an instant, puzzled as to his next move. The stallion seemed docile, completely submissive. Yet it was too soon to mount him. It would be well to test once more the power that had subdued him, the power that kept him in subjection. Alusta dropped his bow upon the ground and with the hand that had held it, grasped the buckskin rope attached to the jack-vine noose around Tobal's neck. He tightened slowly on the rope, watching the stallion narrowly.

Suddenly Alusta sprang backward. He had felt Tobal stiffen as the rope tightened, had seen the flare of madness in the stallion's eyes. But in the very instant that the warning of danger came to him, the danger itself was imminent. He leaped for safety, but he could not leap beyond the radius of the rope, and at once the stallion was upon him, a mad-eyed, snorting, screaming fury, lips curled, teeth gleaming in grinning open jaws.

Those teeth raked the Indian's naked shoulder, slashed deep into his flesh. Twice, with all the strength of his right arm, Alusta struck with his knife at the stallion's throat, and at the second stroke the keen blade sank into something hard and tough, something that held it fast. Tobal reared high, and as the buckskin rope drew taut with a jerk, the jack-vine noose around his neck parted where Alusta's knife had all but severed it. Tobal's descending fore hoofs struck the Indian squarely on the chest. They hurled him backward and downward in a crumpled mass. . . .

Red Tobal sprang forward, wheeled and stood at gaze. Blood welled from his neck where the knife had gashed it just forward of the shoulder, but he seemed unaware of the shallow wound. His eyes were brilliant, they blazed as though red fire were in them; his nostrils quivered and dilated, his neck was proudly arched. In every line and curve of his body there was a lithe, wild gracefulness, an exultant beauty that was strength and swiftness and freedom. For a moment he stood gazing at the trampled body of the Indian. Then, with a snort, he whirled and galloped into the forest.

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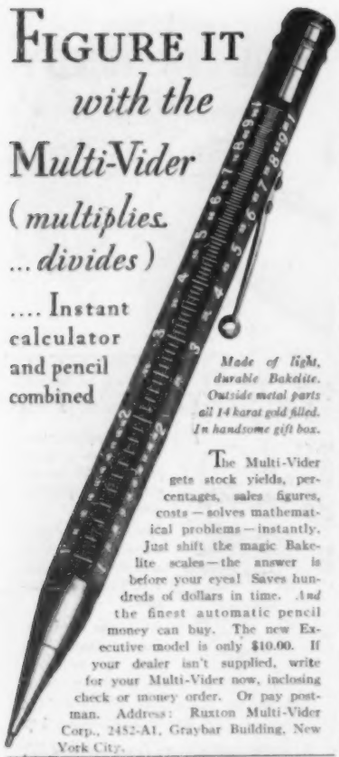

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Getting On in the World

This Check-Cashing Business

THE hotel man tossed his monthly bank statement into a drawer with a gesture of disgust.

"It pains me even to see it on my desk. Seven N. S. F.'s this time," he explained feelingly to a friend who had watched him with astonishment.

"'N. S. F.'s'—what are they?" asked the friend, still puzzled.

"'Not sufficient funds' is what the letters stand for. We're entirely too familiar with them in the hotel business. I suppose people in other lines bump into them, too, but somehow the cashing of checks that come back 'N. S. F.' seems inseparable from running a hotel. I dare say every hotel in the country has a fat package of unpaid checks in its safe, most of which will never be made good.

"Many hotel patrons seem to feel that it is part of the hotel's job to cash their personal checks. The hotel man suddenly confronted with a request to cash a check is caught on the horns of a most painful dilemma; if he cashes the check, he runs the risk of losing the money; if he declines, he is apt to lose the goodwill of a valued patron; for somehow the refusal to cash a man's check seems to arouse greater animosity than a real injury.

"Oddly enough people of wealth and importance, for the most part, use travelers' checks and money orders, and rarely ask to have their personal checks cashed. It is the comparatively obscure and unknown individual who expects his personal checks to be honored wherever he goes—a form of personal vanity, I think."

Perhaps there's an element of truth in the hotel man's idea that vanity is accountable for the unconscious effrontery of the man who expects strangers to cash his personal checks without question; but a fairer and more reasonable explanation suggests that the practice of requesting cash for checks persists largely because those who pursue it do not realize the practical and legal significance of what they ask.

The Indorser in the Middle

Even the most conceited egotist exhibits some diffidence in approaching a friend to whom he is well-known, with the request that the friend indorse his note for a loan at the bank. The formality of the transaction tends to emphasize the element of liability, of obligation. Yet the same individual, a thousand miles from home, is apt to become incensed if a man who never saw or heard of him before balks at taking his personal check at its face value. Ordinarily, when Jones cashes Smith's check, Jones must indorse it when he deposits it in his own bank for collection or when he passes the check along to someone else. In either event he becomes an indorser, and as an indorser he absolutely warrants or guarantees certain things about the check. They are:

First, that the check is genuine and in all respects what it purports to be.

Second, that the indorser has a good title to it.

Third, that all prior parties had capacity to contract—a warranty, by the way, that may come back to haunt your bank account if perchance you have cashed a check for a minor or a lunatic.

Fourth, that at the time of the indorsement the check is valid and "subsisting," as the law calls it; this warranty binds the innocent indorser, even though the check may have been given in a gambling transaction or for usury or some other illegal purpose.

In addition, the indorser impliedly contracts that, on due presentment, the check will be paid, and that if it be dishonored and the necessary proceedings be taken, he will pay the amount to the holder or to any subsequent indorser who may be compelled to pay it.

Every time you cash a man's check and indorse it to someone else, you bind yourself to all those warranties and guaranties just as securely and as irrevocably as if you had signed a foolscap document setting them forth in detail. They are what the law calls the indorser's "implied warranties"—invisibly but effectively written above your signature by the law every time you pen your name on the back of a check. This absolute liability of the indorser puts him "squarely in the middle," as the saying goes—with results that are apt to be dismaying. For example, if Robinson cashes Harvey's check and indorses it over to Murphy, Robinson cannot pass the buck to Murphy by requiring Murphy to sue Harvey in the event that the check is not paid. Harvey may have gone bankrupt in the meantime, but just the same, Robinson, under his implied warranties as indorser, is legally obliged to pay Murphy in full. If Robinson is unable to collect anything on the check from Harvey, that's just too bad for Robinson, but it does not relieve him of his obligation as indorser to Murphy.

How to refuse to cash checks without giving offense? Probably as tactful a method as any is to say that you can't cash them, and give a plausible reason for your inability. An employe, asked to cash a check for one of his employer's customers, may properly put the decision and the liability up to his employer. If the employer refuses, the employe may well say that he can cash checks only upon his employer's approval.

Losing Customer or Cash

Many employers have a wise rule forbidding employes to cash checks under any other conditions; boards of directors of many corporations have passed resolutions embodying similar rules. The man in business for himself may of course find it good business to cash checks for customers whom he knows well; to those of whose financial status he is not quite so sure, he may with regretful air say that his bank, to which he is under obligation, has requested him not to indorse any notes or cash any checks "for the present." That saving phrase, "for the present," takes care of the situation that might arise if the man being refused happened to know that the checks of others had been cashed on occasion.

If the man whom you ask to cash your personal check does not know you very well indeed, you may rightly expect to be refused, and there's no need to feel insulted about it. If the man who asks you to cash his personal check is not known to you very well indeed, he should expect you to refuse, and there's no need for him to feel that you have insulted him when you decline to accommodate him.

Oh, yes, there's often the fear of losing a customer or an immediate sale through a refusal to cash a stranger's check. That was what troubled a salesman in an Eastern department store not long ago.

"The fellow's perfectly all right, and if we refuse to cash his check we're going to lose a fine sale," the salesman declared to the hard-headed credit man whom he was trying to persuade to approve the immediate cashing of a check.

"Maybe so," retorted the credit man dryly, "but I think you'll agree that you'd much rather lose the sale than make it and then pay for it out of your own pocket—and I'm sure that's exactly the way the management would feel about it."

That's the whole trouble with this check-cashing business: It has to be paid for out of somebody's pocket. And all too often it's the pocket of the wrong somebody.

—CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

What Money-Making Plan Could Be Better for You?

You furnish:

Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.

No Investment
No Experience Needed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

$25.00 a Week EXTRA

Send the Coupon Below for All the Details

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235 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send details of your offer.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)
Age.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

WHAT.. Run Only 4000 Miles?

Get Those Schrader "Pressure Discs" At Once!

A totally new idea in tire care that combats improper inflation amazingly, often saving as much as $30 a year. To get discs FREE, you simply use coupon.

MOTORISTS the country over are now offered an easy way to increase tire mileage remarkably.

A *new* way, formulated by engineers, and calculated to cut your tire costs as much as $30 a year.

It's the new Schrader "Pressure Discs." Four simple discs, stamped with the exact individual pressure each of your tires should carry. You can get these discs free by sending us the coupon.

You attach one to each wheel near valve stem. Then when inflating, follow pressure shown on disc. There is no guessing.

To follow these recommendations faithfully is to avoid improper inflation utterly, thus eliminating the main cause of most premature tire failures. According to the leading tire companies, *five pounds* too little air cuts balloon tire mileage 20 to 30 per cent.

So secure your discs at once. Note the coupon offer. But first take time to read below how important authorities urge you to KEEP tires always properly inflated.

Three basic rules of tire care have been formulated for this purpose. Leading tire companies heartily recommend them.

I have read this advertisement and agree with what it says about the importance of correct tire inflation. The Pressure Discs offered by A. Schrader's Son represent in my mind a practical step forward in tire protection and care. They are a constant reminder to maintain the right amount of air and thus promote comfort, safety, and longer tire life.

President, Olds Motor Works

First. Buy a Schrader Gauge and use it regularly once a week. To experiment with other gauges is unwise. Only the genuine Schrader Gauge operates on the "direct action" principle which is always dependably accurate.

Second. Then look to your valve insides. See that you have the genuine Schrader, recognized by impartial authorities as the scientifically correct mechanism for holding air in tires.

Your valve insides should be replaced at least once a year, to play safe. Efficient as they are, they will not last forever.

Third. Keep an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every valve stem. This cap is air-tight by itself up to 250 pounds. It also keeps out all dirt and dust.

The three products mentioned above are, as you see, *Schrader* products. They are *improved* Schrader products kept constantly up to date by scientific tests. They are sold by more than 110,000 dealers throughout the world.

With the Pressure Discs offered below they assure vastly increased mileage.

Remember, it pays and pays to insist on Schrader products. Remember this, *particularly* when buying a tube. See that the name "Schrader" is on the valve stem. Schrader-equipped tubes cost no more and you are sure of satisfaction. The complete Schrader Valve is used in more than 85% of all tubes made today. Gruelling road tests have proved its superiority ever since pneumatic tires were used.

Now fill out the coupon at the right carefully. The information required is *essential* information. Our trained experts in conjunction with the manufacturers of your car and tires will study your requirements. Your discs will be specially selected for *your specific car.*

With the discs comes also our free booklet telling how to get increased tire mileage.

THE COMPLETE SCHRADER VALVE

1 *This reinforced rubber washer in the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap makes a perfect secondary seal over mouth of valve.*

2 *The red rubber seat washer of the valve inside is the key to keeping pressure constant. Here the valve inside opens to admit air, closes to retain it.*

The complete Schrader Valve is used in 85% of all tire tubes built today. Gruelling road tests have proved its superiority ever since pneumatic tires were made.

Use this Schrader Gauge every Friday

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

MAIL FOR PRESSURE DISCS

A-1

A. Schrader's Son, Inc.
P. O. Box 773, Washington & Johnson Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

Make of Car .....

Year ..... Model .....

Size of tire .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Will it RUST?

That's the first thing you need to know about water pipe

IN selecting plumbing pipe, ask yourself, "Will it *rust* or will it *last?*" Pipe that can't rust is pipe that will last. This is the kind you should insist upon for your home.

Anaconda Brass Pipe *can't rust.* Not after two years or ten years or forty years. It lasts indefinitely. It can't clog with rust deposits. It always gives a full flow of pure, clean water, because there is no rust accumulation to cut down the flow and discolor the water.

As a vital measure of economy, insist on Anaconda Brass Pipe. Its cost is somewhat more than rustable pipe—$75 more for the average $15,000 house. But it is more economical because of its durability and because it protects you from leaks that may damage costly furnishings.

When you choose water pipe for your home, remember that Anaconda Brass Pipe *can't rust.* Investigation shows that it actually saves $31 every year in upkeep expense.

It will also pay you to insist upon gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper and screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire. The free booklet "Rust-proofed" gives the facts. Let us send you a copy. Address your request to The American Brass Company, Waterbury, Connecticut.

ANACONDA

ANACONDA BRASS PIPE

ANACONDA COPPER • BRASS • AND • BRONZE

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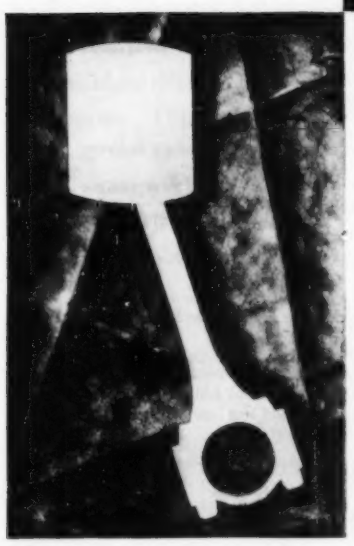
THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM

Aluminum Company of America has not only the greatest production facilities in the industry, but the greatest facilities for metallurgical and engineering research. It therefore stands to reason that the 50,000,000 LYNITE pistons produced by Aluminum Company of America in the past twelve years have been each the highest expression of development of their day; and it is logical to assume that whatever future improvements may result from constant research will originate with Aluminum Company of America. For absolute confidence in the product, insist on LYNITE.



ALUMINUM has created a class distinction in motor cars, recognized by millions of motorists and the majority of manufacturers. The car that is equipped with LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons passes the others on the hills, pulls away on the straightaway, and steps out in the lead at every traffic light. ¶ It carries less weight and travels with less vibration. Fuel consumption and wear on cylinders and bearings are reduced. It has a cooler running motor with less carbon. ¶ If it's performance you want from your car, then it's LYNITE you want under the hood.

LYNITE

ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS AND RODS

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury Conn. U.S.A. Montreal Canada

Just give YOUR *skin a chance to respond to the magic touch of*

Aqua Velva

for After-Shaving!

Use Aqua Velva for a week, ... for ten days, ... then *try* to stop!

You will miss its tingle; the freshness with which it starts your day. You will miss the glow of life it gives your skin; the feeling that your *face is Fit!*

If you're not an Aqua Velva enthusiast now, ... use one bottle. One! Then *try* not to use another.

Aqua Velva is made just for after shaving. It takes care of tiny nicks and cuts, probably unseen. It keeps the skin buoyant and flexible, by conserving its natural moisture, so essential to good complexions. Fully protects against the roughening of wind and weather. Exhilarating, livening, yet never harsh.

Aqua Velva gives the logical conclusion to a perfect shave with Williams Shaving Cream. Together they are keeping millions of faces *Fit.*

A bottle waits for you at your favorite drug store.

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers', or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. P49, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

HIRING THE NEW HELP

(Continued from Page 56)

up for his protection. Neither they nor their friends have been able to beseech or pester him. He has been able to devote all his time to a concentrated study and consideration and canvass of the type of men that he seeks to serve the Government, and to leave unheeded and neglected the horde who are eager to serve.

Once in the White House, he will face a fresh onslaught, pressed with renewed vigor. The organization, through the senators and congressmen, will be able to get at him. It remains to be seen whether they will have any luck. They will test his stamina, his courage and his resolution. The present prospect and the present bet is that they will have their pains for their trouble, for Mr. Hoover has highly resolved to give this country, which has shown him such marked confidence and approval, the most thoroughgoing, competent, trustworthy administration of its affairs of which he is capable. In every job that he has held he has attracted to him men of ability who have made sacrifices to do public service under his direction. There is no reason to believe that he will not be able to attract them again in this so much bigger job of being President of the United States.

Indeed, it is no secret that one of the plans he has for his Administration is to effect a business reorganization of the departments of the Government. They need remodeling and reorganizing. They need to be put on a more efficient basis. The biggest business in the United States is not the most efficiently conducted business. In the time that is given to him in the White House Mr. Hoover will try to improve that condition. He has a capacity for management and a lust for efficiency that have made him a marked man for years, and that have finally brought him to his present high estate. He is now seeking the tools—the human tools—to work out his plans, and while he is engaged on this task the crowds of unemployed at the government gates who rejoice in the name of office seekers may clamor all in vain. If any of them get jobs they will be lucky. The responsible places will go to the men sought, and not to the seekers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Soft, fibreless foods endanger the gums of every family in the land!

IF your gums are the least bit tender, you can, in all good sense, blame it upon the food that year after year you have eaten. For this food —fibreless, robbed of roughage, creamy, all too easy to eat—denies the gums the rubbing, the brisk friction, the work and stimulation they need to remain in hard health.

The blood does not circulate properly through the gums. The tissues become starved and anemic, the gums soft and flaccid. Soon, perhaps, a tinge of "pink" appears upon the morning tooth brush.

This does not mean necessarily that you have pyorrhea or that some serious gum disorder has set in. But it does indicate that you need Ipana. It does mean that somewhere on your gums is a soft and tender spot—that at some point the protective membrane of the gingival wall is beginning to give way—and that to avoid more serious troubles you should promptly take steps to correct it.

Talk with your own dentist, if you like. Get his advice about protection from tooth troubles that originate in the gums.

For he will explain to you why the simple device of massage is so beneficial — and how massage with Ipana Tooth Paste so effectively strengthens the gums — preserves the beauty and the brilliance of your teeth. For Ipana is specifically compounded to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used in the modern practice of dentistry.

* * *

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube, gladly sent. But a 30-day trial makes a fairer test. So the better plan is to get a full-size tube from your druggist — enough for 100 brushings. A full month's use of Ipana will prove not only its cleansing power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 39
73 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

© 1929

Modern Laundries do not wring clothes

"But where do you wring the clothes?" Alice Gartley asked eagerly. "That's what takes the life out of garments, you know."

Indeed it does . . . but Mrs. Gartley found that the modern laundry *doesn't wring* clothes. They are removed from the washers and placed in large spinning baskets or "extractors" where the water is removed by a rapid whirling process which makes it almost *impossible* to damage buttons or fabrics. Another good reason why laundry-washed clothes last longer.

Go with Alice into Laundryland

At any modern laundry in your town for this delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Laundryland". A telephone call will bring your copy.

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

It always Happens ★

Thousands of Mothers . . . have the delight at every feeding time of seeing the empty bottle held high—a boast of happiness and health and vigorous growth. They give their babies Pet Milk. The quality of the milk assures the happy result. Every feeding is as easily digested as mother's milk could be. Every drop contains all the food substances that nature requires for growing bodies. Every drop is free from anything that could endanger health.

It Isn't An Accident . . . These qualities are produced by scientific method in the preparation of Pet Milk. And yet it is just milk—no substance added to the pure milk—only the *qualities* of sure and uniform richness, of certain safety and of easy digestibility are added to it. The cost is no more than for ordinary milk.

Makes The Feeding Simple And Easy . . . When you *know* the milk is safe and wholesome, your biggest problem's solved. But Pet Milk does more than solve that problem. It makes the preparation of the feedings simple and easy. You can prepare the whole day's feedings at once. They will keep fresh and sweet through the day.

Let us send you information . . . about unusual equipment that we'll furnish at special price. It will make the work of preparing baby's food for the whole day a task of only a few minutes. We'll send you also, free of charge, our book on Pet Milk for babies.

PET MILK COMPANY
(*Originators of Evaporated Milk*)
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . Send Special Information . . .
about equipment (at unusually low cost) for preparing baby's bottles—also your free book about baby's milk.
PET MILK CO., 1421 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Name
Address
City
State
with PET MILK in his bottle
PET
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND

This Greatly Simplified "Party" Cake

Was Baked by 319 Women . . . 318 Succeeded *Perfectly* the First Time!

Cake Mixing Time: This Simplified Recipe, 15 Minutes

A New Advance in Baking— "Kitchen-tested" Flour

BY the development of a new type of flour—Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—home baking has been simplified astonishingly. Guesswork and uncertainty have been largely overcome.

The intriguing party cake pictured here is one example. Out of 319 women trying it, but one failed. And she charged a mistake in mixing, not the recipe or the flour, with her disappointment.

What "Kitchen-tested" Means

"Kitchen-tested" means a flour that scientifically overcomes the cause of over 50% of baking disappointments; lack of uniformity in the flour used; one sack of the same brand often varying widely from another sack of the same brand in your oven.

To meet that situation, every batch of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested in a home kitchen, at the mill, in an oven just like yours before it goes to you. Tested for uniformity of result with home recipes by Betty Crocker and other noted experts.

If that batch varies, it never goes to you. Last year over 5 million pounds were turned back for that reason. And thousands of women spared baking disappointments.

Unvarying Results

Thus this new-type flour acts the SAME WAY with your recipes EVERY TIME. Most flour varies greatly. With Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, you know before you start what results to expect.

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1929

It is tested for all kinds of baking—from plain bread to Angel Food cake and French Pastries. To use it is a revelation in easier, simpler baking.

That is why saying Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour to your grocer—instead of just flour—is the most important thing in the world, if you expect unvarying results. Millions of women will tell you this.

For Southern Housewives

There are two special types of soft wheat flour now provided for Southern housewives especially. Both are Gold Medal—both are "Kitchen-tested." Ask for Gold Medal Flour, either plain or self-rising.

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill from soft winter wheat. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" Recipes over your favorite radio station.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Special Offer

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with "Kitchen-tested" Recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will send you selected samples, including "Party" Cake, FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

SEND COUPON NOW

A New Delight Awaits You

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 362, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes.

☐ FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—including "Party" Cake.

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